

THE



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STORY BOOK





MISS VIOLET AND HER FRIENDS.

THE NEW ENGLAND STORY-BOOK.

STORIES

BY

FAMOUS NEW ENGLAND AUTHORS:

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THE NEW ENGLAND STORY-BOOK.

MISS VIOLET.

BY NORA PERRY.

“OH, mother dear, you will, you must let me go!”

“I don’t see how I can, Mary. In the first place, I don’t approve of your visiting where you will get such high notions in your head as you will be sure to get at Mrs. Van Voorst’s; and, in the second place, you have nothing suitable to wear at such a place. Oh, Mary, don’t tease me; I don’t want you to go, for I know it will be bad for you in the end. You will get accustomed to a life that is just as much separated from yours as the Queen of England’s, and when you come back you will be discontented and pining for what you have left behind.”

“Mother, it is Violet Van Voorst herself that I want to visit a great deal more than anything else, though I shall enjoy beautiful Newport, too. And it’s so kind of her mother to wish to give me this pleasure; and she wants me, too, not merely out of kindness but because she loves me.”

Mrs. Harwood knitted her brows slightly. She had seen a good deal of trouble, and perhaps that was the reason she had for looking down on school-girl friendships.

“If Miss Violet Van Voorst loves you so much, *why* didn’t she come oftener to see you when she was at school here?” she asked her eager

daughter presently, and a little bitterly, perhaps.

“Mother, you always discouraged my bringing her home with me after that once, you know,” answered Mary Harwood a little shyly.

“Well, I dare say I did, Mary; for that once, as you call it, was rather an unfortunate visit. There was nothing in the world for tea but cold bread and butter and cookies, and I remember that the boys had come in and flung all their fishing-tackle in the front entry.”

“But Violet was so pleased with everything, mother. You know how she praised your bread, and that delicious butter of ours, and how she apologized for eating so many cookies; and when you spoke of the boys’ fishing-tackle she laughed, and said it was just like *her* brothers.”

“Oh, your Miss Violet knows how to say polite things, Mary; but, all the same, I shouldn’t care to be patronized by a fashionable young lady,” returned Mrs. Harwood laughing a little, but quite in earnest.

Mary did not reply. It was of no use she said to herself, for mother did not understand Violet, and would be sure to think she did the wrong thing. After this conversation she was no little surprised the next morning to hear her mother say:

“Mary, I have thought that perhaps I am not do

ing right by keeping you from visiting Violet Van Voorst. You are sixteen, now, and ought to face things for yourself, I dare say, and to see all sides. I didn't mean to be hard last night; but I don't like fashionable life and its follies, and I hated to think of my sensible Molly being hurt by them. But I have come to think if you want to go so much, child, perhaps it is better that you should, else you may think all your life that your cross, old mamsey has made you miss what you can never make up."



MRS. HARWOOD CONSENTS.

"O, mamsey darling, you're never cross. I *know* you are always thinking of my good, and this—O, mammy—this is so just and kind of you!"

The mother and daughter kissed each other, and then the happy Molly flew off to commence her little preparations for her visit to lovely Newport and Violet Van Voorst. But, first of all, she must write to her friend that her kind invitation was accepted, and what day and hour she might expect her.

When Miss Violet received this letter she was

standing on the lawn of her summer home at Newport, waiting for her pony phaeton, and chatting to a very handsome young girl about her own age.

"A letter for you, Miss Violet," said a groom, doffing his hat as he handed out Molly Harwood's neat little missive.

Violet tore open the envelope and glanced rapidly down the page.

"Oh, she is coming! I was so afraid that she wouldn't," she exclaimed joyfully after this glance.

"Who's coming, if I may ask, Vy?" inquired Miss Margie Dearborn.

"Mary Harwood, a dear girl I knew when I was at Sherwood School. She was a day scholar, and used to walk over from Hollingsford, a distance of three miles, every morning, and back at night."

"Why did she do that? For her health?"

"Because they had no horses or carriages, Miss Margie."

"Oh! I thought all the people who lived in the country had horses, or at least one horse, Vy," commented Miss Margie rather wonderingly.

"All farmers do, I suppose, but Mary Harwood was not a farmer's daughter. Her father was dead, and she and her mother and little brothers lived in a little country town—Hollingsford, three miles from Sherwood. They were not rich people at all. I sometimes used to think they might be quite poor; but Mary was so nice, the nicest girl in school. I want you to call upon her when she is here, Margie, and be very sweet to her."

Margie nodded her head carelessly, with a pleasant "of course" to her friend's request, and the next moment the two girls were bowling along the avenue in the pretty basket phaeton, Violet holding the reins with a practised hand.

Three hours later, as the Providence boat steamed up to the Newport wharf, Mary Harwood, looking anxiously from the forward deck, saw the basket phaeton and its pretty owner, with the natty little groom in the little back seat—or, properly speaking, *the rumble* of the carriage. All the way in the cars and in the boat, Mary had been anticipating this meeting with her friend with unalloyed pleasure; now, as she caught sight of the stylish turnout, with the glittering, many-buttoned little groom perched on guard as it were, there flashed over her, involuntarily, all the things her mother had said in regard

to the difference in her life and that of this lovely Miss Violet. One thing specially came to her—almost the last thing her mother had said to her:

“You mustn’t expect, Mary, that a girl situated like Violet Van Voorst will *continue* to feel the interest in you that she does now. You are new and fresh to her just now, but when she is fully launched in the gay world where she belongs, you must make up your mind to lose her.”

When Mrs. Harwood had said this Mary had resolutely refused to believe it, though she spoke not a word to her mother of her rebellious state of mind. But now, in sight of Violet, transformed into such a gay little princess, sitting there as if upon a little throne with her body-guard, her mother’s warning words came back upon her with a cold chill, and not even the princess’s bright face and warm kiss of welcome could quite restore her old feeling of trust and happiness.

And it was this feeling that, like a vague shadow, seemed to be perpetually looking over her shoulder, and clouding the sunshine all through the first days of her visit. In these days her letters to her mother were mostly made up of descriptions of Newport—the cliffs, the glen, the famous old fort, and the rest of the fascinations of the historic old town.

And Mrs. Harwood, reading these letters and observing how little was said of her “dear Violet,” and the Van Voorst family, commented to herself in this style, after her critical, suspicious fashion:

“Poor little Molly! it’s just as I knew it would be. She’s finding out that when fashionable people are in their own world, they don’t need simple little folk like her, who have no fine feathers, to reflect credit upon them. It is as well, perhaps, that she should learn this early, but I do hope they won’t make her unhappy.”

But while Mrs. Harwood was making up her mind to these dismal conclusions, Mary was learning quite another lesson than her mother supposed, and on the third week of her visit, just a week after the third of the series of letters which had convinced Mrs. Harwood that her prophecies were being fulfilled, the good lady was astonished by the receipt of the following:

“DEAR MOTHER: I have waited until now before I said anything about Violet herself and the home-

life here, for I wanted to be *certain sure*—as I used to say when I was a little girl—of the reality before I gave my opinion or criticism; for you know you were always warning me not to jump at conclusions in my enthusiasm.

“Well now, dear mamsey, I am going to begin at the very beginning and tell you everything. Violet met me as I told you at the boat. But as I have *not* told you, suddenly, when I first caught sight of her sitting in that elegant little phaeton, with the sleek pony all a-glitter in the silver-mounted harness, and the smart groom perched up in the rumble, glittering like the pony, and Violet holding the long white reins in her long, white driving-gloves, it all came over me like a flash what you had said about the difference in our lives as it never had before, and there in the warm sunshine I felt as if a shadow had settled down upon me which would never lift; for I felt as if you had guessed it all right—that Violet in her own world *could* not care for me as she had in dear old Sherwood, and I should find it out in a thousand ways.

“Even when the dear, pretty creature seized me and kissed me so affectionately a moment afterwards, I couldn’t put aside my misgivings. I kept thinking, ‘Oh, if this is only the first glimpse of all the splendor what will the rest be, and what can a girl who lives in fairy-land want of a little plain country-girl like me?’

“Well, up from the boat we drove through the narrowest, queerest old street, right past a house where George Washington had his headquarters a hundred years ago, and crossing through still another narrow, old street we came to Bellevue avenue, and were presently at Violet’s home. I’ve told you before, mamsey, how beautiful it all was, with its velvet lawn, and its piazzas and long windows, and lovely furniture, partly of silk and partly of that exquisite Wakefield rattan manufacture. But I haven’t told you yet how as we went in and Violet’s mother, whom Violet always calls ‘mamma,’ who was just then coming along the hall, stopped and put out her pretty, slim hand to me, and said she was pleased to see me and hoped I had a pleasant journey; and how *then* she seemed so pleasantly indifferent to me and to Violet, too, as if it was a nice, polite, little speech she might have said to anybody she had never heard of.

"And then directly after we had dinner in a great dining-room, with Florentine mosaics on the wall, and what seemed to me then a crowd of company. It was in reality an aunt and uncle of Violet's who are staying here, and two other ladies and one gentleman who had been invited for that day. Of course they were all older than Violet and I, and so, of course, they talked of things that were of interest to themselves and that we didn't know about, or that I didn't at least. Well, like a foolish girl, I felt



AT THE VAN VOORST'S.

this, because it was so different from Sherwood ways where we girls were all in all; or at Hollingsford where the young people are of so much consequence. Violet didn't seem to mind it, however, and talked to me in her old way in an undertone.

"So things went on from day to day, Mrs Van Voorst, who is a very elegant and accomplished woman, going into society and entertaining at her own house not only fashionable but people distin-

guished in different ways. I don't know what I thought, but I suppose I expected to be taken notice of by these people, just as I used to be at Hollingsford by Dr. Ryder and Professor Roy. But nothing of the kind occurred. They would speak to us pleasantly, now and then, and now and then Violet would chat a little with one of them, but we were really treated a good deal like nice children; and I, who had been used to 'speaking' up' to everybody, and giving my opinion upon everything, from Tennyson's poems to the latest theological discussions, and to think it very smart to do so, felt very much astonished that I was of no more importance, and I began to have, by-and-by, a sober feeling that all this neglect was because of my being a little country girl, with no fine relations and no money.

"During this time several of Violet's friends had been to see me — young girls like ourselves — but I didn't feel at ease with them, for the reason that I had been cherishing a suspicious spirit ever since my arrival.

"Well, to come now to the grand point. Last Wednesday, a week ago, Violet gave a lawn party. Stretching back of the house there is a beautiful great lawn, which is in full view of the sea, and on this various pretty tents were put up, croquet hoops set, and all kinds of lovely arrangements. It was a day party, of course, and I wore my white dress with pink ribbons, and rosebuds from the greenhouse which Violet brought to me. Then I took the black velvet off of my white straw hat, and plaited that old white lace scarf that you gave me about the crown, and twisted up the ends with a knot of roses and pink ribbon. Violet was delighted with the effect, and I think, mamsey, I did look very well.

"And I felt pretty well, too, and had a very nice time until Margie Dearborn, Violet's next-door neighbor here, started a new game or play, which somebody brought from abroad recently, called 'The Ambassador.' I won't explain it in detail now, but will just say that one has to know something of geography and French to answer the questions and be a successful player. Well, though I can read French quite well you know I can't speak it, and geography is one of my weak points.

"Foolishly enough I had allowed Margie Dearborn, the week before, to think I was a very fine linguist. She had found me reading a French newspaper, and

something she said, I've forgotten what, irritated me in my suspicious mood, and I replied, 'I shouldn't think I knew much if I didn't understand French. It's a great deal easier than the English language,' which is true, of course, in one way; but Margie thought I meant it in quite a different way—that of being complete mistress of it.

"Well, we went on swimmingly in 'The Ambassador' until I had to pay a forfeit. Then I was sent to France as the Spanish ambassador. 'From what country do you come?' I was asked. Then, 'What is the capital?'

"And, O, mamsey! I answered '*Granada*.'

"Only think of it; and there was Mrs. Van Voorst and her sister and two or three other ladies looking on.

"The next thing, I was addressed in French and expected to answer in that language. Simple phrases enough; for all these girls talk French very readily, because they have had French *bonnes* or nurses, and most of their mothers have French maids, and have lived abroad some time. But I couldn't answer a word, for I couldn't understand them, and forgot what little I did know.

"Oh, mamsey! I thought I should sink through the ground with mortification as I caught Margie Dearborn's eye, and as I faced all of them so stupidly—I, Violet's friend, of whom she had talked so admiringly, as I knew she had!

"And just then when a great wave of color was blazing into my cheeks, Violet came forward and said softly, 'The Spanish ambassador has not been to France before, and he cannot understand our rapid careless French though he can read it better than we can.'

"And then mamsey—then what do you think Mrs. Van Voorst whom I thought such an indifferent fine lady, did?—she rose and came forward and said sweetly, 'And I must break up the court at once, and take the Spanish ambassador and all the rest of this fine company to the banquet that is served for them,' and she slid my hand over her arm and smiled down upon me like an angel of goodness. And she took us the whole length of the garden, mansey, to give time for one of the men to whom she spoke to hurry up the supper—for it wasn't nearly ready, though she had pretended that it was just out of pure kindness to save me from any further

mortification. And when supper was really served in the big tent, all the girls followed her example and were just as pleasant and kind to me as possible.

"Afterwards when I was alone with Violet, I thanked her for her sweetness and told her how much I appreciated her mother's kindness to me, and I confessed to a good deal of my own foolish feeling too. And Violet, mamsey, looked at me in amazement, and said to me, 'Oh, Molly, don't praise me, for trying to retrieve my great blunder.'

"I asked her what she meant, and then she told me that she ought not to have allowed 'The Ambassador' to be played, because she knew that I couldn't *speak* French fluently, but that she forgot for the moment. 'And mamma was so displeased with me,' she went on eagerly—'she said that she wouldn't have thought I could have been guilty of such a rudeness to my guests, as to allow a game to be played in which they might be mortified.'

"Oh, Mamsey, doesn't this prove how much in the wrong I have been in my suspicious judgments? There are, of course, people in high position who are not ladies or gentlemen, but the Van Voorsts are not of this kind. They are "real people" Mamsey, who believe in the best things; and it needed just this experience to show me what they were, and to remove the little scales of prejudice from my eyes, that I might see that under all the smooth, elegant surface which I thought lacked our country heartiness, there was really the most delicate courtesy. I thought sharply, the Hollingsford girls would have joked and teased any one, played as I was—their own fault, partly, too. I can see very plainly that these little ceremonies and fine manners, which at first seemed to keep me at a distance, are really helps oftentimes to the real, polite feeling towards others.

"Mamsey dear, I am coming home to you next week, with not a bit of envy for all this new life, but with a new idea for the old life, for which I shall always be better, as I shall always be your loving
MOLLY,"

When Mrs. Harwood came to the end of this long letter, there were tears in her eyes. She spoke softly: "The child is right, she will always be the better for this experience; and so shall I, for I shan't make up my mind quite so hastily again about the 'other side.'"

"US BOYS, AND THE OTHER BOY."

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.



ELL.

I'll tell you.

You see there were the whole of us; our lot; Fritz and Curly and Bob Rollinstall and Adams and all that set — Back-Bay boys; and we got out there on the Flats most every day after school, only Saturdays and Wednesdays when we didn't go much of anywheres else 'n else Curly had to do his French with Ma'moselle or Bob took Fritz a horseback. His father paid. Mine won't. He's richer than Fritz's too. But he says Fritz has too much to spend in his opinion. I told him Fritz didn't spend on his opinion, 'n then he told me to go up-stairs, 'n then by'n'by he called me down'n gave me a ticket to the Museum to see Uncle Tom. You bet my father's jolly when he feels like it. Some peoples' father's and mothers are all of a piece. Like scanning Virgil. But mine ain't. I like mine best of the lot, after all. They're sorter up and down and crinkly like the pieces in Horace. I haven't got far 's Horace. But

I know about it. I've heard the Seniors at it. I ain't in Virgil yet, either.

Well.

So I 'n Bob 'n Curly and all us boys used to play Hare 'n Hounds all along there—Marlborough street, the Avenue, Berkeley, Arlington — all round. Then off where the Museum is, and most anyhow round.

When Bob was hare he always gave us — well — such a chase! — my father won't let me swear only when mother swears, he says. Now I call that mean for I *never* heard my mother swear *yet*, but my father, he says, "Confound it," when the *Transcript* don't come, 'n furnace smokes, 'n times like that. 'N then when mother has neural on the *top* of her head. She most always has neural somewhere 'n we're used to it, but when it gets at the *top* of her head we have to stand round.

I s'pose you know what neural is. It's short for neuralgia. But I don't mind so much. I'm kind of sorry for mother after all.

Well.

'N so's I tell you, cousin Moll, we used to play Hare 'n Hounds. I was a little fellow then. I was very young. It was two years ago, and Fritz and most of us boys weren't very big. But there's one thing I'd like to have you understand: *We'd got too big to kiss.*

Why, I hadn't kissed anybody — only girls — for a year, I guess. Only when mother had neural at the *top* 'n father has to be kissed Christmas and Sundays. But I don't mind that very much either. A fellow has to do as much as that in most any family.

I know some South End boys have to kiss their grandfather every night and morning. Nice chaps, too. One of 'em has a pair of goats and a little coupé 'n he lets me ride with him. He keeps 'em in a stable on Concord street.

Well; and so's I tell you, cousin Moll. There was a hand organ man.

Now I don't think much of 'em. But Bob does.



ON COMMONWEALTH AVENUE.

He's the only chap I know on the Back Bay that likes a norgan.

Fitz says its 'cause he don't ever go to the opera. He don't go 'cause his father won't let him. That's most generally always the matter when boys are queer. It's all on account of their father somewhere, or mother maybe. 'Relse it's a sister or something of that sort when she fusses. Now I tell you cousin Moll! I sometimes think I'd like to see a Boy all to himself. A Boy that hadn't anybody. Just to see what he'd be like.

Come to think of it I don't know but this was something such a boy. This boy I mean that I'm going to tell you about.

You see if Bob hadn't liked the organ 'n up 'n said so, and I liked him for it, now, I did, and he always paid out of his own allowance, and so the man kept coming—you see if it wasn't for Bob we should never have seen the boy.

But you never saw such a man. The worst. The weazliest. The wiggliest. The wickedest, I said, first time I saw him playing "Sweet By-and-by." He always played "Sweet-By-'n-by" and "Over There" and pious things when he began. But Bob paid him extra for "Champagne Charley," 'n then we made Adams dance to "Mulligan Guards." Adams hated it so and was so nice, and so we all got hold of him and made him dance—you ought to see—for he's so aristocratic—but I've heard my father say his father couldn't speak good grammar.

Well; and so one day we had Adams on one foot jiggling along Commonwealth Avenue (wasn't he mad!) and it wasn't so easy as usual, for the man had struck up "Hear me Norma," and Adams was so heavy on the long notes: "*Nor-or-mar* ———!" because he had to be swung a little slow and graceful—like that—just come here cousin Moll, and I'll show you! I won't hurt you. I'll keep clear of the chandelier too, 'n I won't muss your back hair not a speck, you see if I do.

Well. That day I had hold of Adams, and I looked up over his north-east shoulder and I saw the Boy. The other Boy.

He wasn't like us, cousin Moll. Well; no. We could all see that quick enough. And then in a minute we saw he belonged to the organ. He'd never come before. He just stood and looked on. So the man he slapped him when we looked at

him, and swore at him I guess, for Fritz knows Italian, and he says he swore, and then he cuffed him, and *then* the boy began to dance.

Cousin Moll, now look here! I like dancing, and I like to see most anybody dance, 'specially girls, and I don't mind a boy if he knows how and isn't stiff like Adams. But now look here! When I saw *that* boy dancing, I can't tell you how it made a fellow feel.

He was so little, cousin Moll; not more 'n so high; and pale as pale; and ragged. And not very clean. And cousin Moll! I don't believe he'd had enough to eat since he could remember. He had big eyes, black as coals, only soft and sunk in—that kind. He had shoes, but mostly holes, and I know there weren't any stockings, for Curly asked him if his bare toes weren't cold sticking onto the snow. But the boy didn't say. I don't suppose he understood. Aad he had a horrid tambourine that he danced to like a monkey, and we put the pennies in. And he made up horrid faces, cousin Moll, for he tried to sing.

And Fritz laughed.

I s'pose I'd have laughed myself but I couldn't I don't brag about that. I *couldn't*, cousin Moll. For it didn't seem funny. So he sang "Over There." And he kept it going:

"O to think of the home over there! Over there Over there!"

But he didn't pronounce it, for he was Italian; and it went like this:

"O to tink of ze *hum*!"

So Fritz had to laugh.

Well.

And so we all stopped playing—for he spoiled the fun, he looked so—and Adams shook himself straight and pulled up his collar and banged out his hat and said he'd send the beggar off if he was Bob. For you see Bob paid. So we waited for Bob.

Now cousin Moll, I've seen boys enough in Boston I should hope. And organ-boys. I heard our grocer say one day, he's Pierce's man, when he drove off and a mean-looking chap got in his way with "Black-eyed Susan," and scared his horse and a monkey:

"Its *hard*," said he, "if it *is* hand-organs."

But I never though so, only I remember that for I never heard a grocer say such a thing before. But *this* one looked so.

Well. I don't mean the grocer looked so. Nor the monkey. But the Boy,

So when he went away that day he hung behind and said something. But we couldn't one of us make out. Adams said the Country wouldn't go to ruin if we didn't, and Fritz said Resumption would come on just as fast. But Bob said he was sorry.

Well; and so next day they came along again; the organ and the man; and the boy, only he'd been crying and had a bang across his forehead. And I said I guessed the man licked him.

So the boys all felt sorry about that. Boys ain't soft, cousin Moll, now you know; and they do hateful things, I'll grant you, plenty of 'em; pinch cats and plague sisters; and that. I know a girl, she says boys have such a disposition she can't abide 'em. Mighty pretty girl too. First time I heard her say so, I didn't tie a thing to our cat's tail for a week.

But now I tell you boys are bad enough, and our lot isn't any softer than the crowd, but I couldn't help seeing how they all felt kind of sorry for that little chap when I said I guessed the man licked him.

So we gave him five cents extra among us, and asked him to sing "Over There" again. So he sung:

"Oh to think of zat *hum* over sare!"

Now cousin Moll, you never *saw* such faces as that chap could make, for the bang across his forehead hurt him to sing, I guess; but 'pon my word and honor as a gentleman, cousin Moll, there wasn't a boy laughed at him that time only Adams, and he walked off.

Well; and so he said something again that day when he got through and kinder hung round. Well I knew what it was first thing. But the rest didn't.

He hung behind the man, and he said:

"Kissumme!"

Just like that. Very soft.

"Kissumme! Kissumme!"

After the first time I knew.

Cousin Moll, that chap *wanted to be kissed!*

I knew well enough. But I didn't speak. For I felt ashamed. So he looked disappointed, and the man snarled up, and he went off.

Well. And so next day he came again. But he'd run away and come alone. He only staid a minute for fear he should be caught I s'pose. He stood in

the snow you know, and looked at us, and said he:

"Kissumme! Kissumme!"

Kind of pitiful; the way a boy will when he's a *little* boy.

"Kissumme! Kissumme! Kissumme!"

Like that something. Only I'm bigger and can't be so soft.

Well, now, cousin Moll, what would *you* have done I'd like to know! You see boys ain't soft, and I felt so ashamed. So I stood a while and thought about it and then spoke up and said:

"Boys, the little fellar wants to be kissed."

But nobody spoke nor stirred, only they all looked on, and Fritz and Adams laughed. But nobody offered to, so I thought I would.

Well, So I stepped out and did it. I kissed the chap. You bet I'd rather learned two Roman Histories and a Vulgar Fraction. I kissed the chap before 'em all.

Well; and so when I had done it, up came Bob. Then Curley. Then Fritz. And all the boys came up and kissed that chap, only Adams, and I didn't care. *He* laughed. But he had it all to himself that time, you bet.

Well; and so he used to come. And when he'd sung "Sweet By'n-by" and "Over There," and "To tink of ze *Hum!*" till we most died, he'd stand and say as pitiful:

"Kiss-umme!"

So we did. We always kissed him. When he asked, I mean. And one day Fritz gave him half his taffy, he said he looked so hungry. And Curly said he believed the man starved him. So I gave him some chocolate creams. My father said it was very nutritious diet for a starving person; but my mother said he was a cheating beggar, only afterwards she was sorry and sent him all the Albert biscuit that broke and was left in the box. And Curly, he gave him his orange-peel with most quarter of an orange to it.

Weil. And so one day he didn't come. And another day he didn't either, but the man did, 'n we asked him but he didn't say so we thought p'raps he'd beat him to death and we'd like to know. My father says I talk too fast and run together. Now, do you think so, cousin Moll?

Well; and so I said we would, and we did; we followed him. But there were only two of us lest he

should find out; Bob and I, and he didn't notice, and we followed him, and we found the chap.

Cousin Moll, it was down at the North End in a place that was the meanest place I ever got into. Well; it was so dirty I didn't like to stay. And dark. But I kind of slipped in behind the man, and he looked surprised, but he didn't turn me out, and there he lay. I don't mean the man lay, but the boy. He was sick as sick I tell you. When I saw him I thought he would die. But I'd never seen anybody die. And he lay on the awfulest bed.

But he didn't know me, cousin Moll, only he began to sing: "In the Sweet," and "Over There" just as usual. And he sang pretty nicely and in tune:

"Oh to sink of ze *hum* over zare!" while I stood looking on, don't you know.

Well. And so. Don't you see, cousin Moll, I went next day; but first I told my father (only mother had neural at the top, and we thought we wouldn't say a word to her), and Bob told his father, and Bob's father said the Cruel Society for Preventing the Treatment of Children must be told. So Bob's father, he went himself, and *he* said the boy was beaten to death; and my father said: "Don't you go to-day. Wait till I tell you." And I guess there was a row don't I wish I'd seen it, for the man was arrested but the little chap they took to the Hospital.

Well. So they took him to the Hospital, and Bob and I could go when he got better seeing we'd found him and been sort of kind to the fellar and all that. But he didn't get any better don't you see? And so they let us go. And we went. And Bob's father.

And the little chap was in the Hospital. And he looked so clean.

But they said they couldn't say. So I didn't bother 'em to ask if he would die.

Well; and so when I came in he looked up as pitiful as — that! And he lifted up his face, and Oh, cousin Moll! *then* I saw — for it was light — how the little chap had been hit across the head.

So I guess he knew me, for he turned.

And said:

"Kiss-um. Kiss-um. Kiss-um-mee!" So very weak. — Well. Yes. I s'pose I did. Yes. I kissed the chap, cousin Moll. But the nurse cried. And the doctor — most. And Bob's father said he had the influenza in his eyes.

So Bob kissed him; but he put out his hand to me

and at it again: "Kiss-um-mee!" And so when I had, we came away.

But don't you see? I felt so bad I said I'd take round a paper.

Don't you know? I mean I'd get something for the chap, for it was coming Christmas, and Bob said supposing he shouldn't last over. But I said, cousin



"KISS-UM-MEE."

Moll, if it was *my* last Christmas I'd rather have a stocking.

Might hever have a chance to have another. Don't know. Can't say what they do with boys "Over There." I think it must be sort of slow if they don't; but my father says I needn't worry. One thing my father used to do every Sunday night when I was a *little* boy. He used to sit down before the fire and tell me boys had a good time that got to Heaven. I used to think they did. I don't know.

Anyway I wanted the little chap to make sure of his stocking.

So I took up the collection — Bob 'n I. So Bob he put in an old fur cap of his that wasn't so very bad, and fifty cents. That was 'lowance money, too. Bob ain't mean. Well. And Curly's mother said he might send a jacket and some flannels that she mended up, but it was funny, without pants; so Bob's father sent the pants 'n Curly bought the oranges and stuffed the pockets. The shoes and stockings weren't so *very* much, cousin Moll, and I got 'em. For I didn't care so much about the velocipede I'd saved the money for. And what do you think? Adams sent a little overcoat he'd outgrown with his compliments and my mother knit the tippet and mittens when the neural was somewheres else I forgot just where only it wasn't at the top.

Now I *can't* stop to punctuate, cousin Moll. Put the commas in to suit yourself. So then you see it came Christmas Eve, don't you? I'm coming to that. But the boy was very sick. So we filled the stocking for I got the candy and the boys all got the oranges and figs and picture-books and a few marbles and a magnet fish 'n an autograph album. Curly sent that. It did seem a queer thing to send, but Curly didn't seem to think of that and Bob said why not? So we all wrote our names in it and packed it off. Oh, and the last minute, a paper of kisses from Copeland's you know — cake kisses — one for each.

So we went, and it was Christmas Eve.

"Funny things to give a dead boy," said Curly when he got most to the Hospital.

But Bob said:

"You hush up!"

So he wasn't dead, but he was most. And the man wouldn't let us see him, but said come to-morrow, it would all be settled. And he said he'd take the things.

"Hang it!" said Bob. For Bob felt so. But the man looked at him, and Bob said:

"I meant the stocking!"

And the man said he'd hang it up.

So we went away. And it was Christmas Eve. And Bob was going to a party and Fritz was going to the theatre. I was going over to Jenny Linson's to a Tree. Her mother don't have neural, and there's most always something going on over at Jenny's.

But all the evening I couldn't forget him. I thought of the little chap. I wondered if he'd last to see the things.

Then I thought about it, if I should like to die in the Hospital — on a *Christmas* — cousin Moll! should you?

But most I wondered who would kiss him if he asked.

So then. Christmas we went up all together all us boys again to see that boy. But we were a little scairt, I guess. Nobody'd ever seen a dead boy only Bob and Curly when their brothers died. But boys ain't soft you know and so we went only they made me go ahead with Bob behind in a red tippet that he got Christmas, that I thought looked sort of improper for it flapped around and seemed so happy if the chap was dead. And Fritz eat molasses candy all

the way up but he stopped when he got to the Hospital door.

So. I forgot to say Bob's father went a long. And he went on and spoke to the people inside. And us boys waited.

Well; and so pretty soon he came back. And I knew in a minute I saw his face.

Well:

"The little fellow," he began "the little fellow —"



NOR COLD. NOR LONESOME. NOR DIRTY.

Then he stopped and tried again, for the influenza choked him up.

"The little boy," said Bob's father, "is still here. The poor little boy is better. The *poor* little boy will live!" said Bob's father.

So Fritz began to hooroar, but they hushed him up. And they said we might all peek in but only Bob and me must go for the chap kept calling for us half the night they said.

Well. And so we went. And there he lay. So pale, cousin Moll" you can't think. But he had his stocking open and the things lay round, only he was too weak and didn't play with 'em but looked so happy I like to have wished I hadn't come I felt so.

So when I went in he turned round and said:

"Kiss-um-Christmas-mee!"

So we kissed him, Bob 'n I, a sort of extra Christmas kiss and then father said to come away.

Well. There's a little more of it; but I've been saving that.

Do you know Miss Mildred Rollinstall lives on Beacon Street? She's an old maid—very old—about thirty-five. Jenny Linson the other day said *her* sister was an old maid of twenty. But Miss Mildred's a good deal old-maidier than that. She's kind of nice, too, for Bob knows her 'n he goes up Saturdays sometimes to see her 'n has Florida marmalade for lunch and never once asked him if he liked to go to school but only how the skating was. Bob's father is a kind of relation of Miss Mildred's and that's how it came about. For she got hold of it about the little chap 'n Bob says when Miss Mildred gets hold of a thing it's good as done.

Now you see she had lots of company and errands and that and if you'll go over there with me I'll show you!

First you know you'll ring and a little chap will come to the door. He'll stick out a silver receiver just so nice to take your card. Then he'll make a little bow and ask you in. Then he'll go after Miss Mildred 'n then he'll come back and tell you: won't you walk up stairs? And so you'll go. And the little chap will dance along. He'll have a clean face cousin Moll, and his hair in curls. He'll have a little jacket lined with red and red stripes upon his trousers, too. He'll be so fat, cousin Moll! And so red and full of fun! And look as if he'd never been hungry, never in the world! Nor cold Nor lonesome. Nor dirty. Nor beaten to death in in Hospital or any of that, cousin Moll, only for a little mark across the forehead—there. Well: so when he gets to the top of the stairs (if you go with *me*) he'll stop and make a little bow the funniest you ever! And he'll begin to dance (for she lets him when any of *us* boys go), and you would just die to see him!

So he'll sing: "In the Sweet" and "Over There," only he's learned this, and he sings:

"Oh to *think* of my Home Over *Here*!"

And then he laughs—but Miss Mildred she most cries, and you most cry, and I've got over it but I thought I should first time, for you'd never *know* the little chap he is so jolly.

And cousin Moll, it's as true as a story-book! That chap is *my* little chap, sure's you're born.

Well—yes. I'm rather glad *us* boys weren't ashamed to.

Yes. When the little fellar'd ask us. Yes.



KIM'S LAST WHIPPING.

BY SOPHIE MAY.

THERE was once a wretched little unpainted schoolhouse, that stood in a sand-bank all summer, and in a snow-bank all winter, waiting for a strong north wind to blow it over.

"Say, what will you sell that schoolhouse for?" asked a traveler of a little boy, who stood on one foot on the rickety door-step.

"For a bunch of matches," answered the little boy, as quick as a thought.

The man laughed, and rode on. The boy was Kimball Price, the rogue of the town of Skoodac, District Number Three, and the try-patience of all his teachers. He was a handsome lad, ten years old. I don't mean that he was always ten; but that was his age when Miss Pentecost whipped him, and there is where our story begins.

Now, Miss Pentecost taught the school that summer at District Number Three. She liked Kim—everybody liked him; but that was no reason why he should be allowed to tie the girls together by the hair,—they wore long braids in those days,—or fire paper-balls, or eat choke-cherries, or stick pins in the benches to make the A B C scholars cry "O!" when they were *not* saying their letters. Miss Pentecost never winked at naughtiness; and as whippings were fashionable at that period, she whipped Kim regularly

three times a week. It was considered the most direct way of reaching the conscience.

But Kim never could remember a whipping more than a day and a half, or at the longest, three days; and Miss Pentecost began to grow discouraged. Must Kim always go on doing mischief, and neglecting his lessons—a boy who could learn so well if he chose?

She knew his mother,—a poor widow, with a large family of children,—and she was sure Mrs. Price could not afford to send Kim to school merely to play.

"What can I say or do to make an impression on that child?" thought Miss Pentecost, one day, as she tied the strings of her gingham "log-cabin" under her chin, and stepped out of the schoolhouse.

Just then she caught these words, spoken by Kim with great energy, and a flourish of fists,—

"Tell you it's true, Bob Whiting; for mother said so; and if mother *says* it's so, it's so, if it ain't so!"

Miss Pentecost laughed all to herself, and passed on through the sand-bank into the dusty road. When she had gone as far as the big willow, she paused a little, and laughed again.

"I like to hear a boy talk so about his mother, even if it is nonsense. Kim is an affectionate little



KIM'S LAST WHIPPING.

fellow, and I shouldn't wonder if he is a pretty good son. Any way, I've got an idea, and I mean to try it, and see how it will work."

Next day was the time for one of Kim's regular whippings. He had been more trying than usual, and Miss Pentecost sent Bob Whiting out for a remarkably strong birch stick, which could express her feelings better than the old one, which stood in the corner. She spent some time in trimming the new twig, though she was careful to leave a few little knots on it, which would give emphasis to the blows.

"I don't think I ever saw a better birch stick," said she, looking at it admiringly.

"Now, Kimball, you may take off your jacket."

He was so used to taking it off, that he always kept half the buttons unfastened to save time.

Miss Pentecost gave him an unusually hard whipping; and, after it, he cried till he could hardly see out of his eyes. He thought that was enough, and it was what the boys call "a square thing;" but at night, as he was running out of the schoolhouse, whistling, Miss Pentecost called him up to her desk.

"Well, Kimball, I've whipped you hard to-day—very hard."

Kim thought there was no doubt about that.

"Yes'm," responded he, meekly.

"Look at this stick. Didn't I take pains to get a good one?"

"Yes'm," said Kim; but he did not gaze at the stick as if he loved it.

"Do you know, Kimball, it is very hard work to whip you? It lames my arm, and it hurts my feelings. Really, I can't afford to do it, day after day, for nothing."

Kim looked up in surprise. This was a new view of the matter.

"You understand me, Kimball? I can't afford to do it for nothing any more. There's not another boy in school I've whipped so often as you; and this time I must be paid for it. Don't you think that's fair?"

"Yes'm," said Kim, in intense amazement, his eyes as black and shining as watermelon seeds.

"Well, Kimball, I think it's worth at least twenty-five cents; and I don't want you to come to school to-morrow without bringing me the money. Tell your mother about it, and tell her if you don't bring it, I

shall have to send you home for it. Good night, Kimball, and remember what I say."

"Yes'm."

"What did she do to you this time?" asked Joe Fuller, who had been waiting outside.

"O, go 'long, now; she didn't do anything to me," replied Kim, sheepishly. "Come, let's run down to the pond, and catch bloodsuckers."

Next morning, about school-time, Kim stole along into the shed kitchen, and hung about the cheese tub, where his mother was cutting curd.

"Why don't you start for school? You'll be late, my son."

"The mistress whipped me yesterday," muttered Kim, helping himself to a lump of curd.

"Did she? Well, I've no doubt you deserved it. There, run along, and see if you can't be a better boy to-day."

"But, mother—"

"Well, what?"

"Why, you see, the mistress—"

"Well, speak it out, sonny. I'm in a hurry."

"Why, you see, mother, the mistress wants twenty-five cents for whipping me."

"Twenty-five cents?"

"She says it lamed her arm," said Kim, hanging his head. "She says she can't do it for nothing, and if I don't bring it, she'll have to send me home."

Mrs. Price looked down at the curly-haired culprit with a twinkle of fun in her eyes,—she had black eyes, very much like Kim's.

"Well, sonny, go get my purse out of the end cupboard. If I am poor, it shan't be said I don't do all I can for my children's education."

Kim brought the purse—a red worsted one, with steel rings.

"Yes, here is a silver quarter, with the pillars on it. We are out of gingerbread, and I was going to spend it for molasses; but never mind. I don't blame Miss Pentecost. I know it was hard work to whip you, and she deserves the money."

"Thank you, Kimball," said Miss Pentecost, in a low voice, when she received the bright new quarter. "Didn't your mother think I deserved it?"

"Yes'm," replied the boy, his chin sinking into the hollow place in his neck.

"I thought she would. Well, now, my dear, I shall carry this quarter home, and keep it; and next time

KIM'S LAST WHIPPING.

I whip you, you must bring me another. Do you understand?"

Kim scowled down at his little bare toes, and tried to stick them into a crack in the floor. Why, this was getting serious! Would the woman keep on crying "quarters" forever? It was perfectly ruinous. His mother had had all she could do to support the family before; but what *would* become of them now?

"You may take your seat," added Miss Pentecost, still in a low tone, so that no one could hear, but with a smile that exasperated poor Kim. "It is dreadful that you will be naughty; but then, you see, the more I whip you the more money I shall get; and perhaps before the summer is out, I shall have enough to buy a new dress."

"No, you don't," thought Kim, shutting his teeth together. "Catch *me* letting my mother buy a dress for *you*! Why, we've got to go without gingerbread to-day. You don't get another chance to whip me for one while, ma'am—now, you see!"

To avoid a whipping, it was necessary to study; for Kim was a boy that must be busy at something. He saw Bob Whiting go to sleep, and longed to drop a tame cherry into his mouth. He saw Joe Fuller sauntering down the aisle, looking straight before him, and it was the "cutest chance" to trip him up; but Kim resisted these allurements and fifty more, and got his geography lesson so well that Miss Pentecost patted him on the head, and said, "That's my good boy,"—which would have been delightful if he could have forgotten that gingerbread!

Next day he tried studying again, and rose to the head of his spelling-class.

"Why, I haven't had a whipping since Tuesday,"

thought he Saturday noon, as he ran home with the silver medal on his neck.

After that he seemed somehow to fall into the habit of studying. Studying *is* a habit, let me tell you, just as much as playing, though I suppose it is rather harder to acquire.

The little fellow's will was aroused, and that was precisely what he needed. In short, Kim had had his last whipping from Miss Pentecost or anybody else, and instead of being her most troublesome boy, he became the best scholar in school.

"I shan't be able to buy that dress after all," said she, the night before she left Skoodac; "but, Kim, dear, I know you are glad."

"Yes'm," replied Kim, meeting her eye with a smile.

"And I'll keep the quarter to remember you by. Your mother says she wishes me to."

"Yes'm."

Kimball Price is now one of the wealthiest and most respected men in his native state.

"And that man," said Squire Hathaway, the other day, in his Fourth of July oration, "was educated over here at Skoodac, boys, in that little, black school-house, that is so poor and miserable that, when it took fire a few years ago, it wouldn't burn down."

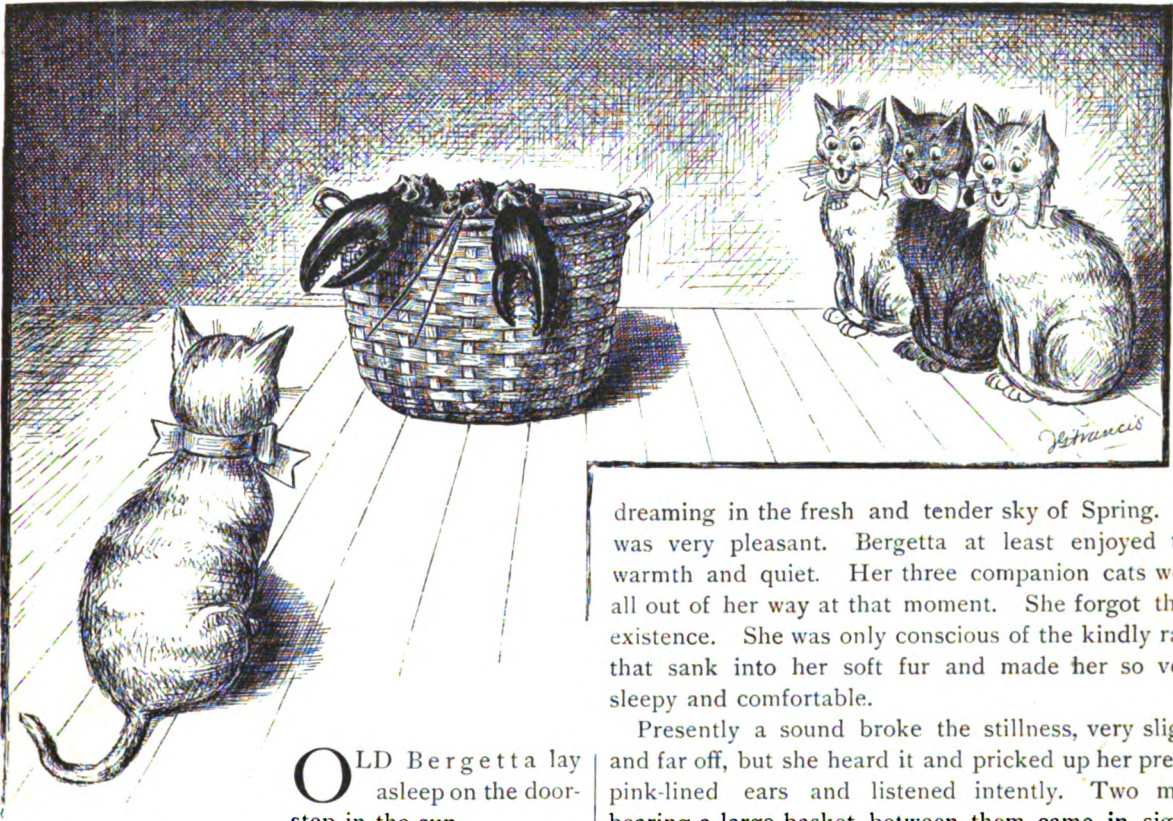
Mr. Kimball Price returned from Europe last May with his wife, and I heard Mrs. Hathaway say,—she was once Miss Pentecost,—that he thought her last whipping made a man of him.

"He wanted that old quarter of a dollar," said Mrs. Hathaway, laughing; "but I couldn't bear to part with it; so he cut it in two, and we've each of us got half."

BERGETTA'S MISFORTUNES.

A TRUE STORY.

BY CELIA THAXTER.



OLD Bergetta lay asleep on the doorstep in the sun.

Bergetta was a cat of an inquiring mind. Now an inquiring mind is a very good thing if it is not too largely developed ; but Bergetta's was of so lively a nature that she was continually led into difficulties thereby. This morning she was having a beautiful nap in the Spring sunshine. Her two little white fore paws were gathered in under her chin, and she had encircled herself with her tail in the most compact and comfortable way. Now and then she lifted her sleepy lids and winked a little, and perhaps she saw, or did not see, the bright blue ocean at the end of the rocky slope before her, and the outline of Apple-dore Island across the strip of sparkling water, and the white sails here and there, and the white clouds

dreaming in the fresh and tender sky of Spring. It was very pleasant. Bergetta at least enjoyed the warmth and quiet. Her three companion cats were all out of her way at that moment. She forgot their existence. She was only conscious of the kindly rays that sank into her soft fur and made her so very sleepy and comfortable.

Presently a sound broke the stillness, very slight and far off, but she heard it and pricked up her pretty pink-lined ears and listened intently. Two men bearing a large basket between them came in sight, approaching the house from the beach. The basket seemed heavy ; the men held each a handle of it and very silently went with it round to the back entrance of the house.

Bergetta settled her head once more upon her folded paws and tried to go to sleep again. But the thought of the basket prevented.

What could be inside that basket ?

She got up, stretched herself, and lightly and noiselessly made her way round the house to the back door and went in. The basket stood in the middle of the floor, and the three other cats sat at a respectful distance from it near each other, surveying it doubtfully.

Bergetta wasn't afraid ; she went slowly toward it to investigate its contents, but when quite close to it she became aware of a curious noise going on inside of it—a rustling, crunching, dull, clashing sound which was as peculiar as alarming. She stopped and listened ; all the other cats listened. Suddenly a queer object thrust itself up over the edge, and the most extraordinary shape began to rise gradually into sight. Two long, dark, slender feelers waved about aimlessly in the air for a moment ; two clumsy claws grasped the rim of the basket, and by their help a hideous, dark bottle-green-colored body patched with vermilion, bristling with points and knobs, and cased in hard, strong, jointed armor, with eight legs flying in all directions, each fringed at the foot with short yellowish hair, and with the inner edges of the huge misshapen claws lined with a row of sharp, uneven teeth, opening and shutting with the grasp of a vise—this ugly body rose into view before the eyes of the astonished cats.

It was a living lobster.

Dear children, those among you who have never seen a living lobster would be quite as astonished as the cats were at its unpleasant aspect. When you see these shell-fish they have been boiled and are bright scarlet all over, and you think them queer and grotesque, perhaps, and they do not seem frightful ; but a living lobster is best described by the use of the much-abused word *horrid*. It seems a mixture of spider and dragon. Its jet-black shining eyes are set on short stalks and project from its head, and the round, opaque balls turn about on their stems and survey the world with a hideous stolidity. It has a long, jointed tail, which it claps together with a loud clash, and with which it contrives to draw itself backward with wonderful rapidity.

Such was the hard and horny monster that raised itself out of the basket and fell with a loud noise all in a heap on the floor before Bergetta. She drew back in alarm, and then sat down at a safe distance to observe this strange creature. The other cats also sat down to watch, rather farther off than Bergetta, but quite as much interested.

For a long time all was still. The lobster, probably rather shocked by its fall, lay just where it had landed. Inside the basket a faint stirring and wrestling and clashing was heard from the other lobsters—that was all. Very soon Bergetta felt herself becoming

extremely bored with this state of things. She crept a little nearer the basket.

"I needn't be afraid of that thing," thought she ; "it doesn't move any more."

Nearer and nearer she crept, the other cats watching her but not stirring. At last she reached the lobster that in its wrath and discomfort sat blowing a cloud of rainbow bubbles from its mouth, but making no other movement. Bergetta ventured to put out her paw and touch its hard shell. It took no notice of this, though it saw Bergetta quite plainly with its queer eyes on stilts, which it wheeled about on all sides to "view the prospect o'er."

She tried another little pat, whereat the lobster waved its long antennæ, or feelers, that streamed away over its back in the air, far beyond its tail.

That was charming ! Bergetta was delighted. The monster was really playful ! She gave him another little pat with her soft paw and then coquettishly boxed his ears, or the place where his ears ought to be. There was a boding movement of the curious shelly machinery about his mouth, an intricate network all covered with the prismatic bubbles he had blown in his wrath, but he was yet too indifferent to mind anything much.

Bergetta continued to tease him. This *was* fun ! First with the right and then with the left paw she gave him little cuffs and pushes and pats which moved him no more than a rock. At last he seemed to become suddenly aware that he was being treated with somewhat more familiarity than was agreeable from an entire stranger, and began to move his ponderous front claws uneasily.

Still Bergetta continued to frisk about him till he thrust out his eight smaller claws with a gesture of displeasure, and opened and shut the clumsy teeth of the larger ones in a way that was quite dreadful to behold. "This is *very* funny," thought Bergetta. "I wonder what it means !" and she pushed her little white paw directly between the teeth of the larger claw which was opening and shutting slowly. Instantly the two sides snapped together with a tremendous grip, and Bergetta uttered a scream of pain—her paw was caught as in a vise and cut nearly through with the uneven toothed edge.

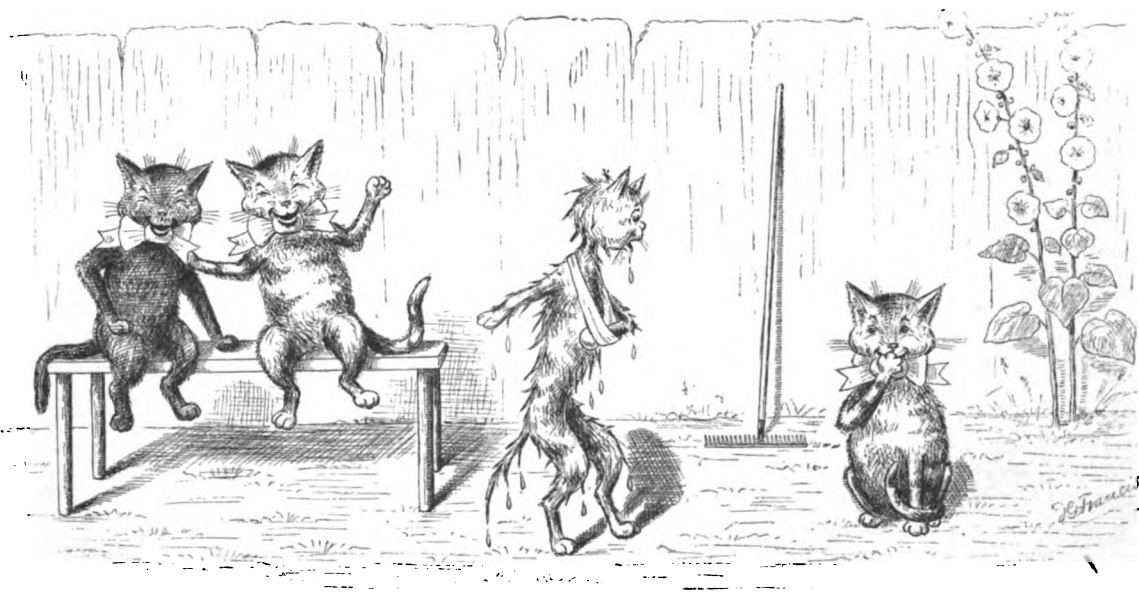
Alas, alas ! Here was a situation. In vain she tried to get away ; the lobster's claw clasped her delicate paw in a grasp altogether too close for com-

BERGETTA'S MISFORTUNES.

fort. Crying with fear and distress Bergetta danced about all over the room; and everywhere Bergetta danced the lobster was sure to go too, clinging for dear life, up and down, over and across they went in the wildest kind of a jig, while all the other cats made themselves as small as they could in the remotest corners and watched the performance with mingled awe and consternation. Such a noise! Bergetta crying and the lobster clattering, and the two cutting such capers together! At last some one heard the noise, and coming to the rescue thrust a stick between the clumsy teeth and loosened the grip of the merciless claw; and poor Bergetta, set at liberty, limped off to console herself as best she might.

For days she went limping about, so lame she

could hardly creep round the house. When at last she began to feel a little better, she strayed one day into the same room, and seeing what she rightly guessed to be a pan of milk on the table, jumped first into a chair and then up on the table to investigate. Naughty Bergetta! Yes; the pan was full of milk not yet skimmed. How luscious! She did not wait for anybody's permission, but straightway thrust her pink nose into the smooth, creamy surface. Now it was washing-day, and just under the edge of the table, behind Bergetta, on the floor, a tub full of hot suds had been left. She lifted up her head after her first taste of the cream—how nice it was—oh, horror, what did she see! Just opposite her on the table was another lobster with its long feelers brist-



BERGETTA RELATES HER MISFORTUNES.

ling; it had been boiled, by the way, but of course Bergetta could not know this tranquilizing fact. Bright scarlet, with its dull dark eyes pointed straight at her, it dawned upon Bergetta's terrified vision.

So eager she had been to look into the milk-pan, she had not discovered it before, and now her fright was so great that she gave one leap backwards and fell, splash! into the tub of warm suds.

Good heavens, what a commotion! With eyes, ears, nose, mouth full of soapy foam, she crawled out of it, and more dead than alive, ran to the door and forth into the cold, leaving a long stream of suds on

the floor in her wake. The wind blew through her soaked fur and chilled the marrow of her bones.

Poor Bergetta! All the other cats came round her and stared at her with astonishment; and I'm afraid, if cats ever do laugh, they certainly laughed at Bergetta when she told them her morning's experience. I don't think she ever coquetted with a lobster again, or tried to steal the milk from the pan, but went mewling about, rubbing her cheek against the kind little cook's foot till she gave her all a cat could wish. And let us hope she escaped any more such dire disasters during the rest of her life.



JESSIE'S NEIGHBOR.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

THERE was a new comer in the house into which Jessie Orkney looked from her chamber window. It did not occur to her that any one living in that house could be of much interest to her, least of all could have anything to do with her own fate or fortune; still they were such near neighbors that she looked over, now and then, with a sort of idle curiosity. The Orkneys were rich people. Mr. Orkney owned the great, handsome house where they had lived ever since Jessie could remember. It was a spacious house, and it fronted on a stately street, where all the houses were elegant and substantial. But Jessie's own room was at the back. She had chosen it for herself, when she got old enough to go out a little from under her mother's wing, because it looked into the garden.

You don't often find gardens in connection with city houses; but back of the Orkneys was a small, but very choice one. Such lovely flowers grew there! A great bed was full of lilies-of-the-valley, early in May, indeed sometimes before April was over; and then in June there were roses in greater variety, and with more fine names than I can stop to tell you. Jessie loved flowers when a child, as some children love their dolls, almost as if they were human. She had no brothers or sisters, and she had a fashion of making

friends and companions of all sorts of things that came in her way. When she was a little toddling girl, hardly big enough to reach her hand up to a rose bush, she used to talk to her roses by the hour together, with a sweet and tender simplicity, as if perfectly sure that they understood her. When she got old enough to have her pretty chamber looking into the garden all to herself, she was happy indeed.

The room was fitted up with every prettiness that taste could suggest and money could buy; for Jessie was an only child, and what was all the money, with which papa Orkney's great pockets were bulging, good for if not to make his only girl's life a dream of beauty? Back of the garden was a passage-way just wide enough for the carts that came with ice and vegetables. Beyond this were the small back yards of a street of humble houses, and then the houses themselves. The one of these just opposite Jessie's window had been occupied for several years by a man and his wife, whom Jessie used to say she had got tired of looking at. They were commonplace, uninteresting people in appearance. The woman had a sort of aggressive neatness about her. She used to come out and attack the back door-steps, and the path leading to the gate, as if here were an enemy whom she would conquer or die; and then go in,



"CAN'T YOU COME DOWN," SHE CRIED, "AND LET ME SHARE WITH YOU."

leaving everything spotlessly clean, but with a hue of depression, as if low in spirits. Sometimes the man would make his appearance outside—a stolid, respectable, hard-working man he seemed, but with no interests in life except to get his day's work done, and no pleasure except to look solemnly out of the kitchen window, as he sat there resting after his task was over.

Jessie used to wonder, in the unconscious arrogance of her happy fortunes and her bright young beauty, what God made such people for, and why they didn't get tired of life and go out of it. They just got something to eat and to wear by working all the time, and enjoying nothing—why would it not be just as well if they stopped eating and wearing and working all together? At any rate she wished they would move away, and some one come in their stead for whom she could entertain a more friendly feeling; for neighborliness was a sort of instinct with Jessie, and she liked to make friends of people, just as she did of flowers and birds.

At last it seemed as if part of her wish was likely to be realized. Not that "Mr. and Mrs. Sobersides," as Jessie used to call them, had moved away. No, Mrs. Sobersides had just scrubbed off the steps as if she thoroughly enjoyed her victory over them, and Mr. Sobersides had been home to dinner, and sat for a few meditative moments at the kitchen window. But there *was* a new-comer. Better yet, it was a girl—a girl who seemed about Jessie's own age, and who was apparently to have the room precisely opposite hers; for she was moving about there, hanging up dresses in the closet, putting one little article here and another there, making home of the place, as girls do.

Here, at last, was something pleasant for Jessie to watch besides the garden—a human flower, in bloom already, this wild, raw March day, before even the very first crocus had perked up its daring little head. For the new-comer had, so Jessie thought, a lovely aspect. She had soft, dark hair, not crimped after the fashion of the time, but waved as only Nature could have waved it, and making the loveliest setting for the clear, pale face, with its large, thoughtful, almost sad gray eyes. The girl wore the deepest mourning, and that helped to touch and attract Jessie's tender heart.

"I know I should like her," Jessie said, having run

to her mother with the tale of her new interest, as she always did run to her mother with everything.

Mrs. Orkney smiled.

"You are quite sure?" she said. "Why? Because her eyes are gray, or because she wears such deep mourning, or because she is new?"

"All of them, perhaps," Jessie answered, laughing. "I'm so tired of just the same girls. All they think about is their new gowns and *the brothers*."

Jessie blushed as she spoke. "*The brothers*" was the funny phrase by which she was wont to indicate the young men, who formed so frequent a subject for discussion among her "set" of girls. These gentle youths were mostly brothers to one and another of the girls, and that may have suggested Jessie's designation for them. She was a truly delicate girl, this winsome Jessie, with a hidden fountain of romance somewhere in her nature which made all light nonsense about beaux, all playing at love-affairs, abhorrent to her. And over this fact mamma Orkney daily rejoiced. She was very proud of her one daughter, this happy mother, and you would see that she had some reason for being so if I could make a picture of the girl as she stood there in her careless grace.

She was almost sixteen; for she was born in June, like her own roses, and with the next June would come her sixteenth birthday. She was tall and slight and blonde, with a complexion of that perfect creamy white which grows radiant under gas-light. Her hair was gold—not pale, but bright, and it was like a halo about her forehead—a fine, fluffy, radiant halo, which meant hair-pins over night to be sure, but was none the less beautiful. Her eyes were not the washed-out, pale blue you see oftenest with such a complexion, but deep in color as English violets, and in moments of excitement, when the pupils dilated, looking perfectly black. Her mother used almost to tremble, sometimes, at the thought of the temptations and dangers which would beset this beautiful darling of hers, two or three years from now, when she should exchange school for society. But there was an innate purity and strength, an unspoiled simplicity about the girl, on which she counted much for her safety among the shoals and quicksands of fashionable life.

All through March and April Jessie rejoiced over her new neighbor as over a new friend. It was so pleasant to look across at this youthful face, instead of the blank window. Sometimes the new-comer was

drawing, as it seemed, and sometimes sewing; but with pencil or needle she was always busy—Jessie saw her working when she went away to school, and when she came back again there was still the slight, girlish figure bending patiently over her task. Jessie wondered what she was doing; for she was full of curiosity, this bonny Jessie of mine. Not, be sure, of a meddlesome, prying curiosity, but of a wholesome, hearty, neighborly interest in other people's lives.

The very last of April Jessie went down, one afternoon, into the garden. It was time for the lilies-of-the-valley, she thought; and, sure enough, there they were, the dear, dainty white blossoms, all nestled under their sheltering green—a wealth of beauty and perfume. Jessie bent over them with eager delight. They were old friends come back again. She gathered them carefully, a great handful of them, and then rose to her feet, and looked across the passageway, up at her neighbor's window. The pretty girl in black had opened it, and was leaning out; perhaps to breathe the soft, April air, or, possibly, to watch her; and Jessie smiled to think that maybe they had taken a mutual interest in each other. Jessie Orkney was very apt to act on her impulses. It was a good thing that they were almost always sweet and generous impulses. One came to her need, and she obeyed it at once. She held up her flowers, with a smile and a nod.

"Can't you come down," she cried, "and let me share with you?"

Instantly "Gray-Eyes"—for that was the name Jessie had got in the way of calling her—had left her window, and in two minutes more she stood at the garden gate, which Jessie opened for her.

"Come in, please. I am so glad to see you. I've known you so long from the window! I am Jessie Orkney, and I've been in the habit of calling you 'Gray-Eyes;' but I suppose you have another name?"

The new-comer laughed a merry girlish laugh.

"Yes, I am Jeannette Stone; but everybody calls me Jennie. I've seen you, too, from the window, and been glad to have you to look at;" and a little glint of light came into Jennie Stone's eyes, as if she were remembering a pleasure.

Meantime Jessie was dividing the lilies-of-the-valley.

"I wanted to give you half," she said, "because, you know, they are the first, and I shall like them

twice as much when I think another girl is liking them, too."

How the "other girl's" face brightened! Her gray eyes grew deep and tender, and a faint flush came into her cheek. Happiness is made of such little things—you know. She took the flowers, and smelt them eagerly, and then lifted her head.

"I don't think I'll try to tell you how I thank you," she said. "There are some things that can't *be* told—you know."

I suppose there is a sort of freemasonry between girls. At any rate they get acquainted with an ease and suddenness that seems to their elders almost miraculous. It wasn't a week before Jessie and Jennie knew all about each other. Jessie found out that Mr. and Mrs. Sobersides, as she still called them,—though she knew now they were Mr. and Mrs. John Jones, really,—were very good sort of people. They were Jennie's uncle and aunt; and now, that Jennie was an orphan,—for her father and mother had both died within a few weeks of each other,—they had taken her home to live with them. Jennie's grateful eyes filled with tears as she told how good they had been to her. They would never let her pay her board, she said; and they were so glad to have her with them, since they had no child of their own.

"But I see you working all the time," Jessie said, with that innocent little curiosity of which I have told you before.

"Yes, and that's for a purpose. I embroider things for a shop—my mother used to do that, and she taught me, to help her. I draw my own patterns, and I am working very hard to get money enough ahead to take drawing lessons, and fit myself to do something really good."

The girls were in the garden when this was said. All their meetings had been there so far; but now Jessie cried, with one of those sudden impulses of kindness that made her such a perpetually delightful surprise,—

"You must come up into my room—you *must*. I have books full of all sorts of lovely designs, and maybe they would help you."

She waited for no answer, but hurried on, Jennie following.

"You must speak to mamma, please," she said, as they went up stairs; and, with the words, she led the way into the cosiest sitting-room, where sat a middle-

aged lady, stately and handsome, but with kind, sweet eyes, and a smile like Jessie's own.

"Mamma Orkney," said Jessie, blithely, "here is my neighbor, Miss Jessie Stone. You know her by reputation; or, at least, I've reputed her enough to have you know her. I am going to take her to my room, to show her all my pictures."

"And to talk her deaf," mamma added, smiling; "but I am glad you have captured her at last. Miss Jennie, this is a very neighborly little daughter of mine. She has had her eye on you ever since you made your appearance at the opposite window."

Jessie's room seemed to her guest like a very bower of beauty; yet it was only a large and pleasant room, fitted up according to Jessie's own fancy, when she was fifteen. There was a blending of rose and blue all over it. The soft carpet bloomed with blue forget-me-nots and pink roses. The chintz with which chairs and lounges were covered repeated the same design; and so did the curtains at the windows. In an alcove there was a writing-desk—a davenport, so prettily furnished that you longed to sit down at it, and write letters to all your friends at once. In another recess was a good, roomy book-case, and here were all Jessie's darlings. Hans Andersen, and Grimm Brothers, and the rest of the well-thumbed, dear old story-tellers, had climbed to the top shelves now; and the lower ones were full of Scott, and Dickens, and Miss Thackeray, and, above all, of the poets. Light little stands were here and there—on one a vase of ferns, on another a delicate glass, full of the sweet lilies-of-the-valley. On a larger and stronger table was a portfolio of prints, and several books of engravings. There was a full-length mirror, in which Jessie could watch her own bright face, and the girlish grace of her light figure, if ever she were vain enough to find pleasure in them; and everywhere were lovely and delicate ornaments—here a Parian bust, there a bit of carving, again some quaint casket—all the tasteful little trifles which rich people are apt to waste money upon. Pictures hung on the walls; and the very bed, with its fluted white draperies, looked like a sort of enlarged white lily, to which the girl, with her flower-like face, seemed to belong naturally.

An instant Jennie Stone stood on the threshold of this bower of beauty, taking in all the details. Then she drew a long sigh—not a selfish, envious sigh, but

one of intense pleasure and satisfaction, which could be no otherwise expressed. In a moment Jessie had her seated before the table of prints and illustrations. I don't know which girl was the happier; Jennie, with her great, gray eyes kindling over the beautiful designs which were meat and drink to her, or Jessie, looking on, full of such genuine delight in the pleasure she was giving.

Nothing would do but Jennie must take home for a study one of the books which pleased her most; and then, of course, that had to be returned; and then there were more lendings and more returnings, until before May was over the two girls felt really well acquainted. Mamma Orkney fostered this friendship, rather than discouraged it. She was wise enough to see the real worth of Jessie's neighbor; and she was glad that her daughter should be thus associated with a girl with some purpose in life more real and earnest than gowns and *The Brothers*.

In June the Orkneys went away to the mountains. They went somewhat earlier than usual, for Mr. Orkney's head was troubling him, and he longed for a summer of rest and peace among the New Hampshire hills, where he used to live in his boyhood. It was the middle of June when Jessie said good-by to her neighbor. The roses were all in bloom, and the two girls stood among them when they parted.

"You know," Jessie said, "you are to come here and gather them, just as if they were your own—indeed, they *are* your own; for I give them to you, and I want you, and no one else, to have them; and every time you gather a rose you must think of me."

"I could not help it, for they are your sisters."

"I used to think they were, really," said Jessie, smiling; "and all my life papa has called me his Rose in June."

Life was changed for Jessie's neighbor when the Rose in June was gone; and the sister roses that filled her room with bloom and fragrance went but a little way, after all, toward making up for the one she missed. One day a thought came to Jennie that went further toward consoling her than anything else had done. She would plan something on which she could work a little every day—something for Jessie, and that would seem to make the days of absence less empty. She bent her brown head in a brown study; and, at last, her plan came to her. She would embroider Jessie a handkerchief, such as no one else

could have. The design for it should be her own. It should be wrought with a wreath of roses, fit for the bonny Rose in June, mingled with lilies-of-the-valley, such as were the occasion of their first meeting. She went down town, and purchased linen cambric, fine as gossamer, and daintiest floss, and began her task on her return.

All the summer long she worked on it, a little every day; and the wreath grew, beneath her deft fingers, a thing of beauty.

It was late in October before the Orkneys returned. Jennie had one nod from over the way, and then Jessie's bright face appeared no more at the window. After a day or two came a message from Mrs. Orkney. Jessie was very ill—the doctor called it typhoid—and therefore she could not ask Jennie to come and see her.

Five minutes afterward Jennie Stone walked with a white, resolute face into the kitchen, where her aunt was waging war against some imperceptible spots of dirt upon the painted walls.

"Aunt Martha," she said, very quietly, "Jessie Orkney is sick of typhoid fever, and I am going to see if Mrs. Orkney will let me help take care of her."

Mrs. Jones laid down her scrubbing-brush, and looked at her niece.

"I s'pose you know it's dreadful ketchin'—don't you?" she asked, slowly.

"Yes, I know; and I know something else, too; and that is, that I love Jessie Orkney so well that if she should die without my having tried to do anything for her, I should never be happy another moment myself."

"Never's a long word," said Aunt Martha, dryly; "not that I mean to deny that the Orkney girl has been kind to you, and I do s'pose I should want to show my feelin' for her myself, if I was in your place."

"I suppose you would, too," said Jennie, heartily; and then, in a moment, she was out of the door, and across to the other house.

Mrs. Orkney listened in surprise to her eager prayer that she might be allowed to help take care of Jessie.

"But, my dear," she said, gently, "I have a nurse hired to help me, and I don't like to have you exposed to the infection."

"It might happen," Jennie urged, diffidently, yet earnestly, "that she would like me about her, some-

times, better than the nurse. I am not strange to her, you know. I'm quite used to nursing. My mother was sick a long time, and I took all the care of her. If only I might just see Miss Jessie!"

"That you shall, certainly;" and Mrs. Orkney led the way to the pretty room where Jessie lay, with all her girlhood's accumulation of treasures around her. She turned her head wearily, as her mother entered, but when she caught sight of Jennie her face brightened.

"O, I thought you would come and see me," she cried, "and you'll stay now, won't you, till I get well enough to go down in the garden?"

Jennie fixed her great gray eyes on Mrs. Orkney's face. There were tears in those eyes, and their dumb pleading went further, perhaps, than even the girl's words:—

"I *may* stay, mayn't I? You see she wants me."

And so it was settled.

Day after day, week after week, Jessie's neighbor took her full share of the nursing. The poor June Rose grew very ill, indeed. Most of the time she was what the nurse called "out of her head," and then no one could please her so well as Jennie. Sometimes she would say,—

"Gray-Eyes, I used to know a girl who looked like you. Her name was Jennie Stone. She died last year; but I think you must be her cousin."

Sometimes Jennie used to take out the pretty handkerchief she was working, and which was almost done now, and try to set a few stitches. But always the tears would come, and make her eyes so blind that she had to put it away. I cannot tell you what anxious weeks those were, nor can you guess, out of the careless gladness of your young lives.

It was the tenth of December before the turning point came, at which they shook hands with hope, and parted company with despair. The fever had all left the poor little girl; and she looked round, with clear eyes, on the watchers about her bed. Now, at last, she knew Jennie, and realized with what zeal of self-sacrificing love her neighbor had come to pass her days and nights beside her. Not yet could Jennie go home: Jessie wanted her more than ever now. A hundred times a day she would say to her mother, "O, mamma, if I could but keep Jennie always."

And, after a while, a plan grew in Mrs. Orkney's mind.

From time to time Jennie put her last touches to the delicate handkerchief. She could work on it joyfully now, for she knew whose eyes would brighten over it.

Christmas morning came at last. Jessie — a poor, pale, white rose, instead of the bright Rose in June, who had gone away so gayly in the summer — was propped up in bed. She wore the softest wrapper of light-blue cachemire, with swan's-down for ruching round the neck and wrists, and her soft, golden hair lay all about her lovely pale face like sunshine. Gifts upon gifts had been heaped up around her; and at last Jennie handed her hers.

"It is not much," she said, "but I designed it for you myself, and I used to work on it a little every day while you were gone. See, here are the lilies-of-the-valley that you gave me first, and the June roses which were your sisters."

"And it is the very prettiest thing I ever had in my life," Jessie cried, her eyes brightening; "something no one *could* have given me but you."

"After all, I can give you something better yet," Mrs. Orkney said, smiling, "if only Jennie will let me. I want to give you Jennie herself, for your constant companion. I want she should live here with you always, and share all your advantages; and, be-

sides, she shall have special ones of her own, to cultivate this great talent for drawing which she has. Tell me, Jennie, will you let me have the pleasure of giving Jessie the gift she will like best of all?"

Jennie stood still; a deep flush glowing on her cheeks, her eyes bright as stars, yet full of tears, just ready to fall. She looked from Mrs. Orkney to Jessie, and saw the fair, eager face, and heard the earnest cry, —

"O, don't speak too soon, Jennie, unless you are going to say yes!"

And then Jennie quite broke down, and sobbed out, —

"O, do with me just what you please — only it's a great deal too good to be true!"

You want to know how it ended, you never-satisfied, dear reader? Why, things never do end in this life — they just go on. It all went on, as Mrs. Orkney had planned; and Jennie's talent really proved something wonderful. I should not be surprised if she had made some of the illustrations for this very magazine. There was only one slight drawback to it all. The windows in the house opposite grew uninteresting again. Jessie had found her sister, but she had lost her neighbor.

MY MOTHER PUT IT ON.

BY MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

IT was old Boston — Boston forty years and more ago, — and it was New Year's morning.

We had lived in our new house in one of the lately laid-out, airy neighborhoods over on the West Hill since June. Before that, we lived in Pearl street, where all the great warehouses are now, and where the other great warehouses were burned down, — melted into strange, stone monuments of ruin, — in the terrible fire, six years ago from now. Down in Pearl street, in a large house with a garden to it, and a wonderful staircase inside that had landings with balustraded arches through to other landings, and which was a sublimity and delight to me that the splendid stairways in Roman palaces can scarcely equal now, — still lived my best and beautiful friend,

Elizabeth Hunter. I thought in those days all Elizabeths were beautiful, because I knew two who had fair, delicious complexions, sweet, deep-cornered mouths, and brown hair. My hair was light and straight and fine; it looked thin and cold to me by side of theirs.

On this New Year, I was to go and spend the day with Elizabeth. My father and my brother Andrew were to come to dinner. My mother was an invalid, and could not bear the cold and the fatigue. But she had my pretty dress all ready for me, a soft, blue merino — real deep-sky blue, — with trimming to the tucks and hem and low neck-band and sleeve-bindings of dark carbuncle-colored velvet ribbon in a raised Greek pattern. You may think it looked

queer ; but it didn't ; it was very pretty and becoming.

Before I was to go, however, there was ever so much other New Year delight to keep the time from seeming long. Father and Andrew were going down to the whip-factory in Dock square, to choose for Andrew the longest-lashed toy-whip, with the gayest snapper and the handsomest handle, that he could pick out there. And afterward they were going to a great toy-shop, to buy me the wax doll I had been promised.

I did not care to choose my doll, as Andrew would choose his whip. I had a kind of real little-mother feeling about that. I would rather have what came to me, what my father brought me. I wanted it to be mine from the first minute I saw it, without any doubt, or any chance to choose otherwise. If I had looked and hesitated among dozens of them, and picked out one, I should always have felt as if I had left some child behind that maybe ought to have been mine, and that I had not quite *whole* chosen any one. So I was content to stay with my mother, and run down from her with the quarter and half dollars to the watchman and the carrier and the scavenger and the milkman, when they came with their expectation of a little present. What dear old simple days those were, when we had a family regard for our milkman, our watchman, our scavenger !

Meanwhile, I was to be dressed.

I had just got on my blue morocco slippers, that looked so funny with my striped dark calico morning-frock, when the bell, that I thought I had done answering with the silver fees, rang loudly again. Marcella, our housemaid, called me from the foot of the nursery stairs.

"It's somebody for you, Miss Emmeline," she said, and I thought she meant another man for money. I took the last quarter from the little wallet father had filled for me, and ran down. But it was the tall black servant from the Hunters. And he had in his hand a pretty paper box tied with a silk cord.

"Mrs. Hunter's compliments and love, miss, to you and to your ma ; and she hopes you'll wear something she has made for you just like Miss Elizabeth's, to-day."

I took the box, made a little courtesy to him, and said, "Please thank Mrs. Hunter, and say I wish her a happy New Year, and here's a happy New Year for you." For I thought he couldn't help seeing the

silver quarter, and thinking it was for him ; and father had told me to "use my judgment," and I certainly wanted to give it to him the minute I saw he had come all the way with a present for me. Elizabeth and I liked Jefferson very much ; he gave us macaroons and prunes and almonds from the pantry, and he swung us in the swing in the great drying-room. He made me a fine bow, and thanked me, and said he should keep my quarter for luck.

So I ran up to my mother, and kissed her — for somehow whenever anything pleasant came to me I always kissed my mother — and we opened the box. It was a beautiful blue silk braid net, with a long blue ribbon run through to tie it round the head with.

"O, mother !" I cried, "it's a *long* ribbon, for flying ends !" I was so glad ; for I had no curls like Elizabeth's and I thought flying ribbons would seem like them a little, and I had never worn any.

"It is very pretty," said my mother ; "but I think, dear, with your short hair, a short bow would look better."

She did not tell me that my face was narrow and my nose was long, and that I couldn't possibly look like Elizabeth Hunter, even with flying ends. I know it now, as I have found out a good many things that I didn't understand at the time.

I was disappointed ; too disappointed to say anything ; and before I spoke, mother, who had put the net over my hair, and drawn the ribbon, tied a butterfly bow with it over my left ear, and snipped the ends into short dovetails with her small bright toilet scissors.

I choked a little in my throat, and the tears came into my eyes.

"Did you care so much ?" asked mother tenderly, and kissed me again. "But it is a *great deal* prettier for you so ; trust me, dear."

I did not speak then, for I couldn't ; but I tried to swallow the choke and the tears ; mother who was always kind, had been so dearly kind to me that day. And Andrew came running up the stairs just then, and bounced in at the door ; and there was my dear wax-baby in his arms, and I was a happy little mother ; and what happy little mother, with her baby born on New Year's morning cares how her cap is tied ?

The baby was dressed in a pretty white slip and a bib ; and there was a blanket with pink scalloped edges, to wrap it in.

"There were dollies a good deal older, and some all grown up," said Andrew; "but father thought you'd want to have it a real baby, and let it grow. And it opens and shuts its eyes. See here! There! it's gone to sleep; and now look at my whip!" He pulled it out from under his arm, whence it trailed behind him, and cracked it gloriously with its yellow snappers, right over my baby's head.

"O, And! Be careful! Give her right to me. Boys don't know how to tend babies, you know. But you're *real* good; and your whip is splendid!"

"Guess I am! Brought her right straight along, and didn't care a mite, and three boys hollered after me, 'Fore I'd be a girl, and carry a rag-baby!' I just kept her with one hand and cracked my whip with the other, and looked right ahead, as if they wasn't anywhere!"

I put my arms round his neck, and hugged him and the baby and the whip all together; for my Andie always was a hero, and loved me. He brought me my greatest gift pleasures, and my happiest surprises. Father always took him into the plan, if Andie hadn't already begged it for me,—whenever there was one. I think our parents had that notion about son and daughter, and what the little man and woman should be to each other. Mother used to set me to do all the little cheery, comfortable home-things for Andie. Andie brought me my wax doll when I was seven years old; he walked down to Jones's, with father, the day he was seventeen, and brought me home my real, gold watch. I always mended Andie's stockings after I was old enough,—and quite little girls were old enough in those days; and I made pan ginger-bread for his supper when he was coming home cold from coasting on the Common; and I read to him when he was sick with sore throat and saved money to fill his bag with white alleys when marble-time came round. Andie and I used to promise never to get married, but to keep house with each other when we were grown up. I have never got married; but Andie has been lying in the gray stone tomb at Mount Auburn for thirty years.

My mother hurried me a little now; for Marcella was ready.

We walked down across the Common, Marcella and I; she was to leave me at the door. There was a biting wind, with snow-needles in it; and the path was deep with half-trodden snow; but I was warm in

my cloth pelisse with gray fur cape and border,—my quilted bonnet edged with fur, and my thick little mocasins with gray fur round the ankles.

I was perfectly happy till Mrs. Hunter unfastened my things by the large parlor fire, and lifted off my bonnet carefully.

Elizabeth, with her dimpled face, her sweet-set mouth, her brown curls among which the long blue ribbon floated,—for the net was a mere matter of ornament, and lay light and loose over the hair, held only by the ribbon band simply tied at the left temple,—was standing by, impatient to get me out and begin our day.

"Why, where are the long ends?" she said. And then I immediately felt as if all there was of me was that one little, short-chopped, butterfly bow.

"Mother thought—" I began, and there stopped. My lips trembled a little, and I blushed hot.

Mrs. Hunter looked sorry. "Was she *quite* particular?" she asked, after an instant. "Because I have another ribbon. Just for *to-day*, perhaps, because you like to be like Lizzie? It would be a pity not to please the child," she said to Mrs. Marchand, her sister, who was there. She was drawing the blue ribbon from her pretty round, carved worktable, and she put out her hand to untie my little bow.

Then it came over me. I started back. "Please! No! Please not, Mrs. Hunter. Thank you—a great deal—" I stammered, in a hurry, and afraid I was dreadfully impolite,— "but *mother put it on!*"

I wouldn't have had that bow with the dovetailed ends untied, that minute, for all the world.

A singular expression, I thought, passed between the faces of the two ladies. Mrs. Hunter leaned down from her chair, reached my hand, drew me to her again, and kissed me. "You are a dear little thing," she said to me. "The little souls know best," she said to her sister.

"When the little souls are—" but Mrs. Marchand did not say what.

I wondered why Mrs. Hunter, while she praised me,—but it was not praise either; it was better than that,—should have looked as if she pitied me so. I couldn't think it was for the sake of the ribbon. No, indeed: I know now what it was.

We had a beautiful time. Of course I had brought my baby, and I secretly thought it was a great deal cunninger and prettier than Elizabeth's, that she had

had ever since her last birthday, and that really looked quite old and common to me now, though she had kept it so nice, and I had admired it so.

Father and Andrew came to dinner ; and after dinner we had forfeits, and Hunt the Ring, and Magical Music, and Still Palm. There were three other children who came to spend the afternoon.

I was very happy. There was a hidden corner in my heart that kept warming up every now and then, as if mother and I had a secret together, and we were whispering it to each other across the wide, cold city. Elizabeth's pretty hair and long blue ribbons flew this way and that in the merry play and running ; and I noticed them just

as I always had, and I knew that there was nothing pretty about my short, plain, light-colored hair, and I *did* think that flying ends would have been a comfort if I could have had them in the first place ; but there was something beyond comfort in the loyalty of wearing that butterfly bow which nobody need touch or try to change for me, since — because she thought it best

for me to wear it so — my mother had put it on !

I ran straight up to her dressing-room the minute we got home. She sat there in her white flannel wrapper before the fire. I threw my arms around her and laid my head down on her lap.

"Now untie the little bow," I said : and she asked : "Did my little girl wear it all the day for my sake ?"

She understood. We *had* been whispering to each other's thought across all the cold, wide city.

"Mother," I asked her, after I said my prayers, and before I said goodnight, "why did I have such a Rocky-Mountain kind of a face ? Why couldn't God

have given me a pretty, *flat* face ? Can you tell ? "

"God didn't see best to make you handsome, dear ; but He will make you beautiful, if you will let Him, his own way. And I don't think," she added, more lightly, and laughing a sweet laugh. "that my Emmie's face *could* be a *flat* one ! It wouldn't suit her at all ; and I love this a great deal better ! "

When I was seventeen years old, my mother had been dead eight years. I had a stepmother.

That was horrible, you think ? Wait till you hear.

When my father — a graver, silenter, but not less kind and gentle man — brought home at last this

lady, as truly, I think, for our sakes as his own, — he called us to them both as they sat together on the long velvet sofa in the library. I remember the moment, and the look of everything as if it were just now. It was a September mid-day ; they had been married in church, and we had all come straight home ; there was no company, — "this day was for themselves and the



I HAD BROUGHT MY BABY.

children," — and dinner was going on, almost just as usual, in the dining room beyond.

The lady, whom we had seen but few times, — her home had been at a distance in the country, — was dressed in a plain violet silk ; and now her bonnet was off, her dark hair looked homelike and simple, just parted away over her low, pleasant forehead and twisted richly behind ; and her face, — I never forget that about it, — was watching the door when we came in.

My father said to me, being the girl and the oldest, — "Emmeline, I hope you will be the happier for this

day, and I believe you will, from this day forward as long as you and my wife shall live." He fell, unpremeditatedly, into the words of the Solemn Service that had been spoken over them; it was as if he had married us two, in our new relation, to each other.

He said to Andrew — "My boy knows what men owe to women; he and I must do our best and manliest for these two. We four are a family now."

The new wife stretched out a hand to each of us. She slipped her arm round me, and drew me to her side, while she held Andrew's hand upon her knee. The face that looked into mine was very wistful and kind; it almost seemed to beseech something of me. It asked leave to be loving.

We children did not know what to say. I felt uneasy not to speak at all. I believe I smiled a little, shyly. Then I asked —

"What shall I call you, please?"

"What shall they call you, Lucy?" asked my father.

"Call me 'step-mamma,'" was the answer; and I think he was utterly surprised.

"I will not take their mother's name away," she said. "I will not be *instead* of her. I will be called just what I want to be; a step, a link, between her and them. I will try and do *for* her what she would have done if she had stayed."

"Then I think I'll call you 'For-mamma,'" said straight-spoken Andrew. "I think that will do very well."

We all laughed; and it relieved the feeling. "Thank you, Andrew," said our step-mamma. "That is a great help at the very beginning. I believe we shall understand each other."

For my part I only kissed her. By the way she kissed me back, I knew it was her first act "for" my mother.

So we began to love her, and we called her "step-mamma." People thought it very odd, and we never explained it to them. We let our relation explain itself. But *among* ourselves, the familiar, privileged, lovely name was "For-mamma." That we kept this sign through so many years,—the years of our troublesome, probative childhood,—tells more than any story of the years could tell.

I only wanted to say a little bit of what she was to me at seventeen; and how my mother's very words

came again to me through her, as by an accepted mediation.

I went with her to a large party; my very first large grown-up party.

My old friend, Elizabeth Hunter, was a bride this winter. I had been bridesmaid at her wedding; that was the beginning of my coming out, earlier than I should otherwise have done.

What a plain little bridesmaid I had been, to what an exquisite vision of a bride! I remember thinking as we, the bridal party, walked through the long rooms, when all was gay, and ceremony was broken through at supper-time—when the rooms rustled with the turning of the groups to look after her and the murmur went along about her beauty—"What difference ought it to make, that *she* is the beauty, and that I can never be,—so long as the beauty *is* and we all feel it?" Yet the strange difference was there, and the cross of my beauty-loving nature was that I in my own being and movement, could never hold and represent it.

I looked at myself when I had dressed for this large party. The lovely blue silk—the delicate lace—the white roses—they almost achieved prettiness enough of themselves; and I suppose I looked as nice as I could; but there were still the too prominent brows, the nose too big for the eyes, the lips too easily parted over the teeth fine and white, but contributing to the excess of profile, or middle-face, that had made me call it Rocky-Mountain outline when I was a child.

I went down to my step-mamma's room. She, in her ruby-colored satin, was fairer at thirty-eight than I at seventeen. I sat watching her as she put pearl earrings into her ears.

"For-mamma," I said, "I don't believe I shall ever care much for parties. And it will be for a very mean and selfish reason, too.—I think it is only pretty people who can enjoy them much."

She laid down the second pearl hoop on the table, and came to me.

"Emmie," she said, "I know it is a hard thing for a woman who loves all lovely things, not to be very beautiful herself. The dear Lord has not made you very beautiful, in mere features. But can't you wear a plain face awhile, because He has given it to you to wear, and trust to Him to make it lovely in his way and season?"

My step-mamma hardly ever said anything so direct as this to me, about religion. She only lived her religion in a pleasant, comfortable, unassuming way, and kept a light shining by which I saw — without her flashing it upon me like a dark-lantern — into any little selfish or God-forgetful course of my own life. Now, these words came to me — across ten years — the very words said to me in that same room, at that same hour of night. . . . Why — it was the very night! We were going to a New Year's party.

A great heart-beat came up in my throat, and the tears pressed up together into face and eyes, while I felt the kindling of my own look, and saw what it must be by the answering color and the light in hers.

I put my hands out and reached them round her waist as she stood close to me in her beautiful glowing dress, under which a more beautiful heart was glowing brighter. "I cannot tell you two apart, Mamma and For-mamma!" I said.

We went together to the party. For-mamma had to put her one pearl hoop in her pocket after she got there, for she had forgotten the other on her dressing table. And what that party was to me I wonder if any grand, lovely, tender church-service ever was to anybody, more or better!

I had a quiet time, compared to some girls who were always rushed after, and rushing through the gay dances. I was politely asked, and I did dance; but not every time; that was as it always was with me. But all the beauty and all the gladness in the whole room was mine; for it was all "the dear Lord's," and He was giving it as He would. "Passing it round," I couldn't help thinking — was it irreverent, I wonder — as the sweet, rich confections were passed round, that were meant, a share in turn, for all. My turn would come. And for my plain, still, Rocky-Mountain face that I was wearing now, — there was a secret between me and some Heart that thought of me across whatever cold and emptiness of wintry way might seem to lie between, like that which had been when in my childish disappointment I wore the simple bit of ribbon that "my mother had put on."

There came a time when I had to give up other beauty. To recognise that it was not for me, — yet. Not in all this long, waiting world, as other people

have it. That was harder; yet it was all one. It seemed to me that some people were given at their birth a kind of ticket that opened to them all paradises; and that others were thrust forth, unaccredited, into a life whose most beautiful doors would be shut, one after another, in their faces.

I had to content myself with a fate like my face; a plain pleasantness without great, wonderful delight.



THE GROWN-UP EMMELINE.

A Rocky-Mountain aspect of living, that seemed hard and rough until I got into the heart of it, and let it shut out the fair champagnes, and then it showed me its own depth, and height, and glory.

There was one long, heavy time when For-mamma and I were separated for years. For-mamma was a widow, now; we four that had been a family together were we two here and they two there; they *three*, in the other home. And my grandmother, in her feeble, querulous, uncomfortable old age, had nobody to come and live with her and "see her through," as she said. At nearly the same time, For-mamma's sister died, and there were five little children to be cared for. I thought she would never get away from that duty, though mine might see an end. But a new wife came there after a good while, as For-mamma — I *hope* it was as she came — had come to us; and then grandmother died, and nobody could say otherwise than that it was a release. I did not say so; I hate to hear people say that; it is so apt to mean a release for those who outlive. There are long dyings, and brief ones; when it is over, we go back to the well time to measure our loss. Grandmother's dying began almost twenty years before, when her nerves gave out, and her comfort in living was over, and people began to lose patience with her. I looked back to that time, and thought what a bright handsome woman, fond of her own way but with such a fine capable way, I could recollect her.

I had tried to do my duty; it was a piece of life that the same Love had put on me that I had learned — a little — to believe in as a mother's; and now it was over — "through;" and For-mamma and I came together again, so gladly!

I suppose everybody thinks we are very fortunate people, and perfectly happy; for we have plenty of money, and can do all the pleasant things that can be done with money, for ourselves and for others. I suppose many persons think that my five years with Grandmother Cumberland were paid for in the fifty thousand dollars that she left me. I know that they were paid for as they went along, and as I found myself able and cheerful to live them.

For-mamma and I *are* happy; I do not think we shall ever leave each other now so long as we both may live. I often think how my father joined us together with those words.

We have a lovely and dear home, and friends to fill it when we want them; we have happy errands to many who get some happiness through our hands; we have travelled together, and seen glorious and wonderful things; we read and think, we sing and sew, we laugh and talk and are silent together; we do not let each other miss or want. But, for all this we have each — and both together — our troubles to bear, that would not have been worthy to be called troubles if they had stirred in us so slightly as to have been forgotten long ago.

We only bear them as things grown tender to us by their very pain and pressure, because of Some One who will say to us when we go home to Him:

"Did my dear child wear it all the day for My Sake?"



JENNY'S LARK.

BY NORA PERRY.

JENNY sat in one corner of the great family sitting-room, bending her curly head over her slate, and trying very hard to keep her mind upon the long column of figures before her. But this wasn't very easy, when Frank and Charley and Grace and Alice, at the other end of the room, were laughing and talking and planning such delightful things.

At their end of the room it was all so gay with gas-light and fire-light and bright colors; for, it being a rainy evening, Grace and Alice had betaken themselves to the sitting-room to hurry on the making of their pretty new dresses, which the dress-maker had left that afternoon. There was the pale blue silk for the blonde Grace, and the pink tarleton, with all those white puffs, for brunette Alice. No wonder Miss Jenny, over in her corner, was distracted and disturbed away from her column of figures by this fascinating brightness and dazzle.

"Five and two are seven, and three are — eight, nine, ten," she would say to herself, counting her fingers diligently in the effort to get it right; and just as she had got so far, perhaps, swish, swish, Grace's scissors would go, cutting into the silk trimming, and Alice would hold up her beautiful robe, and make some exclamation about the party next week, when these beautiful fineries were to be worn.

Grace and Alice were by no means little girls like

Jenny. They were two grown-up young ladies, of sixteen and eighteen. Beautiful tall young ladies they were, whom Jenny — this little Jenny of eight — always thought of, though they were her sisters, as lovely princesses, whenever they were made ready for a ball or party.

She forgot for the moment her "five and two are seven, and three are ten," to plunge into these usual fairy thoughts of hers, as Grace flung a sash of the blue silk over her shoulder, and cried:

"Oh, it's to be a perfect scene of enchantment! the rooms are to be decorated with flowers, and there is to be a hidden band of music; and outside the grounds are to be lighted up with colored lanterns!"

At this, Jenny's column of figures vanished completely, and in their stead she saw this scene of enchantment, with its lanterns and its flowers, and heard the mysterious music. She was recalled to reality very sharply by the dropping of her slate-pencil. Bang, snap, it went upon the floor, the beautiful long pencil she had bought that very evening. Oh, dear! it was too bad to have fairy vision and real treasure break in one breath. If Jenny did not give utterance to just this, she thought what amounted to the same thing, as her long-drawn sigh indicated. At that sigh Grace paused and looked across at her.

"What is Jenny doing?" she asked of her brother.



"LIKE TWO BIRDS UPON THE TOP OF AN ARBOR."

"'Doing' her sums," answered Frank with a laugh.

Those long rows of figures had no terrors for a young collegian. But Grace hadn't forgotten the days when she, too, had bent over her slate and found the long rows of figures very trying; so she said softly and entreatingly:

"Go and help her, Frank, that's a good fellow."

And presently Jenny, who was counting her fingers over those fives and tens in a very disconsolate manner, heard Frank's cheery voice so close to her ear that she fairly jumped.

Ah, it was another thing now. A minute ago Jenny had compared herself to Cinderella, sitting away in her corner, while the two beautiful sisters were preparing for the ball. Now, with Frank by her side — Frank, who was like a young prince in her eyes, she forgot all her Cinderella thoughts, and even the broken slate-pencil; and the fives and twos and threes added up like magic under Prince Frank's eyes and in his helpful company. Like magic, and it didn't seem a minute before the dreaded sums were all done, the slate put aside, and she was sitting in the midst of the lightness and dazzle, gathering up bits of blue silk and pink tarleton and white lace for doll's dresses, and listening to Grace and Alice's talk, and Frank and Charley's college stories. Kind, beautiful Grace was the fairy princess, and Frank the fairy prince who had wrought this magic change.

You see we do not have to go back into the old days for the kind fairies who perform kind deeds; we have them with us always, and when any need comes up they appear to us with the magic wands of sympathy and love, and straightway we are helped and cheered and comforted.

Jenny did not reason this out in the manner that I have, but she felt quite satisfied and happy in the general result, which I am sure is all that any fairy, ancient or modern, ought to expect. Not the least part of Jenny's happiness on this occasion consisted in the gay fancies and air-castles which thronged and built in her little brain, as Grace and Alice talked about the coming splendors.

Oh! how she wished she could go too — could just take one peep at such a fairy-land, and listen for a minute or two to the lovely music.

But what was that that Charley was saying?

"It will only be a big party, that's all; not half so jolly as a lark we fellows had last Monday."

A lark! What in the world was that? What could it be that was nicer than Grace and Alice's parties?

"What is it, Charley? what is a lark?" she asked, when there was pause enough in the chatter for her to wedge in a word.

Charley laughed.

"A lark? Oh, it's a sudden jolly time, got up in a minute, without any fuss, such as you girls make for your parties. We don't stop for our ruffles and frills and furbelows," laughing still more; "we go as we did the other night, when Jim Mason drove down with the old sorrel horse harnessed into the hay-cart. We didn't take two minutes to think about it, but jumped right in and were off before you could say Jack Robinson. Didn't we have a gay time, though! Went clear to Masonville; and Jim got a lot of his acquaintances together, and we all went in to the new barn and had a dance, and a feast of pie and doughnuts afterwards. That's what I call a lark, Jen. Better'n all the parties *you'll* ever go to."

"There's something else that belongs to your 'lark' that's not quite so nice," broke out Grace here, in a tone that made Jenny look towards her curiously. She knew by this tone that there was something in the lark that Grace didn't like.

"Something else, not quite so nice as the ride and the dance and the pie and the doughnuts," Grace concluded.

"Go ahead! A girl always has to bring in the moral and top off with a lecture," cried out Master Charley.

"No, I shan't go ahead," returned Grace, coolly, "but I see you know what I mean."

"Oh, what is it?" eagerly asked Jenny. "Did he fall out of the wagon — did the doughnuts make him sick?"

Charley shouted, and even Grace joined in the general merriment at this.

"No, Jen, I didn't fall out of the wagon, and I didn't come to grief with the doughnuts. I'll tell you what Grace means," began Charley, as soon as he could speak. "She means that I was a naughty boy. That I went off without saying a word to anybody, and so late that father and mother were frightened and thought I was drowned. Grace says I was selfish and all that sort of thing because I went off in a hurry and forgot to tell anybody I was going. She says that spoiled the lark, to her mind. And now you have Madame Grace's sermon all cut and dried."

"Well, I do think thoughtlessness like that, forgetting other people's comfort entirely, is the worst kind of selfishness. I don't see how boys can go on so heedlessly. I'm sure girls would never think of taking matters into their own hands, and going against rules and orders like that!"

"Oh, well, girls are girls, and boys are boys," was Charley's only reply to this.

He seemed to think he had settled the question by this remark, but here Alice, who was a lark herself, she was so merry and bright, came out with:

"Oh, you needn't talk in that grand way, as if you thought it was an evidence of smartness and superiority for boys to go and do disagreeable, selfish things, that set everybody by the ears. It may be roguish, but it isn't manly roguishness. It's the worst part of a boy, not his best part. Guess you wouldn't like it better'n anybody, Master Charley. How you felt when you lost your little ugly rat terrier for two days! My! the house couldn't hold you. And once I saw you mopping your face with your pocket-handkerchief, *as if your eyes troubled you!* Now, s'posin' you'd been a man, and it had been your little boy, instead of your little pug-nosed, flat-faced terrier, how'd you have felt then?"

"Well, I ain't a man, and I haven't any little boy, so I can't decide. But as I *have* got the handsomest Scotch terrier there is anywhere about, I do object to his being abused and called names," responded Charley with that easy good-humor which not even his own ill doings and Alice's glib tongue could upset. They all laughed at this cool and easy turning off, and then the evening came to a close, for Jenny at least, for suddenly Grace caught her winking very hard, and cried out:

"What are we thinking of? Why, it's more than an hour past that child's bed-time!"

And the next thing, Jenny was whisked off in Grace's arms, and the next thing after that she was fast asleep and dreaming, perhaps, of the fairy princess in the beautiful lighted garden, or perhaps of Charley's lark, when he danced in the barn, and feasted on pies and doughnuts. But the princesses, I am sure, were uppermost, and, sleeping, or waking, for the next few days her small head was full of them. The weather, however, soon became the great subject of anxiety, for, June though it was, the evening damps and fogs had been so chill that fires had to be kindled

on the hearths and in the grates at morning and nightfall.

"What'll become of all those fine lanterns if it rains?" Charley would ask, rather aggravatingly.

"But it won't rain—I am sure it won't; so you may just spare your croak," Alice would reply, very decidedly.

And it didn't rain. There was not even a fog to veil the brightness of that lovely June twilight. It was a wedding party, so the guests were bidden early, and Jenny had the pleasure of seeing the princesses don all their finery and drive away in state.

All the neighborhood seemed to be going, too, and over the fences and the gates the maid-servants talked to each other about it. Jenny watched the whirl of the carriages until she was tired, and then she began to notice the little groups of people on foot who were hurrying by on the plank walk.

"Where are you going?" she called out to an acquaintance, a girl two or three years older than herself.

"To see the lighted gardens and to hear the music," was the answer.

So, then, all these people were going to that scene of enchantment; and they were not bidden any more than she!

Away went Jenny, with a new thought, in search of Mary Malony, the nurse-maid, but Mary was off with Bridget the cook. They were following the fashion of their neighbors in chatting over somebody's doorway.

"Oh, dear, what shall I do?" sighed Jenny.

She wandered through the deserted house, for even papa and mamma had gone to the wedding. All at once she came upon Nicholas the coachman, mending his carriage harness.

"O Nicholas, dear, good Nicholas, go up on the bluff with me to see the lighted gardens and hear the music?" she cried out breathlessly.

Nicholas stopped a minute, and looked at the little flushed, eager face.

"I can't, missy," he said, as if he were very sorry for her sake that he couldn't; "it'll take me all the time 'till I have to go up and fetch the rest of 'em to mend this. I like to got throwed out comin' back, all along o' this break in the strap."

"Oh! what shall I do?" sighed Jenny again. As if to answer her question, there, across the way, hang-

ing over *her* gate, was Nelly Slade. In a minute more the children were consulting together, and in a minute more again they were hurrying up the plank walk in the beautiful June moonlight.

"I must get back before mother does," said Nelly anxiously, on the way.

"Why?"

"'Why?' well, because she'd be worried, you know, and wouldn't like my going out so late with another little girl."

Then for the first time our Jenny began to think what *she* was about. She had forgotten everything before but her own pleasure; and in a moment she bethought herself of Charley. That was just what *he* did in his lark,—it was the wrong part of his lark, Grace had said. But she couldn't turn back now, for oh! there shone the lovely gold and red and green and purple lights, and oh! there sounded the beautiful music.

What mortal little girl but would have forgotten everything else in such delights?

There was a crowd of people already in the grounds—the unbidden guests who, one by one and two by two, had been led on by the alluring stories of the lighted gardens and the music to see what they could see and hear what they could hear.

What a scene it was to such fairy-loving eyes as Jenny's! those great bubbles of colored flame, like brilliant flowers of the night, swaying and winking from the trees, and lighting up every bank and bower.

"Oh! isn't it just like a story, Nelly, exactly? And oh! hear the music! But I want to see the princess, don't you?"

"What princess?" asked matter-of-fact Nelly, looking at Jenny as if she thought she had suddenly taken leave of her senses.

Jenny laughed.

"Oh, I meant the bride, you know; I always call *her* the Princess May, because she is just like the Princess May in the story-book I lent you; she is so beautiful, with all those curls the color of a gold ring, and her shining eyes and her pretty smile. But oh! come here, come here, Nelly, let's climb up on this arbor, and we can look straight in at the window!"

Up they went with many a scramble and a scratch. But what did Jenny care for that when she was to be rewarded with a sight of her Princess May? Up they

went, and alighted like two little birds at last upon the top of a low arbor, from which perch they had a full view of the interior of the drawing-room. A full view of papa and mamma and Grace and Alice, and the beautiful Princess May, as she stood receiving the congratulations of her guests. A full view of the great room, with all the pictures and the doorways framed in with flowers and drooping vines. A full view of the great throng of people, moving hither and thither, and looking, in their brilliant colors, like a parterre of flowers, swept by a summer wind. And the mysterious band of music sent forth its sweet, gay strains; violins and flutes and drums tinkling and playing and beating, till Jenny was wild with excitement.

Sitting there upon her perch she quite forgot the time—that it was growing later and later every minute, and that the early moon had slipped away and left everything outside of the garden illuminations dark as dark could be. She forgot all these things, and how she was to get home, until somebody came to one of the windows and cried out:

"Oh! what a crowd of people! Why, it's a regular invasion!"

It was like the clock striking twelve in the old Cinderella legend, for, suddenly, everything was over to our little modern Cinderella; for, following the tones of that voice came another voice from the lawn, addressing the people and begging them to disperse, as their occupation of the grounds interfered with the enjoyment of the invited guests. This voice sounded very familiar to Jenny. It sounded just like her father's. She stretched forward. She stood tiptoe, and as one of the lanterns, a great blue bell of flame, swung out, she saw a face as familiar as the voice. Her father, as sure as the world!

"Run, Jenny, or your father will see you," said one of the girls beside her.

"Run! I guess I shan't," retorted Jenny, indignantly; "it's mean to run."

And so, instead of running, Jenny jumps up and calls out:

"O papa! papa!"

Mr. Raymond came towards her in amazement.

"Why, Jenny, what does this mean—how came you here?" he asked, in a grave, displeased tone.

"Oh, everybody was coming, papa, and the house was all alone 'cept Nicholas, and Nicholas couldn't

come, so I come up with Nelly Slade and lots of other people."

"But, Jenny, you had no right to come up here uninvited and without permission, and at such an hour, too. Don't you know you've done very wrong? Here," without waiting for Jenny to answer, "jump in here. Now, Nicholas," as the two children obeyed him and clambered into the carriage which had just rolled up the avenue, "take these children home as soon as possible."

"To think of your taking that walk with only Nelly Slade at nine o'clock in the evening," said Grace at the breakfast-table next morning. "What *did* you do so for, Jenny?"

"A lark," answered Jenny, looking suddenly across at Charley.

Charley shouted.

"Well, it *was* a real out and out lark, I must say, and now you'll never have to ask me for another explanation of one, Miss Jen."

"Yes; but Jenny isn't going to make the mistake of forgetting to wait for permission on another lark, is she?" asked Grace, who was rather mortified at the turn of affairs.

"Not if I can remember," answered Jenny, innocently.

And at this the whole family joined in Charley's shout of laughter.

Out of this laughter papa turned with a bright look towards his youngest daughter and said:

"There is *one* thing I can trust Jenny for, she'll own up to her lark, whatever it may be. There's no sneak about her. She won't wait to be found out, and then hide behind somebody else. *That's* proved, anyway."



DAVID BUSHNELL AND HIS AMERICAN TURTLE.

BY SARA J. PRICHARD.

PART I

"DAVID!" cried a voice stern and commanding, from a house-door one morning, as the young man who owned the name was taking a short cut "across lots" in the direction of Pautapong.

"Sir!" cried the youth in response to the call, and pausing as nearly as he could, and at the same time keep his feet from sinking into the marshy soil.

"Where are you going?" was the response.

"To Pautapong, to see Uriah Hayden, sir."

"You'd better hire out at ship-building with him. Your college learning's of no earthly use in these days," said the father of David Bushnell, returning from the door, and sinking slowly down into his high-backed chair.

Then spoke up a sweet-voiced woman from the kitchen fire-side, where she had that moment been hanging an iron pot on the crane:

"Have a little patience, father (Mrs. Bushnell always called her husband father), David is only looking about to see what to do. It's hardly four weeks since he was graduated."

"True enough; but where can you find an idle man in all Saybrook town? and you know as well as I do that it makes men despise college-learning to see folks idle. I'd rather, for my part, David *did* go to work

on the ship Uriah Hayden is building. I wish I knew what he's gone over there for to-day."

A funny smile crept into the curves of Mrs. Bushnell's lips, but her husband did not notice it.

Mr. Bushnell moved uneasily in his chair, as he sat leaning forward, both hands clasped about a hickory stick, and his chin resting on the knob at its top. Presently he said:

"Anna, I fear David is getting into bad habits. He used to talk a good deal. Now he sits with his eyes on the floor, and his forehead in wrinkles, and I'm *sure* I've heard him moving about more than one night lately, after all honest folks were in bed."

"Father, you must remember that you've been very sick, and fever gives one queer notions sometimes. I shouldn't wonder one bit if you dreamed you heard something, when 'twas only the rats behind the wainscot."

"Rats don't step like a grown man in his stocking-feet, nor make the rafters creak, either."

Madam Bushnell appeared to be investigating the contents of the pot hanging on the crane, and perhaps the heat of the blazing wood was sufficient to account for the burning of her cheeks. She cooled them a moment later by going down cellar after cider, a mug

of which she offered to her husband, proposing the while that he should have his chair out of doors, and sit under the sycamore tree by the river-bank. When he assented, and she had seen him safely in the chair, she made haste to David's bed-room.

Since Mr. Bushnell's illness, no one had ascended to the chamber except herself and her son.

On two shelves hanging against the wall were the books that he had brought home with him from Yale College, just four weeks ago.

A table was drawn near to the one window in the room. On it were bits of wood, with iron scraps, fragments of glass and copper. In fact, the same thing to-day would suggest boat-building to the mother of any lad finding them among her boy's playthings. To this mother they suggested nothing beyond the fact that David was engaged in something which he wished to keep a profound secret.

He had not told her so. It had not been necessary. She had divined it, and kept silence, having all a mother's confidence in, and hope of, her son's success in life.

As she surveyed the place, she thought:

"There is nothing here, even if he (meaning her husband) should take it into his head to come up and look about."

Meanwhile young David had crossed the Pochaug River, and was half the way to Pautapong.

All this happened more than a thousand moons ago, when all the land was aroused and astir and David Bushnell was not in the least surprised to meet, at the ship-yard of Uriah Hayden, Jonathan Trumbull, Governor of Connecticut.

This man was everywhere, seeing to everything, in that year. Whatever his country needed, or Commander-in-chief Washington ordered from the camp at Cambridge, was forthcoming.

A ship had been demanded of Connecticut, and so Governor Trumbull had come down from Lebanon to look with his own eyes at the huge ribs of oak, thereafter to sail the seas as "Oliver Cromwell."

The self-same oaken ribs had intense interest for young David Bushnell. Uriah Hayden had promised to sell to him all the pieces of ship-timber that should be left, and while the governor and the builder planned, he went about gathering together fragments.

"Better take enough to build a boat that will carry a seine. 'Twon't cost you a mite more, and might

serve you a good turn to have a sizable craft in a heavy sea some day," said Mr. Hayden.

Now David Bushnell had been wishing that he had some good and sufficient reason to give Mr. Hayden for wanting the stuff at all, and here he had given it to him.

"That's true," spoke up David, "but how am I to get all this over to Pochaug?"

"Don't get it over at all, until it's ready to row down the Connecticut, and around the Sound. You're welcome to build your boat at the yard, and, now and then, there will be odd minutes that the men can help you on with it."

David thanked Mr. Hayden, grew cheerful of heart over the prospect of owning a boat of his own, and went merrily back to the village of Pochaug.

Two weeks later David's boat was ready for sea. It was launched into the Connecticut from the ways on which the "Oliver Cromwell" grew, was named Lady Fenwick, and, when water-tight, was rowed down the river, past Saybrook and Tomb Hill, and so into the Long Island Sound.

When its owner and navigator went by Tomb Hill, he removed his hat, and bowed reverently. He thought with respect and admiration of the occupant of the sandstone tomb on its height, the Lady Fenwick who had slept there one hundred and thirty years.

With blistered palms and burning fingers David Bushnell pushed his boat with pride up the Pochaug River, and tied it to a stake at the bridge just beyond the sycamore tree, near his father's door.

"I'll fetch father and mother out to see it," he thought, "when the moon gets up a little higher."

With boyish pride he looked down at the work of his hands from the river-bank, and went in to get his supper.

"David!" called Mr. Bushnell, having heard his steps in the entry-way.

"Here I am, father," returned the young man, appearing within the room, and speaking in a cheerful tone.

"Don't you think you have wasted about time enough?"

The voice was high-wrought and nervous in the extreme. He, poor man, had been that afternoon thinking the matter over for the hundredth time, in a convalescent's weak manner of looking at other folk's actions.

David Bushnell, smiling still, and taking out a large silver watch from his waistcoat pocket, and looking at it, replied :

"I haven't wasted one moment, father. The tide was against me, but I've rowed around from Pautapong ship-yard to the sycamore tree out here since two o'clock."

"*You* row a boat!" cried Mr. Bushnell, with lofty disdain.

"Why, father, you have not a very good opinion of your son, have you?" questioned the son. "Come, though, and see what he has been doing. Come, mother," as Mrs. Bushnell entered, bearing David's supper in her hands.

She put it down. Mr. Bushnell pulled himself upright with a groan or two, and suffered David to assist him by the support of his arm as they went out.

"Why, you tremble as though you had the palsy," said the father.

"It's nothing. I'm not used to pulling so long at the oar," said the son.

When they came to the bank, the full moon shone athwart the little boat rocking on the stream.

"What's that?" exclaimed both parents.

"That is the Lady Fenwick. I've been building the boat myself. You advised me, father, to go to ship-building one morning—do you remember? I took your advice, and began at the bottom of the ladder."

"*You* built that boat with your own hands, you say?"

"With my own hands, sir."

"In two weeks' time?"

"Yes, sir."

"And rowed it all the way down the river, and up the Pochaug?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good boy! You may go in and have your supper," said Mr. Bushnell, patting him on the back, just as he had done when he returned from college with his first award.

As for Madam Bushnell, she smiled down upon Lady Fenwick and did her great reverence in her heart, while she said to the boat-builder :

"David dear, wait a few minutes, and I'll give you something nice and warm for your supper. Your father, Ezra and I had ours long ago."

That night Mr. Bushnell did not lie awake to listen

for the stealthy stepping in the upper room. He slept all the sounder, because he had at last seen one stroke of honest work, as he called it, as the result of his endeavors to help David on in life.

As for David himself, he went to sleep, saying in his heart: "It is a good stepping-stone, at least;" which conclusion grew into form in sleep, and shaped itself into a mighty monster, that bored itself under mountains, and, after taking a nap, roused and shook itself so mightily that the mountain flew into fragments high in air.

If you go, to-day, into the Connecticut River from Long Island Sound, you will see on its left bank the old town of Saybrook, on its right the slightly younger town of Lyme, and you will have passed by, without having been very much interested in it, an island lying just within the shelter of either bank.

In the summer of 1774 a band of fishermen put up a reel upon the island, on which to wind their seine. Over the reel they built a roof to protect it from the rains. With the exception of the reel, there was no building upon the island. A large portion of the land was submerged at the highest tides, and in the spring freshets, and was covered with a generous growth of salt grass, in which a small army might readily find concealment.

The little fishing band was now sadly broken and lessened by one of the Washingtonian demands upon Brother Jonathan. For reasons that he did not choose to give, David Bushnell joined this band of fishermen in the summer of 1775. Gradually he made himself, by purchase, the owner of the larger part of the reel and seine. In a few weeks' time he had induced his brother Ezra to become as much of a fisherman as he himself was.

As the days went by, the brothers fairly haunted this island. They gave it a name for their own use, and, early in the day-dawn of many a morning, they pulled the Lady Fenwick wearily up the Pochaug, to snatch a few winks of sleep at home, before the sun should fairly rise and call them to their daily tasks, for David assumed to help Ezra on the farm, even as Ezra helped him on the island.

The two brothers owned the reel and the seine before the end of the month of August in 1775. As soon as they became the sole owners, they procured lumber and enclosed the reel, and very seldom took down the seine from its great round perch; they used

it just often enough to allay any suspicion as to their real object in becoming owners of the fishing implements.

About that time a story grew into general belief that the tomb of Lady Fenwick was haunted. Boatmen, passing in the stillness of the solemn night hours, asserted that they heard strange noises issuing from the hill, just where the lady slept in her lonely burial-place. The sounds seemed to emerge from the earth, and timid men passed up the river with every inch of sail set to catch the breeze, lest the solemn thud should sound, that a hundred persons were willing to testify had been heard by each and every one of them, at some hour of the night, coming from the tomb.

One evening in late September, the two brothers started forth as usual, nominally to "go fishing." As they stepped down the bank, Mr. Bushnell followed them.

"Boys," said he, "it's an uncommon fine night on the water. I believe I'll take a seat in your boat, with your permission. I used to like fishing myself when I was young and spry."

"And leave mother alone!" objected David.

"She's been out with me many a night on the Sound. She's brave, and won't mind a good south-west wind, such as I dare say breaks in on the shore this minute. Go and call her."

And so the family started forth to go fishing.

This was a night the two brothers had been looking forward to during weeks of earnest labor, and now—well, it could not be helped, and there was not a moment in which to hold council.

Mr. Bushnell had planned this surprise early in the day, but had not told his wife until evening. Then he announced his determination to "learn what all these midnight and all-night absences did mean."

As the Lady Fenwick came out from the Pochaug River into the Sound, the south-west wind brought crested waves to shore, the wind was increasing, and, to the great relief of David and Ezra, Mr. Bushnell gave the order to turn back into the river.

The next day David Bushnell asked his mother whether or not she knew the reason his father had proposed to go out with them the night before.

"Yes, David," was the reply, "I do."

"Will you tell me?"

"He does not believe that you and Ezra go fishing at all."

"What do you believe about it, mother?"

"I believe in *you*, David, and that when you have anything to tell to me, I shall be glad to listen."

"And father does not trust me yet; I am sorry," said David, turning away. And then, as by a sudden impulse, he returned and said:

"If *you* can trust *me* so entirely, mother, *we* can trust *you*. To-day two gentlemen will be here. You will please be ready to go out in the boat with us whenever they come."

"Where to?"

"To my fishing ground, mother."

The strangers arrived, were presented to Mrs. Bushnell as Dr. Gale and his friend Mr. Franklin.

At three of the clock the little family set off in the row-boat. Down at Pochaug harbor, there was Mr. Bushnell hallooing to them to be taken on board.

"I saw my family starting on an unknown voyage," he remarked, as the boat approached the shore as nearly as it could, while he waded out to meet it.

"Ah, Friend Gale, is that you?" as with dripping feet he stepped in. "And whither bound?" he added, dropping into a seat.

"For the far and distant land of the unknown, Mr. Bushnell. Permit me to introduce you to my friend Mr. Franklin."

"Franklin! Franklin!" exclaimed Mr. Bushnell, eyeing the stranger a little rudely. "*Doctor Benjamin Franklin, if you please*, Benjamin Gale!" he corrected, to the utter amazement of the party.

The oars missed the stroke, caught it again, and, for a minute, poor Doctor Franklin was confused by the sudden announcement of other folks that he existed at all, and, in particular, in that small boat on the sea.

"Yes, sir, even so," responded Dr. Gale, cheerfully adding, "and we're going down to see the new fishing tackle your son is going to catch the enemy's ships with."

"Fishing tackle! Enemy's ships! Why, David *is* the laziest man in all Saybrook town. He does nothing with his first summer but fish, fish all night long. The only stroke of honest work I've *ever* known him to do was to build this boat we're in."

During this time the brothers were pulling with a will for the island.

Arrived there, the boat was drawn up on the sand, the seine-house unlocked, and, when the light of day

had been let into it, fishing-reel and seine had disappeared, and, in the language of Doctor Benjamin Gale, this is what they found therein :

"The body, when standing upright, in the position in which it is navigated, has the nearest resemblance to the two upper shells of the tortoise, joined together. It is seven and a half feet long, and six feet high. The person who navigates it enters at the top. It has a brass top or cover which receives the person's head, as he sits on a seat, and is fastened on the inside by screws.

"On this brass head are fixed eight glasses, viz : two before, two on each side, one behind, and one to look out upwards. On the same brass head are fixed two brass tubes to admit fresh air when requisite, and a ventilator at the side, to free the machine from the air rendered unfit for respiration.

"On the inside is fixed a barometer, by which he can tell the depth he is under water ; a compass by which he knows the course he steers. In the barometer, and on the needles of the compass, is fixed fox-fire — that is, wood that gives light in the dark. His ballast consists of about nine hundred-weight of lead, which he carries at the bottom and on the outside of the machine, part of which is so fixed as he can let run down to the bottom, and serves as an anchor by which he can ride *ad libitum*.

"He has a sounding lead fixed at the bow, by which he can take the depth of water under him, and a forcing-pump by which he can free the machine at pleasure, and can rise above water, and again immerge, as occasion requires.

"In the bow he has a pair of oars fixed like the two opposite arms of a windmill, with which he can row forward, and, turning them the opposite way, row the machine backward ; another pair, fixed upon the same model, with which he can row the machine round, either to the right or left ; and a third by which he can row the machine either up or down ; all of which are turned by foot, like a spinning wheel. The rudder by which he steers he manages by hand, within-board.

"All these shafts which pass through the machine are so curiously fixed as not to admit any water.

"The magazine for the powder is carried on the hinder part of the machine, without-board, and so contrived that, when he comes under the side of the ship, he rubs down the side until he comes to the keel, and a hook so fixed as that when it touches the keel it raises a spring which frees the magazine from the machine, and fastens it to the side of the ship ; at the same time it draws a pin, which sets the watch-work a-going, which, at a given time, springs the lock, and an explosion ensues."

Thus wrote Dr. Benjamin Gale to Silas Deane, member of the Congress at Philadelphia. His letter bears the date, November 9, 1775, and, after describing the wonderful machine, he adds :

"I well know the man. Lately he has conducted matters with the greatest secrecy, both for the personal safety of the navigator, and to produce the greater astonishment to those against

whom it is designed ; and, you may call me a visionary, an enthusiast, or what you please, I do insist upon it that I believe the inspiration of the Almighty has given him understanding for this very purpose and design."

When the seine-house door had been fastened open, when Dr. Franklin and Dr. Gale had gone within, followed by the two brothers, Mr. Bushnell and his wife stood without looking in, and wondering in their hearts what the sight they saw could mean ; for, of the intent or purpose of the curious, oaken, iron-bound, many-paddled, brass-headed, window-lighted thing, they, it must be remembered, knew nothing. It must mean something extraordinary, of course, or Doctor Franklin would never have thought it worth his while to come out of his way to behold it.

"Father," whispered Mrs. Bushnell, "it's the *fish* David has been all summer catching."

"Fish !" ejaculated Mr. Bushnell, "it's more like a turtle."

"That's good !" spoke up Dr. Gale, from within. "Turtle it shall be."

"It is the first *sub-marine* boat ever made ! A grand idea, wrought into substance," slowly pronounced Dr. Franklin ; "let us have it forth into the river."

"And run the risk of discovery ?" suggested David, pleased that his work approved itself to the man of science.

"We meant to try it last night, but failed," said Ezra Bushnell.

"There, now, father, don't you wish we had staid at home ?" whispered Mrs. Bushnell.

"No !" growled the father. "They would have killed themselves getting it down alone."

He stepped within and laid his hand on the machine, saying :

"Anna, you keep watch, and, if any boat heaves in sight, let us know. Does the Turtle snap, David ?" he questioned, putting forth his hand and laying it cautiously upon the animal.

"Never, until the word is given," replied the son, and then ten strong hands applied the strength within them to lift the curious piece of mechanism and carry it without.

The seine-house was close to the river-bank, and, in a half hour's time, the American Turtle was in its native element.

Madam Anna Bushnell kept strict watch over the

shores and the river, but not a sail slid into sight, not an oar troubled the waters of the tide, as it tossed back the tumble of the down-flowing river.

It was a hard duty for the mother to perform ; for, at a glance toward the bank, she saw David step into the machine, and the brass cover close down over his head. She felt suffocating fears for him, as, at last, the thing began to move into the stream. She saw it go out, she saw it slowly sinking, going down out of sight, until even the brass head was submerged.

Then she forsook her post, and hastened to the bank to keep watch with the rest.

One, two, three minutes went by. The men looked at the surface of the waters, at each other, grew thoughtful, pale ; the mother gasped and dropped on the salt grass, fainting ; the brother gave to Lady Fenwick a running push, bounded on board, and clutched the oars to row swiftly to the spot where David went down.

Mr. Bushnell filled his hat with water, and sprinkled the pale face in the sedge.

"*There ! there !*" cried Dr. Franklin, with distended eyes and eager outlook.

"*Where ? where ?*" ejaculated Dr. Gale, striving to take into vision the whole surface of the river, at a glance.

"It's all right ! He's coming up *plump !*" shouted Ezra, from his boat, as he rowed with speed for the spot where a brass tube was rising, sun-burnished, from the Connecticut.

Presently the brass head, with its very small windows, emerged, even the oaken sides were rising, — and Mr. Bushnell was greeting the returning consciousness of his wife with the words :

"It's all right, mother. David is safe." ●

"Don't let him know," were the first words she spoke, "that his own mother was so faithless as to doubt !"

And now, paddle, paddle, toward the river-bank came the Turtle, David Bushnell's head rising out of its shell, proud confidence shining forth from his eyes, as feet and hands busied themselves in navigating the boat that had lived for months in his brain, and now was living, in very substance, under his control.

As he neared the bank a shout of acclamation greeted him.

He reached the island, was fairly dragged forth from his seat, and carried up to the spot where his

mother sat, trying to overcome every trace of past doubt and fear.

"Now," said Dr. Gale, "let us give thanks unto Him who hath given this youth understanding to do this great work."

With bared heads and devout hearts the thanksgiving went upward, and thereafter a perfect shower of questions pelted David Bushnell concerning his device to blow up ships : *how* he came to think of it at all — *where* he got this idea and that as to its construction — to all of which he simply said :

"*You'll find your answer in the prayer you've just offered !*"

"But," said practical Mr. Bushnell, "the Lord did not send you money to buy oak and iron and brass, did he ?"

"Yes," returned David, "by the hand of my good friend, Dr. Gale. To him belongs half the victory."

"Pshaw ! pshaw !" impatiently uttered the doctor. "I tell you it is *no such thing !* I only advanced My Lady here," turning to Madam Bushnell, "a little money, on her promise to pay me at some future time. I'm mightily ashamed *now* that I took the promise at all. Madam Bushnell, I'll never take a penny of it back again, *never*, as long as I live. *I will* have a little of the credit of this achievement, and no one shall hinder me."

"How is that, mother ?" questioned Mr. Bushnell. "*You* borrow money and not tell me !" and David and Ezra looked at her.

"I — I —" stammered forth the woman, "I only *guessed* that David was doing something that he wanted money for, and told Doctor Gale if he gave it to him I would repay it. Do you *care*, father ?"

Before he had a chance to get an answer in, David Bushnell stepped forward, and, taking the little figure of his mother in his arms, kissed her sharply, and walked away, to give some imaginary attention to the Turtle at the bank.

"It is a fair land to work for !" spoke up Doctor Franklin, looking about upon river and earth and sea ; "worthy it is of our highest efforts ; of our lives, even, if need be. God give us strength as our need *shall* be."

With many a tug and pull and hearty heave-ho, the Turtle was hoisted up the bank and safely drawn into the seine-house. The door was locked, and Lady Fenwick's tomb gave forth no sound that night.



THE TURTLE RISES!

Doctor Franklin went his way to Boston. Doctor Gale returned to Killingworth and his waiting patients, and the Bushnells, father, mother and sons, having put the two gentlemen on the Saybrook shore, went down the river into the Sound, along its edge, and up the small Pochaug to their own home by the sycamore tree.

Mr. Bushnell and Ezra did the rowing that night. David's white hands had, somehow, a new radiance in

them for his father's eyes, and did not seem exactly fitted for rowing just a common boat, and every-day oars.

The young man sat in the stern, beside his mother, one arm around her waist, and the other clasped closely between her little palms, while, now and then, her finding eyes would penetrate his consciousness with the glance that seemed to say, "I always believed in you, David."

DAVID BUSHNELL AND HIS AMERICAN TURTLE.

BY SARA J. PRICHARD.

PART II.

IF you go to-day and stand upon the site of the old fort, built at the mouth of the Connecticut River, in the year 1635, by Lion Gardiner, once engineer in the service of the Prince of Orange, and search the waters up and down for the island on which David Bushnell built the American Turtle in 1775, you will not find it.

If you seek the oldest inhabitant of Saybrook, and ask him to point out its locality, he will say, with boyhood's fondness for olden play-grounds in his tone :

"Ah, yes! It is *Poverty* Island that you mean. It used to be there, but spring freshets and beating storms have washed it away."

The unexpected visit of Dr. Benjamin Franklin, to see the machine David Bushnell was building, gave new force to that young gentleman's confidence in his own powers of invention.

He worked with increased energy and hope to perfect boat and magazine, that he might do good service with them before winter should fall on the waters of the Massachusetts Bay, where the hostile ships were lying.

At last came the day wherein the final trial-trip should be made. The pumps built by Mr. Doolittle, but not according to order, had failed once, but new ones had been supplied, and everything seemed propitious. David and Ezra, with their mother in the boat, rowed once more to Poverty Island. "On the morrow the great venture should begin," they said.

The time was mid-October. The forests had wrapped the cooling coast in warmth of coloring that was soft and many-hued as the shawls of Cashmere, while the sun-made fringe of golden-rod fell along the shores of river and island and sea.

Mrs. Bushnell's heart beat proudly above the fond affection that could not suppress a shiver, as the Turtle was pushed into the stream. She could not help seeing that David made a line fast from the seine-house to his boat ere he went down. They watched

many minutes to see him rise to the surface, but he did not.

"Mother," said Ezra, "the pump for forcing water out when he wants to rise don't work, and we must pull him in. He feared it."

As he spoke the words he laid hold on the line, and began gently to draw on it.

"Hurry! hurry! *do!*" cried Mrs. Bushnell, seizing the same line close to the water's edge, and drawing on it with all her strength. She was vexed that Ezra had not told her the danger in the beginning, and she "knew *very* well that *she* would not have stood there and let David die of suffocation, in that horrid, brass-topped coffin!"

"Hold, mother!" cried Ezra; "pull gently, or the line may part on some barnacled rock if it gets caught."

Nevertheless, Mrs. Bushnell pulled in as fast as she could.

The tide was sweeping up the river, and a shark, in hard chase after a school of menhaden, swam steadily up, with fin out of water.

Just as the shark reached the place, he made a dive, and the rope parted!

Mrs. Bushnell screamed a word or two of the terror that had seized her. Ezra looked up, amazed to find the rope coming in so readily, hand over hand. He cast it down, sprang to the boat, and pushed off to the possible rescue, only to find that the Turtle was making for the river-bank instead of the island.

He rowed to the spot. His brother, for the first time in his life, was overcome with disappointment and disinclined to talk.

"I—I," said David, wiping his forehead. "I grew tired, and made for shore. The tide was taking me up fast."

"Did you let go the line?" questioned Ezra.

"Yes."

"The pump works all right, then?"

"Yes."

"You've frightened mother terribly."

"Have I? I never thought. I *forgot* she was here. Let us get back, then ;" and the two brothers, without speaking a word, rowed down against the sweep of tide, the great Turtle in tow.

The three went home, still keeping a silence broken only by briefest possible question and answer.

The golden October night fell upon the old town. Pochaug River, its lone line of silver gathered in many a stretch of interval into which the moon looked calmly down, lay on the land for many a mile.

Again and again, during the evening, David Bushnell went out from the house and stood silently on the rough bridge that crossed the river by the door.

"Let David alone, mother," urged Ezra, as she was about to follow him on one occasion. "He is thinking out something, and is better alone."

That which the young man was thinking at the moment was, that he wished the moon would hurry and go down. He longed for darkness.

The night was growing cold. Frost was in the air.

As he stood on the rough logs, a post-rider, hurrying by with letters, came up.

"Halloa there!" he called aloud, not liking the looks of the man on the bridge.

"It's I, — David Bushnell, Joe Downs! You can ride by in safety," he responded, ringing out one of his merriest chimes of laughter at the very idea of being taken for a highwayman.

"I've news," said Joe ; "want it?"

"Yes."

Joe Downs opened his packet, and, by the light of the moon, found the letter he had referred to.

"Dr. Gale told me not to fail to put this into your hands as I came by. I should kind o' judge, by the way he *spoke*, that the continent couldn't get along very well 'thout you, if I hadn't known a thing or two. Howsomever, here's the letter, and I've to jog on to Guilford afore the moon goes down. So good-night."

"Good night, Joe. Thank you for stopping," said David, going into the house.

"Were you expecting that letter, David?" questioned Mr. Bushnell, when it had been read.

"No, sir. It is from Dr. Gale. He asks me to hasten matters as far as possible, but a new contrivance will have to go in before I am ready."

"There! *That's* what troubles him," thought both

Mrs. Bushnell and Ezra, and they exchanged glances of sympathy and satisfaction — and the little household went to sleep, quite care-free that night.

At two of the clock, with nearly noiseless tread, David Bushnell left the house.

As the door closed his mother moved uneasily in her sleep, and awoke with the sudden consciousness that something uncanny had happened.

She looked from a window and saw, by the light of a low-lying moon, that David had gone out.

Without awakening her husband she protected herself with needful clothing, and, wrapped about in one of the curious plaid blankets of mingled blue and white, adorned with white fringe, that are yet to be found in the land, she followed into the night.

Save for the sleepy tinkle of the water over the stones in the Pochaug River, and an occasional cry of a night-bird still lingering by the sea, the air was very still.

With light tread across the bridge she ran a little way, and then ventured a timid cry of her own into the night:

"David! David!"

Now David Bushnell hoped to escape without awakening his mother. He was lingering near, to learn whether his going had disturbed anyone, and he was quite prepared for the call.

Turning back to meet her he thought: "*What a mother mine is.*" And he said, "Well, mother, what is it? I was afraid I might disturb you."

"O David!" was all that she could utter in response.

"And so *you* are troubled about me, are you? I'm only going to chase the will-o'-the-wisp a little while, and I could not do it, you know, until moon-down."

"O David!" and this time with emphatic pressure on his arm, "David, come home. I can't let you go off alone."

"Come with me, then. You're well blanketed, I see. I'd much rather have some one with me, only Ezra was tired and sleepy."

He said this with so much of his accustomed manner that Mrs. Bushnell put her hand within his arm and went on, quite content now, and willing that he should speak when it pleased him to do so, and it pleased him very soon.

"Little mother," he said, "I am afraid you are losing faith in me."

"Never! David; only — I *was* a little afraid that you were losing your own head, or faith in yourself."

"No; but I *am* afraid I've lost my faith in something else. I showed you the two bits of fox-fire that were crossed on one end of the needle in the compass, and the one bit made fast to the other? Well, to-day, when I went to the bottom of the river, the fox-fire gave no light, and the compass was useless. Can you understand how bad that would be under an enemy's ship, not to know in which direction to navigate?"

"You must have fresh fire, then."

"That is just what I am out for to-night. I had to wait till the moon was gone."

"Oh! is *that* all? How foolish I have been! but you ought to tell me some things, sometimes, David."

"And so I will. I tell you now that it will be well for you to go home and go to sleep. I may have to go deep into the woods to find the fire I want."

But his mother only walked by his side a little faster than before, and on they went to a place where a bit of woodland had grown up above fallen trees.

They searched in places wherein both had seen the fire of decaying wood a hundred times, but not one gleam of phosphorescence could be found anywhere. At last they turned to go homeward.

"What will you do, David? Go and search in the Killingworth woods to-morrow night?" she asked, as they drew near home.

"It is of no use," he said, with a sigh. "It *must* be that the frost destroys the fox-fire. Unless Dr. Franklin knows of a light that will not eat up the air, everything must be put off until spring."

The next day David Bushnell went to Killingworth, to tell the story to Dr. Gale, and Dr. Gale wrote to Silas Deane (Conn. Historical Col. Vol. 2), begging him to inquire of Dr. Franklin concerning the possibility of using the Philosopher's Lantern, but no light was found, and the poor Turtle was housed in the seine-house on Poverty Island during the long winter, which proved to be one of great mildness from late December to mid-February.

In February we find David Bushnell before Governor Jonathan Trumbull and his Council at Lebanon, to tell about and illustrate the marvels of his wonderful machine.

During this time the whole affair had been kept a

profound secret from all but the faithful few surrounding the inventor. And now, if ever, the time was drawing near wherein the labor and outlay must either repay laborer and lender, or give to both great trouble and distress.

I cannot tell you with what trepidation the young man walked into the War Office at Lebanon, with a very small Turtle under his arm.

You will please remember the situation of the colonists at that moment. On the land they feared not to contend with Englishmen. Love of liberty in the Provincials was strong enough, when united with a trusty musket and a fair supply of powder, to encounter red-coated regulars of the British army; but on the ocean, and in every bay, harbor and river, they were powerless. The enemy's ships had kept Boston in siege for nearly two years, the Americans having no opposing force to contend with them.

Could this little Turtle, which David Bushnell carried under his arm, do the work he wished it to, why, every ship of the line could be blown into the air!

The inventor had faith in his invention, but he feared, when he looked into the faces of the grave Governor and his Council of War, that he could *never* impart his own belief to them.

I cannot tell you with what trust of heart and faith of soul Mrs. Bushnell kept the February day in the house by the bridge at Pochaug. Even the strong-minded, sturdy-nerved Mr. Bushnell looked often up the road by which David and Ezra would approach from Lebanon, with a keen interest in his eyes, but he would not let any word escape him, until darkness had fallen and they were not come.

"He said he would be here at eight, at the very latest," said the mother at length, and she went to the fire and placed before the burning coals two chickens to broil.

"I'm afraid David won't have much appetite, unless his model *should* be approved, and money is too precious to spend on *experiments*," said Mr. Bushnell, as she returned to his side.

"Do you mean to tell me you *doubt*?"

"Of course I doubt. Jonathan Trumbull is a man not at all likely to give his consent to anything that does not commend itself to common sense."

Mr. Bushnell was saved the pain of saying his thought, that he was afraid, if David's plan was a good one, *somebody* would have thought of it long ago,

for vigorous knuckles were at work upon the winter-door.

As soon as it was opened the genial form of good Dr. Gale stood revealed.

"Are the boys back, yet?" he asked, stepping within.

"No, but we expect them every minute," said Mr. Bushnell.

"Well, friends, I had a patient within three miles of you to visit, and I thought I'd come on and hear the news."

Ere he was fully made welcome to hearth and home, in walked David, with the little Turtle under his arm. Without ado he went up to his mother and said :

"Madam, I present this to you, with Governor Trumbull's compliments. He has ordered your boy money, men, metals and powder without stint to work with. *Wish me joy, won't you?*"

I do not anywhere find a record of the words in which the joy was wished, on that 2nd of February, a hundred years ago, but it is easy to imagine the very tones in which the good, God-loving Dr. Gale gave thanks for the new blessing that had that day fallen on his friends' house.

It is impossible to follow David Bushnell in his many journeys to the iron furnaces of Salisbury, in the spring and early summer of 1776, during which time the entire country was aroused and astir from the removal of the American army from Boston to New York ; and our friends at Saybrook were busy as bees from morning till night, in getting ready perfect machines for duty.

David Bushnell's strength proved insufficient to navigate one of his Turtles in the tidal waters of the Sound, and his brother Ezra learned to do it most perfectly.

In the latter end of June, the British fleet, which had sailed out of Boston harbor so ingloriously on the 17th of March, for Halifax, there to await re-inforcements, appeared in the waters adjacent to New York.

The signal of their approach was gladly hailed by the inventor and by the navigator of the American Turtle.

A whale-boat from New London, her seamen sworn to inviolable secrecy, was ordered to be in the river at a given point, on a given night, for a service of which the men were utterly ignorant.

On the evening previous, Ezra Bushnell, overworn

by many attempts at navigating the machine, was taken seriously ill. At midnight he was delirious — at day-dawn Dr. Gale was sent for.

When night fell he was in a raging fever, with no prospect of rapid recovery.

David set off alone, and with a heavy heart, to meet the boatmen. In the seine-house on Poverty Island the brothers had stored provisions for a cruise of several days. To this spot David Bushnell went alone, and with a saddened heart, for he knew that it must be many days ere he could learn of his brother's condition.

The New London boatmen were promptly at the appointed place of meeting.

When they saw the curious thing they were told to take in tow, their curiosity knew no bounds ; and it was only when assured that it was dangerous to examine it, that they desisted from their determination to know all about it, and consented to obey orders.

When, at last, a departure was made, the hour was midnight, the tide served, and no ill-timed discovery was made of the deed.

The strong-armed boatmen rowed well and long, and, as daylight dawned, they were directed to keep a look-out for Faulkner's Island, a small bit of land in the Sound, nearly five miles from the Connecticut shore.

The flashing light that illumines the waters at night for us, did not gleam on them, but, nevertheless, the high brown bank and the little slope of land looked inviting to weary men, as they cautiously rowed near to it, not knowing whom they might meet there.

They landed, made a fire, cooked their food, ate of it, and lay down to sleep until night should come again.

They set out early in the ensuing twilight, and rowed westward all night, in the face of a gentle wind.

"If there were only another Faulkner's Island to flee to," said Mr. Bushnell, as morning drew near. "Do you know (to one of the men) a safe place to hide in, on this coast?"

They were then off Merwin's Point, and between West Haven and Milford.

"There's Poquahaug," was the reply, with a momentary catch of the oar, and incline of the head toward the south-west.

"*What* is Poquahaug?"

"A little island, pretty well in, close to shore, as it were, and, maybe, deserted."

After deliberate council had been held it was resolved to examine the locality.

A few years after New Haven and Milford churches were formed under the oak-tree at New Haven, this little island, to which they were fleeing to hide the Turtle from daylight, was "granted to Charles Deal for a tobacco plantation, provided that he would not trade with the Dutch or Indians;" but now, Indians, Dutch and Charles Deal alike had left it, the latter with a rude, sheltering building in place of Ausantawae's big summer wigwam that used to adorn its crest.

To this spot, bright with grass, and green with full-foliaged trees of oak on its eastern shore, the weary boatmen, who had had a long, hard pull of twenty miles to make, came, just as the longest day's sun was at its rising.

They were so glad and relieved *and everything* to find no one on it.

The Turtle was left at anchor near the shore; the whale-boat gave up of its provisions, and presently the little camp was in the enjoyment of a long day of rest and refreshment.

Should anyone approach from the seaward or from the main land, it was determined that the party should resolve itself into a band of fishermen, fishing for striped bass, for which the locality was well known.

As the day wore on, and the falling tide revealed a line of stones that gradually increased, as the water fell, to a bar a hundred feet wide, stretching from the island to the sands of the Connecticut shore, David Bushnell perceived that the locality was just the proper place in which to learn and teach the art of navigating the Turtle. He examined the region well, and then called the men together.

They were staunch, good-hearted fellows, accustomed to long pulls in northern seas after whales, and that they were patriotic he fully believed. The Turtle was drawn up under the grassy bank, where the long sedge half hid, and bushels of rock-weeds and sea-drift wholly concealed it, and then, in a few carefully-chosen words, David Bushnell entrusted it to the watch and care of the boatmen.

"I am going to leave it here, and you with it, until I return," he said. "Guard it with your lives if need be. If you handle it it will be at the risk of life. If you keep it *well*, Congress will reward you."

The mystery of the whole affair enchanted the men. They made faithful promises, and, in the glorious twilight of the evening, rowed David Bushnell across the beautiful stretch of Sound that to-day separates Charles Island from the comely old town of Milford.

As the whale-boat went up the harbor, a sailing vessel was getting ready to depart.

Finding that it was bound to New York, David Bushnell took passage in it the same night.

Two days later, with a letter from Governor Trumbull to General Washington as his introduction, the young man, by command of the latter, sought out General Parsons, and "requested him to furnish him with two or three men to learn the navigation of his new machine. General Parsons immediately sent for Ezra Lee, then a sergeant, and two others, who had *offered* their services to go on board a fire-ship; and, on Bushnell's request being made known to them, they enlisted themselves under him for this novel piece of service."

Returning to Poquahaug (the Indian name of Charles Island), the American Turtle was found safe and sound. Here the little party spent many days in experimenting with it in the waters about the Island, and in the Housatonic River.

During this time the enemy had got possession of a portion of Long Island, and of Governor's Island in the harbor, thus preventing the approach to New York by the East River.

When the appalling news of the battle of Long Island reached David Bushnell, he resolved, cost what it might of danger to himself, or hazard to the Turtle, to get it to New York with all speed.

To that end he had it conveyed by water to New Rochelle, there landed, and carried across the country to the Hudson River, and presently we hear of it as being, on a certain night, late in August, ready to start on its perilous enterprise.

If you will go to-day and stand where the Turtle floated that night (for the land has since that time grown outward into the sea), on your right hand, across the Hudson River, you will see New Jersey. At you left, across the East River, Long Island begins, with the beautiful Governor's Island in the bay just before you, and, looking to the southward, in the distance, you will discern Staten Island.

Let us go back to that day and hour.

The precise date of the Turtle's voyage down the bay is not given, but the time must have been on the night of either the thirtieth or thirty-first of August. We will choose the thirtieth, and imagine ourselves standing in the crowd by the side of Generals Washington and Putnam, to see the machine start.

Remember, now, where we stand. It is only *last* night that *our* army, defeated, dispirited, exhausted by battle, lay across the river on Brooklyn Heights. Behind it, busy with pickaxe and shovel, the victorious troops of Mother England were making ready to finish the Americans on the morrow.

There were supposed to be twenty-four thousand of the enemy, only nine thousand Continentals; and, just ready to enter East River and cut them off from New York, lay the British fleet to the north of Staten Island.

As happened at Boston in March, so happened it last night in New York, a friendly fog held the heights of Brooklyn in its grasp, while at New York all was clear.

Under cover of this fog General Washington withdrew across the river, a mile or more in width, *nine thousand men*, with all their "baggage, stores, provisions, horses, and munitions of war," and not a man of the enemy knew that they were gone until the fog lifted.

Now, as we stand, Long Island, Governor's Island, Staten Island, one and all are under the control of Britons.

David Bushnell is in a whale-boat, down close to the Turtle, giving some last important words of direction to brave Ezra Lee, who has stepped within it. David Bushnell could not help wishing, as he did so, that he could take his place and guide the spirit of the child of his own creation, in its first great encounter with the world.

The word is given. The brass top of the Turtle is shut down. Watchful eyes and swift rowers belonging to the enemy are keeping guard on Governor's Island, by which Ezra Lee must row, and it is safer to go under water. How crowded this little pier would be, did the inhabitants but know what is going on!

The whale-boats start out, David Bushnell in one of them. They mean to take the Turtle in tow the minute it is safe to do so, and save Ezra Lee the labor of rowing it until the last minute.

It is eleven o'clock. All silently they dip the oars, and hear the sentinels cry from camp and shore.

Past the island, in safety, at last. They look for the Turtle. Up it comes, a distant watch-light gleaming across its brass head disclosing its presence. Once more it is in tow, and Lee is in the whale-boat.

Down the bay they go, until the lights from the fleet grow dangerously near.

On the wide, wind-stirred waters of New York Bay, Ezra Lee gets into the Turtle, and is cast off, and left alone, for the whale-boats return to New York.

With the rudder in his hand, and his *feet* upon the oars, he pursues his way. The strong ebb tide flows fast, and, before he is aware of it, it has drifted him down past the men-of-war.

However, he immediately *gets the machine about*, and, "by hard labor at the crank for the space of five glasses by the ships' bells, or two and a half hours, he arrives under the stern of one of the ships at about slack-water."

Day is now beginning to dawn. He can see the people on board, and hear them talk.

The moment has come for diving. He closes up quickly overhead, lets in the water, and goes down under the ship's bottom.

He now applies the screw and does all in his power to make it enter, but in vain; it will not pierce the ship's copper. Undaunted, he paddles along to a different part, hoping to find a softer place; but, in doing this, in his hurry and excitement, he manages the mechanism so that the Turtle instantly arises to the surface on the east side of the ship, and is at once exposed to the piercing light of day.

Again he goes under, hoping that he has not been seen.

This time his courage fails. It is getting to be day. If the ship's boats are sent after him his escape will be very difficult, well-nigh impossible, and, if he saves himself at all, it must be by rowing more than four miles.

He gives up the enterprise with reluctance, and starts for New York.

Governor's Island *must* be passed by. He draws near to it, as near as he can venture, and then submerges the Turtle. Alas! something has befallen the compass. It will not guide the rowing under the sea.

Every few minutes he is compelled to rise to the surface to look out from the top of the machine to guide his course, and his track grows very ziz-zag through the waters.

Ah! the soldiers at Governor's Island see the Turtle! Hundreds are gathering upon the parapet to watch its motions, such a curious boat as it is, with turret of brass bobbing up and down, sinking, disappearing—coming to the surface again in a manner *wholly* unaccountable.

Brave Lee knows his danger, and paddles away for dear life and love of family up in Lyons, eating breakfast quietly now he remembers, not knowing his peril.

Once more he goes up to take a lookout, to see where White-hall slip lies.

A glance at Governor's Island, and he sees a barge shove off laden with his enemies.

Down again, and up, and he sees it making for him *There is no escape!* What *can* he do!

"If I must die," he thinks, "they shall die with me!" and he lets go the magazine.

Nearer and nearer—the barge is *very* close. "If they pick me up they will pick that up," thinks Lee, "and we shall all be blown to atoms together!"

They are now within a hundred and fifty feet of the Turtle and they see the magazine that he has detached.

"Some horrible Yankee trick!" cries a British soldier. "*Beware!*" And they do beware by turning and rowing with all speed for the island whence they came.

Poor Lee looks out with amazement to see them go. He is well-nigh exhausted, *and the magazine, with its dreadful clock-work going on within it, and its hundred and fifty pounds of powder, ready to go off at a given moment*, is floating on behind him, borne by the tide.

He strains every muscle to near New York. He signals the shore.

Since day-light Putnam has been there keeping watch. David Bushnell has paced up and down all night, in keen anxiety.

The friendly whale-boats put out to meet him.

Meanwhile, slowly borne by the coming tide, the magazine floats into the East River.

"It will blow up in five minutes now," says Bushnell, looking at his watch, and he goes to welcome Ezra Lee.

The five minutes go by.

Suddenly, with tremendous voice, and awful uproar of the sea, the magazine explodes.

Columns of water toss high in air, mingled with the oaken ribs that held the powder but a minute ago.

Consternation seizes British troops on Long Island. The brave soldiers on the parapet at Governor's Island quake with fear. All New York rushes to the river-side to find out what it can mean. Nothing, on all the face of the earth, *ever* happened like it before, one and all declare.

Opinion varies concerning it, from bomb to earthquake, from meteor to water-spout, and settles down on neither.

Poor Ezra Lee feels that he *meant* well, but did not act wisely. David Bushnell praises the sergeant, and takes all the want of success to himself, in not going to do his own work.

Meanwhile, with astonishment, Generals Washington and Putnam and David Bushnell himself behold, as did the Provincials, *after the battle of Bunker-Breed's Hill, victory in defeat*, for lo! no British ship sails up East River, or appears to bombard New York.

Silently they weigh anchor and drop down the bay. The little American Turtle gained a bloodless victory that day.

NOTE.—The writer has carefully followed, in the account of the Turtle's attempt upon the Eagle, the statement of Ezra Lee, made to Mr. Charles Griswold of Lyme, more than forty years after the occurrence, and by him communicated to the *American Journal of Science and Arts* in 1820. For the description of the wonderful mechanism of the machine, the account given *at the time* by Dr. Gale in his letters to Silas Deane has been chosen, as probably more accurate than one made from memory after forty years had passed.

THE LITTLE SAVAGES OF BEETLE ROCK.

BY MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

THEY were not Red Indians. They were only the two children of Mr. Cyrus Savage, farmer, who lived away up in one of the middle counties of Maine. They were eleven and a half, and ten, years old; girl and boy; names, Catharyne and Luther. Catharyne was spelt with an "i;" but it was pronounced with a "y;" and as it was seldom spelt, and often pronounced, and that with a long leaning or a smart emphasis, I decide to spell it as it was spoken.

They were not christened in honor of the great Protestant reformer and his wife; I don't think Mr. and Mrs. Savage knew much about *them*; though distantly, no doubt, through old Puritan usage, the boy's name had come down to him from the monk of Wittenberg, in about the same sense that Adam's sin had reached him from Eden.

In the middle of the Savage farm that had been in the family for generations ran a quick little riverlet. I do not misspell that word either. A *rivulet* is but a trickle; a brook is not big enough for what I mean. It was almost a *river*, of consequence enough to be put on the map; but as it never was, and was only called Moosewood Run until it found the Penobscot, I say it was a riverlet. In the middle of this stream reared up Beetle Rock, a roof-like ridge of cleft and jagged stone, at top; a precipice, clean and straight, on the north side; on the south a gradual fall of broken slopes and shelves, on one of which, near the base, the farmhouse stood, bright red against the grey and green. Put there because there was the only bit upon the property where nothing could be raised but a house.

The Savages had a few books; some old novels that were "Grandma's" in her youth; two or three "poetry books;" the children's Readers and Arithmetics; and a stray half dozen of modern stories and pamphlets, sent within a year or two by some Portland cousins when they had happened to think of the young folks growing up on Beetle Rock.

Catharyne read these books, out loud, over and over, to Luther, as they sat in their "pulpit," a great roomy hollow in the very crest and between what people called the "horns" of the "Beetle-Head;" overlooking from behind high, rough parapets, safely as from tower windows, a splendid view of hills and meadows.

Lately, they had got hold of Jules Verne's "Mysterious Island," a wonderful, intensified and "progressed" "Family Robinson;" the Swiss Pastor's story having been the familiar of their first hardest spelling, and their continued and tireless delight.

They had not so much to wish — for or away — as ordinary children who take the Crusoe-craving.

"'Cause we're on an island now," said Catharyne.

"If 'twan't for the old bridges," said Luther, with contempt. "Swiss Family didn't have a bridge to land both ways, with board gates on the ends to keep the chickens in and the skunks out!"

"Well, the old castles had bridges, and gates. Let's play it's an old castle."

"Hngh! With ma hangin' out cloe's on the door flat, an' Cale Spellick carryin' the swill-pail over east to the barns, an' nobody else here but jest you an' me! There ain't any old castle nor yet mysterious island about that!"

"There ain't any about a bundle of printed leaves, either," said Catharyne, tossing over the curled and tumbled sheets of the newspaper edition of Jules Verne. "You have to make believe, anyway. If you want it all real, you'll have to go to sea and get shipwrecked."

"Well, that's what I mean to do," said Luther, stoutly. At which Catharyne got frightened in her conscience at having put it in his head, and said pacifyingly:

"We can play it when ma ain't here, and there ain't any washing nor swill, and there won't be next week when pa and she go to Uncle Mark's. Cale

Spellick's wife is going to make cheese and take all the milk; and you and I and Miss Rebecca won't make any swill — to notice."

"Poh! Cale'll be round and the pigs'll be fed, all the same; an' Miss Rebecca'll jest spoil the whole! Why can't she stay at home an' leave us to ourselves? It might be something, with only you an' me an' the cats an' the hens, an' Rover!"

"We needn't see *her* much. She'll be sewing in the east room, when she ain't getting the victuals. I s'pose I *shall* have to wipe dishes," Catharyne admitted, with some ruefulness.

"An' I shall have to pick up chips. An' we shall have to eat meals, an' go to bed, an' *mind*! So! There ain't any desert island about it, an' you can't make any!"

"Well, we'll see," said Catharyne, quoting her mother. "'Taint Monday yet; and there's time for consid'able to happen." Catharyne's chief mission and anxiety, in those days, was the truly feminine one of endeavoring continually to persuade her own little malcontent masculine that his bit of life was worth the living. And it never occurred to her, any more than it does to some of her elders, to throw up the responsibility.

On Monday, bright and early, the country wagon was at the door; its one broad, low-backed seat, covered with a brown bearskin, and the portmanteau and luncheon-basket comfortably stowed beneath. Behind, was a folded blanket, for the children to sit on, and their little bundles, in checked wraps, were already in; for "consid'able" had happened, as Catharyne foretold, and it had ended that she and Luther were to ride as far as the foot of Biram's Hill with their father and mother, and then trot up with their bundles to Miss Rebecca's house, where they were to stay during the three or four days of their parents' absence. Once in two years, Mr. and Mrs. Savage made this visit to Uncle Mark's, over in Peru; and in the alternate years Uncle Mark and Aunt Myra came to Beetle Rock. It was pleasant fall weather, between the early and late harvestings; the time generally chosen for these trips.

Miss Rebecca Biram had sent word on Friday that her sister Lucy had a nice chance to go to Bangor, and she couldn't bear to disappoint her; and that it wouldn't do to leave the old lady alone with her rheumatism; so she wanted the children to come and

pass the time with her instead of herself taking charge at the Savage farmhouse. Mrs. Savage had replied that unless they concluded to leave them with the Spellicks, closer by, they should come along on Monday. If they didn't, she would know the reason. And then it turned out that Cale Spellick came in on Sunday night to say that Hannermatildy was just coming down with something that might be the measles; and so it was settled in favor of Miss Biram's plan. Between these two alternatives, as between two right-angled forces, it came to pass that a diagonal was taken by the children themselves.

It was in both their heads before they started. Catharyne was eager to try housekeeping on her own account; for she had begun to feel herself too old to have Miss Rebecca called in when her mother went away; and Luther was possessed with the mysterious island idea, and the longing to shipwreck himself. So far, at least, as detaching himself from all grown up aid and comfort, and making a Juan Fernandez or a Fortune Island of his home, which it was his good luck should be a water-washed cliff, all ready to his hand. It was just as good, he reasoned, that "the folks" should go away and leave Beetle Rock to them, especially if they didn't know it, as that they themselves should run off and get cast away on some other rock. Or if not quite so real a thing, they could make it do, seeing that this was their present chance, and not the other.

It was in both their heads; but they could not make a deliberate conspiracy of it, and agree to carry out the pretence with their father and mother of the Monday morning setting off and being left at Biram's Hill. They could not so have played the hypocrite before each other's honest little faces. So they did not even resolve; but let themselves think only how nice it would be. Which is the first step, always, to any conspiracy or iniquity whatever.

They took their little checked bundles in their hands, and said good-by, and stood in the dusty wheelruts, watching the wagon as it dropped from sight over the first long dip and water-bar of the steep road beyond, for Biram's Hill was a long spur, which the highway crossed low down; and yet over a sharp ridge, high up on which, to the left, above a thick maple grove, stood the dwelling; and deep to the right lay the hollow of Moosehood Run, half a mile away.

They began to walk up under the maples, crossing two water-bars before they spoke. Then they stopped short, partly to rest, and partly because each was longing, and but half daring, to say something. Luther sat down on a stone, and took a bit of gravel out of his shoe. Then he picked up a stick, and began to switch off the heads of the golden rods that grew thick about him. A quick, rumbling noise sounded in the hollow.

"That's over Alden's Bridge," said Luther. "We could go home that way, any time. It's only down through the orchard and the medder mowin' to the cross-road."

"I wish ma had left us at home, and we hadn't got to come here at all," said Catharyne.

"I know what *you're* thinkin' about!" said Luther, looking up at her sharply, and trying not to laugh.

"'Cause you're thinkin' of it too! Miss Rebecca don't know we're coming—if it wa'n't a kind of playin' truant, we might go home and spend the day, and see how it would seem, all alone. I'd make turnovers."

"Poh! Who ever heard of turnovers the first thing? They always find turtles, eggs, and lobsters, and — and — cocoanuts."

"They don't say what they'll find beforehand. They find what there is there. And *we'd* have to. There's bantams' eggs. And they always have some kind of a wreck to go to. We'd have the house."

Luther looked dubious. He was afraid his sister would get too much out of the wreck. He wanted a real, wild, desert-island play; and he suspected the truth, that Catharyne would rather make believe at civilized housekeeping. Only cocoanuts did not grow on Beetle Rock, — nor much of anything else, except lichens and a few cedars, and two great white pines that made a pleasant spicy shade.

"We could get in at the back buttery window," said Luther.

"Yes; but the kitchen door would be hooked."

"Goody!" cried Luther. "The *butt* is all *we* want." He had never heard of the Scotch "but and ben;" he only stumbled on precisely what he meant. He did not wish that Catharyne should find it possible to go "ben" the house, and live anything like parlor-fashion.

While they talked, they had crossed the broken

wall, and were walking down the orchard and through the stubbly mowing.

"Where should we sleep?" asked Catharyne.

"There's corn-husks in the shed-chamber," said Luther. It was settling itself, as many grown-up plans do, in the talking over. The shoulds and woulds turn into the wills and shalls, by the mere considering.

They went over Alden's Bridge, and came into the "near wood-lot." Beyond this, along the Run, lay the east pasture, which was the land on the side opposite to that upon which they had left it by the road toward Biram's Hill. They came round cautiously; heard Cale Spellick calling to his oxen down by the Pine Bend, on the west bank, and slipped unseen across the bridge from the barns to the farmhouse. It was getting late; the forenoon had well worn on; they were beginning to be hungry, after their early breakfast, their ride, and their long walk.

The house looked very still and lonesome, with shut doors and blinds. The lazy crawl-crawl of the hens, walking about the door-flat with high, slow, curving steps, as if they lifted their feet over a log every time, only added to the repose and the stillness.

"Well," said Luther, as they came round between the blank rock behind, and the buttery window, "we're cast ashore. And we've got to live round here, out of sight; 'cause those bridges look as if savages went back and forth over that end of the island."

"So they do," answered Catharyne, simply assenting. But Luther took her up for what had occurred to himself as he spoke.

"I didn't mean that," he said, impatiently. "You don't make-believe 'worth a cent,' Ryne. You ain't to *know* anything. We've just got to guess, and to look out."

"I said it *looked* so," explained Ryne.

"Oh!" apologized Luther. "I hope the buttery shutter isn't fastened."

"How do you know it's a buttery? And if it *is*, you can poke the hook with a stick."

Luther accepted the suggestion of the second sentence, disregarding the retort of the first. A flat chip passed easily behind the warped board of the rough shutter, and lifted the iron hook from the staple

They raised the sash, and climbed in over a broad shelf.

"People have been here, sometime," suggested Ryne. "And left these things. I'm glad there are some tin pans."

"And this is a good hut," said Luther, approving and consenting to the myth. "But I'm glad there isn't any more of it."

Ryne looked into a stone jar.

"I thought there might be some doughnuts, here," she said.

"You're thinking a great deal too fast," rebuked Luther.

"Only because folks *do* keep doughnuts in stone pots."

"Doughnuts! These folks have been gone years and years!"

They might have been, for anything of cookery left behind to spoil, by the thrifty housewife.

"I thought the house was the wreck," said Catharyne, "and we'd got to find things in it."

"Well, it ain't. It's a hut. And if we find anything from a wreck, it's got to be along on the rocks by the water."

"I guess we'd better go and look, then," said Catharyne; "for I'm getting awful hungry;" and as she spoke, there was a sound of rustling paper.

"You go first," said Luther, from the shed-room within. "I'll come presently. I'm going to explore up this ladder."

"Oh, Luther! There's —"

"Hush up! There ain't. Not as you know of."

"Must I get out of the window, or can I go through the shed door?"

"If there's a door, you'd be a goose not to go through that."

"Well, I've found one," said Ryne, comfortably, as Luther disappeared overhead through the trap.

Luther did not arrive until ten minutes afterward at the base of the high straight face of the great crag. He found his sister settled among the boulder stones, with a paper bag of crackers, and a big corner of cheese. "There were *these* washed ashore," she said, calmly offering him some, crisp and fresh out of the rattling package. "If you don't think, Luther," she added, timidly, "that we're telling *too* big —"

"We ain't telling anything. It's telling itself. It's a story. And a story has to be — a kind of t'other.

T'other's always a story, you know. But come round here, and see what I've got. I've stowed it away, behind the rocks."

Ryne stepped round, and saw, rolled up into a cranny, a cylindrical tin case; which she carefully pretended not to recognise.

"That's something *like* a thing from a wreck!" Luther exulted. "None of your paper bags. I'm going to open it with my knife."

"Perhaps it's gunpowder," suggested Ryne, with an excessive loyalty to fiction; and looked on, intently, while he loosened the rim of the cover.

"It's good, prime sugar," said Luther, dipping in and bringing up some on the knife blade. "Maple sugar, and half full! And the next thing I find is going to be — what goes good with maple sugar!"

He could not resist the full glory at once, though he could "find" only one thing well at a time. Ryne staid on the "beach," as he bade her; and in ten minutes more he was round the jut again dragging a bag of butternuts. They made a fine dinner, with their biscuits and new sage cheese, and their nuts, cracked upon the stones, and the meats mixed with the soft, scraped sugar. How it would do for tea and breakfast and dinner again, remained for them to try.

"I've concluded," said Luther, with the air of a Father Family Robinson, as he also concluded his butternuts, "that we ain't on the real island at all. This is a rock in the mouth of the river, and the big island is each side of us. If it wasn't that savages must have made those bridges, and we might meet 'em, the best thing would be to go over and explore' We might find some fruit trees."

"Yes. We might get some September sweetsings."

"What do you name things for, before you find 'em?" added Luther, indignantly. Ryne was like Mrs. Flintwinch; she was always seeing something she had no business to; and her "Jerry" was always making her fling her apron over her face.

"Well," she answered with feminine invention, "I can't help thinking of things we used to have at home."

"That's all right enough," said Luther, indulgently. "Baked sweetsings would be good, wouldn't they?"

"If you'd only let me discover a kitchen and a stove," pleaded Ryne.

"You'd want to discover a whole town, next; and

North America ; besides making a smoke and letting the savages discover us ! ”

“ Why shouldn’t we want to discover what there is when we can’t do without it ? ”

“ Because we don’t want other people’s fixings. We want to fix for ourselves,” answered Luther, with all the independence of his namesake, or even of a modern Radical.

“ Well, you’ll be glad enough to get back to it,” said Ryne. “ And I don’t believe you’d stay here a minute, if you didn’t know it was there all the time, just for turning round ! ”

“ I wish we had Family Robinson to read, anyway,” Ryne began again. “ We shan’t know what to do, cooped up here.” They had gone back, now, into the shed, and climbed to the chamber, and were spreading out the corn-husks to make a sleeping-place. Ryne pulled down a dusty “ comforter ” that hung on an old frame in a far corner. Something made her exclaim a little, suddenly, as she did so ; but she checked herself, and Luther did not notice, as he was ransacking among some barrels.

“ Here’s corn ! ” he cried. “ Left by the folks that built the hut ; a whole barrel full.”

“ And I believe my heart it’s pop corn ! ” said Ryne, coming over. “ See here ! May I discover anything I please that I really never knew before ? ”

“ Of course,” allowed the Autocrat.

“ Even if I get at something I *didn’t* know ? ”

Luther did not want to commit himself too far.

“ I — think’s — likely. If you really find ’em, new, and don’t start after ’em.” Which was pretty liberal for a Radical.

“ Well, you go ashore, and find — breadfruit, or something ; and I’ll be Mother Robinson, and surprise you when you come back. Like’s not, I’ve got an Enchanted Bag, too ! I’ve got a bundle, anyway ; and I’m going on an expedition ! ”

“ Only don’t you expeditish any finding us out,” said Luther ; and he picked up an old rusty hatchet that lay among the barrels, flung it over his shoulder for effect, and backed down the little ladder stairway.

When he came back, he had eggs in his hat, and sweetings, and redstreaks, and sugar pears in his pockets. Catharyne, on her part, produced from her bundle, — the checked bandanna bundle that had held her little changes of clothing for four days, — a tin spoon, a bunch of matches, a salt sprinkler, two

small tin dippers, and the Swiss Family Robinson.

“ You’ve been through that kitchen door ! ” charged Luther.

“ I haven’t,” said Catharyne. “ I’ve found a mysterious passage, in the shed chamber, — behind the — arras ; and it led down to a — subterranean — caboose. I could make a fire there, and cook an omelette with your eggs.”

“ I tell you the smoke ’u’d show,” reiterated Luther. “ Lemme see where you’ve ben.”

Ryne lifted up the end of the old comforter which she had hung on the frame again, and showed behind it a little door formed by a couple of boards that were set on hinges in the partition, and came easily open by a slight prying with the fingers, which a projecting edge invited. Beyond was a large closet full of boxes, pillows, blankets, and bundles of sweet herbs that hung upon the walls. An old cradle stood across their entrance, and a great roll of rag carpet leaned up in it against one side of the opening. The hook that had secured this rough door on the inside had got lifted from the staple in some handling of this same bundle perhaps ; at any rate, it had not been fastened. They climbed around and over, and opened an opposite door, which led into a low bedroom ; and down from this ran an open flight of bare, unbalustered stairs. These came out into the dark, still, neat little kitchen. Of course the children knew all these precincts, though they had a queer sense, now, of coming to them in a dream.

“ I never knew in all my life — ” began Luther, and stopped.

“ The big old meal-chest used to — ” Ryne’s word was interrupted by Luther’s hand across her lips.

“ This is Captain Nemo’s kitchen,” he said seriously. “ We’ve got down into the Nautilus. It wasn’t *all* blown up, you see.”

Ryne looked round at the familiar mops and broom, hanging by the woodshed door, — at the tin dipper laid across the waterpail on the drainboard of the sink, at her mother’s little kitchen rocking-chair with its red cushion by the garden window, and her splint stocking basket on the broad sill, — and felt something odd in her heart or her throat that would not quite let her swallow this last figment with ease and relish.

“ I guess we’d better go back,” she said. “ I’d rather make believe in the shed chamber.”

THE LITTLE SAVAGES OF BEETLE ROCK.

They read Family Robinson awhile, and then the long day began to darken into twilight. They ate some crackers, apples, and pears, and lay down, tired enough, upon their beds of husks, with pillows and blankets from the clothes-closet, that made them sufficiently comfortable as to outside. Ryne cried before she went to sleep, but very softly; she would not have let Luther know it on any account,—she being the oldest. He would have been sure to say it was because she was only a girl.

Early in the morning they made a fire of chips on the “beach,” in an angle of the great precipitous rock, and there cooked a curious breakfast, quite screened from view at this point by the straight rising walls upon the shores. For,—and I wish to make it as clear to you as I can in few words,—this island of Beetle Rock was like a slice left standing in a great granite ridge, by the cutting out of another slice upon each side of it. In its entire form, you could see if you thought of it, that this ridge or arm



“WITH HER TIN SPOON AND A LARGE MILK-PAN.”

had stretched continuously from a chain of hills to the eastward, out hither to a gradual slope and ending; but at sometime or other in the long history of the earth, two enormous rents had split it through, and made the double channel of the Run; leaving the terminal cliff upon the west bank, and isolating in the deep, swift little river the middle fragment of Beetle Rock.

To the north, or up stream, the whole outline was precipitous, and overhung what were called the Basin

Meadows; to the south, or down stream, it shelved rapidly to the level of the surrounding country. If you comprehend distinctly this description, you will better understand what happened on this Mysterious Island, while Ryne and Luther played their game of castaways.

Catharyne, with her tin spoon and a large milk pan, beat laboriously some eight or nine eggs into a coarse froth; and then, forgetting the butter for the frying, set her pan across the stones between which

the coals were heaped. Part of her large, flat omelette was very much burned and stuck to the pan, and part was still quite liquid when she was forced to remove it from the fire. But they managed to scrape up on their split crackers enough to eat, and they played they liked it. Ryne secretly resolved that she would do some better cooking than that before the day was over; and she pushed the unhappy pan under a cedar-bush, saying that they would keep that now, to put all their scraps in, as she was sure she never could clean all the burned egg off, and should not know where to throw it if she did.

Luther watched his chance to get over the east bridge and go off into the woodland, "hunting." Ryne was glad to have him go, that she might carry out her domestic projects. They both felt secretly the need of busying themselves with all their might to fight off something that could not be homesickness, — could it? Because they were actually at home, all the time; and only had to resolve to open a door or two, to enter right in among all the accustomed belongings.

Ryne went to work, therefore, in the buttry, making pies; the crust with butter and flour, both of which she found there, and used "by guess," mixing with cold water; the inside of redstreak apples, chopped up with maple sugar.

These were to be a great and wonderful astonishment to Luther, but not till the next day; for she had laid out her whole plan with due reference to circumstances, and intended to get up after Luther, — and the neighbors also, — should be asleep, and make a fire in the kitchen stove for the baking, which was to include at the same time some of those beautiful big sweetings. What a breakfast they would have, — and what a dinner, — without the need of any fire to get them by! What a manager she was; and how Luther would stare as she brought out her rich stores from her pantry!

She had to be rather in a hurry; and when all was done, to hide rolling board and pin behind the flour-barrel, and carry the pies, — three of them, — up through the shed chamber and the clothes-closet, down to the kitchen; faithful to the stipulation that the ordinary passage back and forth should be ignored. She put them safely into the oven, with the sweetings beside and between them; ready for the heat when she should supply it. She also laid a fire of chips

and light wood, that there might be no noise to make, and no long work to do, in the night-time. She carried a kitchen candlestick up into the staircase bedroom, and put a match in the tray of it. She was glad to see, as she betook herself, at last, to her nest-like seat of corn-husks by the low shed-chamber window, and began to read her newest book of all, — "Eight Cousins," — that it was raining a little, and looked likely to keep on. Luther would come home now; the horn had sounded for dinner at the Spellicks'; and he would stay in with her this afternoon.

He came, presently, bringing fox grapes; great purple clusters, ripened on a bare south face of rock, rich with sweet, wild flavor. They ate, and talked, and read; then they played morrice on a chalked board, with corn-kernels, red and white, for men. The afternoon wore away with clouds and rain that came up black, with thunder and lightning now and then, out of the south, and gradually piled themselves away northward, leaving clear weather again. At sunset the wind changed suddenly, and the great black heaps were flung back. It was like a cyclone, returning upon its circuit in a quick fierce gale. Leaves and twigs flew in the air; there was a roaring in the pines and cedars. The elms out in the meadows bent and streamed like women's hair and garments in a tempest. Shingles flew from the barns, and the bright-painted weather-jack tossed his legs and arms in frantic convulsions, and was whirled away bodily over the tops of the trees. It lasted nearly an hour; then everything was calm again. No damage was done near them; but Cale Spellick was saying to his wife:

"It was jest the edge of a tornado; there must hev been a middle somewhers."

Up at Bolder's Mills, where the water of Chindecook Pond came over into its outlet of Moosewood Run, they knew where the middle had been; and miles already down the road a man was riding a running horse for dear life; shouting as he went by the farmhouses and past the people on the way. And as he shouted, the others took it up; and other men flung themselves on horses, and went hither and thither; and the word they cried was, — "*Dam broke at Bolder's! Water coming down!*"

And now the time came for Catharyne's baking.

Luther fell asleep quickly, stretched on the husks, after his supper of crackers and cheese. So she was early in the kitchen, touching her match to the wood in the stove; and she trusted to the wet and the gray of the weather, and the deepening twilight, to keep people in-doors, and her little thread of smoke unnoticed.

There began to be a smell of pie-crust, and of apple juice boiling out and simmering on the oven floor. Ryne, waiting for her cookery to be accomplished, opened a door from the kitchen upon a narrow plank-way between that and the woodshed building. It was quite dusk, now; she went and stood on the step at the end, listening to the rush of the Run, and watching the stars as they broke slowly through the torn edges of used-up clouds.

Suddenly, other lights glimmered,—down below. Lanterns moved along the ridge from Cale Spellick's house to his barn, and from the Spellicks' over to Parson Symes's. Voices called, excitedly; everything happened in a flash, almost; before she could think or wonder, two men—Cale and Hiram—were upon the bridge, rushing across with great strides, one calling after the other,—“You take the horse, and make for the Back Hollow; start up Newal's folks,—nobody else will. I'll see to the cattle!”

And the other answered,—“Drive 'em up on the Ridge! Old Beetle-head'll stand! It'll spread there in the medder; but it'll gorge in the cuts. The house'll go, or it's a wonder!”

Nobody to stop for here; nobody to warn. And yet a little girl stood listening, terrified, to she knew not what; and a boy lay asleep among the corn-husks in the old shed-chamber. And the dam was broke at Bolder's, and the water was coming down!

“*Flood! Flood!*” Ryne heard the shouts down the valley-winding at the little settlement where the river bent round to a short air distance across the flats.

“*Freshet! Freshet! Quit and run!*” Some instinct helped her to understand, and to remember also the six words of consequence to her in Hiram Spellick's shout. “Old Beetle-head'll stand! The house'll go!”

She sprang back through the kitchen; unfastened the shed door, and flung it back; scrambled with hands and feet up the steep step-ladder; seized Luther,—by his hair,—anyhow.

“The water's coming! It's a flood! Come up to the pulpit! Hurry! hurry! I heard the men say so!”

In a dreamy fright, not knowing flood from fire, she dragged him up and made him follow. He missed a step, and fell at the foot of the ladder. Ryne pulled him to his feet, and out at the shed door upon the rock terrace.

“Now be wide awake, Luther, or you'll fall and be killed! Climb up, the way we always go.”

Something sounded like thunder. Something that rolled nearer, louder, and did not stop. A pale light glimmered about them; the moon was rising; they could see their way up the pebbly gullies, and along the splintered galleries, and over the open platform, wide enough but showing for nothing on the face of the great steep looked up at from below.

They came safe into the pulpit. The round moon-lamp was lifted over the hill-line at the east, and swinging softly along the blue between the whitening clouds.

And the flood was coming down from the north!

Roaring and plunging, it was breaking in upon the distance; it darkened down along the landscape, revealing its terrible aspect as it came. A towering mass, of black water and white foam and tossing wrecks,—roofs, beams, fences, trees, hay, dead and struggling cattle,—things they could not distinguish nor comprehend; hurling itself toward them along the pathway of the Run, spreading and scattering its ruin as it came, high up over the Basin Meadows.

It struck the Beetle cliff like a sea; it surged into the narrow cuts; it drifted its burden of destruction into them and against their openings; it made a dam for itself, and poured over it into the rocky channels like a cataract; the water rose and rose, over shelf and terrace; it raged on, taking the little island bridges before it.

Now, really, the children were wrecked; the house itself was wrecked; the island was cast away.

The house remained, with the water pouring in through the upper windows. It was shifted on its foundations; it was driven,—happily,—hard up between the old pine tree whose roots ran far into the fissures of the cliff, and the rock itself toward which the buttery window opened. The little buttery lean-to, and part of the shed, were quite crushed in and shattered to pieces. But only water reached the

dwelling-rooms; and the force of that was partly spent and broken in the subsidence across the great meadows, and against the barrier of the rock ridge. The flood went on and on; it filled the little valley below the bend; it filled and flooded its barns and small houses; but the great Eiger, the rushing wave, that had come fifteen miles with its uprearing head, stretched itself down slowly to its level, and busily made its broad bed in new lakes spreading back to

tion. "I s'pose likely ther *was* more of it at the Delooge," he said to himself. "But I donnoah's Noah could *Noah* any more!" And he smiled grimly in the midst of his solemnity, with a dim notion of something curious in his speech now it was spoken; though Cale Spellick could as soon have made a poem as a pun, on purpose.

He would have been far from any purpose of the kind at this moment. His mind was fixed on two things; the endeavor to discern if there were any struggling life near him, calling for help; and if by any means, he could himself cross the gulf that lay between him and his house. A tree had swept into the wide mouth of the east cut, and had lodged in its narrowing passage at the swell of the island, just underneath where he stood. Some beams and fragments had been hurled into the clutch of its branches. He descended along the edge of the precipice



"IT STRUCK THE BEETLE CLIFF LIKE A SEA."

the feet of the parallel hills.

Cale Spellick's house was safe; it was on the high knoll upon the right bank of the Run; but the knoll was to-night an island. There was many a desert-islander up and down the Moosewood valley, stranded in his own home, cut off by the spreading waters. There was, — the pity! many a wrecked home; many a drowned, bruised corpse floating away or lying tangled in the terrible drift-heaps.

The Symeses were safe at the Spellick's. Their house was gone; covered, in its low nook under the hill; whether destroyed or not they could not know.

Cale Spellick himself was out on the cliff-end of the east-side Ridge, looking down upon the desola-

tipice to where, by some dropping and clinging to shelves and crevices, he could get near enough for a leap; and in a few minutes he was on Beetle Rock, at about half way to its top.

"I think it must be because we told so many lies," said a childish voice up above him, shrill and trembling with fear and trouble. The sound seemed to drop down to him through the quieting air, from

above the monotonous din of the rushing water. "We was determined to pretend it, and now 'tis!"

"I'm so cold! If we could only get down somewhere!"

"We wouldn't let on there was a house to get into, and *now* there isn't. We wanted to fix things for ourselves, and *now* there ain't anything to fix with," went on the first little self-judging voice, like that of a spirit dropped out of its world, and knowing why it deserved to be left out.

"Do you s'pose we'll live till pa and ma get home?"

"HUL-LO! *I guess we'll see about it!*"

And the pebbles rolled down from under Cale Spellick's feet as he strode up the gullied path.

I have not space to tell you much more about it. Cale Spellick got them home; the boys were out presently with rafts and lanterns, between island and island. They slept with all the young Symeses in a great open garret at Cale's house, the few hours they could sleep before morning; and their's was one story of the many stories there were to tell, over and over, for long after, of the night of the Great Freshet.

The news got to Peru; and the next night brought

Mr. and Mrs. Savage—traveling until morning—back again.

The children had been taken up to Miss Rebecca's, where their parents would be sure to expect to find them on their way; and here all our Beetle Rock friends remained for two or three weeks; while the waters subsided, and the house was partially restored, and things made ready for them to begin over again on what Luther never wished afterward was a "real desert island."

"'Cause you see," the little Radical told Miss Rebecca, who talked it over pretty seriously with him, "you mayn't mean to go to things; but you kind o' want to know they're there to go to! Besides, I've concluded," he added, with equal magnificence and magnanimity, "that if I *was* to make things all up again, myself, I couldn't make 'em up, — so fur, — any better than they be now!"

Ryne stood by, but she did not say, "I told you so;" and Luther thought he had discovered his wisdom, at least, all himself.

But Ryne said, regretfully, "There's one thing. We shan't ever know now whether those apple-pies would have been good or not!"

LITTLE EUNICE COFFIN.



N the North Beach of the island of Nantucket, where there is little surf, lie stranded the ruins of a wrecked vessel. One end of the hulk, at high tide, extends far into the water; and if the young folks, who visit it, are

not very observing, they sometimes get caught here, and have to wait for the change of the current.

Among the frequenters of this spot are two girls in their teens, who "assemble alone" every Saturday to read, to gather sea-weeds, to sport with the water, and to have a good time generally.

One kind of pastime, while they await the receding tide, for they, "accidentally, are always so surprised by the rise of the water," is that of telling legendary tales of the old island. These stories are obtained during the interim of their meetings from some venerable sea-captain, or other ancient story-teller.

These young girls, in their more subdued moments, have aspirations; the elder, whom we will call Etta (almost her real name), looks forward to the Harvard examinations, though she thinks Harvard rather conceited; and the other, whom we will call Frankie, thinks she shall write a book; and as the Centennial is approaching, decides to offer one of her wreck-stories, a "Tale of the Revolution," to the Wide Awake. And here it is:—

EUNICE COFFIN: A TRUE STORY.

In the days of the Revolution, Nantucket, from her defenceless situation, was declared neutral ground; as territory only was she so esteemed; for the inhabitants were true patriots, and the privations they endured from this very isolation were great, as none of the comforts of life could be obtained except through the risks and perils of the sea.

A few miles from the thickly-settled part of the



LITTLE EUNICE,

island lived the heroine of our story, then a little girl of eight or ten years of age, in a small farm-house with her parents. One bright day, when the father had reason to suppose that news had been heard from the war-scenes, he harnessed his old horse, and with his wife drove to town to "pick up the drift," this being the island language for "get the gossip." As the marvels might detain them long from home, they sent little Eunice into neighbor Oldends to play with Phebe and Mary, as father and mother Oldends had also gone "down along."

The three little girls spread a doll's table, which consisted of a backless chair, with pieces of broken china for dishes, and were treating the homespun rag-babies to imaginary hyson tea, when suddenly the door-latch was raised, and there entered, as Phebe and Mary express it, "two men in gold, elegant to behold."

But Eunice, being naturally keen-sighted, and the spirit of the Folgers, and the Barnards, and the Colemans, and the sound sense, too, of that earliest settler, whom Whittier has celebrated in verse, coursing in her veins, saw a little beneath the plumes and epaulettes. She recognized "soldiers." She made an immediate scamper up the stair-case; which stair-case, in its tumble-down condition, doubled and quadrupled the noise of her flying feet, so that the strangers naturally mistook her footsteps for those of him whom they pursued. One of them (British soldiers, indeed, as Eunice had surmised) cried out, following the retreating form, "Stop! I have you, Capt. Barlow!" Hurriedly ascending to the attic, he pointed his musket at the figure, whose shadow betrayed the lurking place behind the chimney of the unfinished apartment, adding, "You are my prisoner!"

The child-like agony of little Eunice burst forth in a shriek, so truly comprehended by the soldier, that he not only dropped his weapon, but dropped himself upon his knees; and with a voice as mild as it had been stern, said, "Not a hair of your head, poor child, will I harm; don't be afraid of a father who has two little ones like you in a far-away home!"

In five minutes the enemy had left the house, and Eunice came down to the little Oldend girls.

In the mean time the object of their search, Capt. Barlow, lay a few rods from this dwelling, in a swamp, covered only with the ferns and low bushes, which,

from the very sparseness, convinced the soldiers that they could not secrete a full-grown man.

Consequently the enemy returned to their ships, concluding that Capt. Barlow had jumped from his boat, and swam to some part of the main land. Capt. Barlow's story is this: He had had command of what our people called a *long-boat*, and which, during those times, had caused more devastation to the British ships than any other craft about the south-east coast of Massachusetts. So skilled was he in the management of his boat, that the latter was ycleped the "Shaving Mill," and he the "Shaving Miller." The British knew his power and his cunning; but Capt. Barlow knew more—he knew every inlet and outlet, every rock and shoal; and being a natural pilot withal, and his vessel drawing but little water, he had had the advantage over the man-of-war which was pursuing him and gaining upon him, near the island of Nantucket. At the moment when the enemy felt pretty sure of their prize, the "Shaving Mill" glided with perfect ease over the Nantucket bar,—a bar that makes the harbor inaccessible to large ships; and while the man-of-war, surprised by this barrier, was coming to a stand-still, and lowering her boats, Capt. Barlow, landing at the west end of the island, ran to the bushes near Oldend's house, whither two or three of the soldiers unwittingly and fruitlessly pursued him.

Capt. Barlow remained in his lurking-place until all danger was past; then finding his boat had been destroyed, escaped by means of a light skiff to the continent, as the islanders call Cape Cod, where he very shortly after constructed a new "shaving mill," which did double work of destruction, not leaving these waters, till the aforesaid man-of-war had become its victim.

You may be sure that Eunice, and Phebe, and Mary did not, after their shock, play longer with the crockery bits; and when their parents returned, were all three crowded up to a small window in their garret, their faces flattened against the four-by-six panes, anxiously watching, and feeling themselves to be part and parcel of the "Revolution."

In after years, Eunice related this side-bit of Capt. Barlow's escape again and again to her sons and grandsons, always with emotion and with a true Yankee spirit; and, I trust, if she had not been a birth-right Quaker, would have started at the close of each recital, "Three cheers for Capt. Barlow!"

THE CANDY FROLIC.

BY MRS. ALFRED MACY.

THE peculiarities of an isolated place, like Nantucket, are so *very* peculiar, so entirely unlike those of any other place in the real or imaginary world, so quaint, so queer, that many an incident of the olden time, related without gloss or varnish, is a novel of itself.

A few years ago, when this port in its commercial importance ranked among the first in New England, before strangers had made it a place of resort, hunting down the true and natural ways of the people, when the family names could be counted on the fingers, though the census denoted nearly ten thousand inhabitants, individual distinction seemed necessary.

The various Mary Barnards, the many Thomas Coffins, etc., must be distinguished to avoid confusion — consequently the middle initial letter, so common in Nantucket that the last name *was*, and even in some instance *is*, omitted. When these initials were repeated in different families, some nick-name, perhaps characteristic of the ancestry, was good-naturedly given, and, as such, received. So much for the prelude : now for

THE FROLIC.

One winter's day, at the time of which we write, a brisk rap was given at John A. Barnard's door, responded to at once by John himself. On the steps appeared to view, Avis M., Lydia B., Sarah C., and "B" (there were three Lydia B.'s in school, therefore the youngest was called only B). "We want," the four said in concert, "Mary C. to join the 'gang' for a candy frolic, to-night, at Aunt Eliza's (hooks and swivels Eliza). Right opposite Love-and-Huldah's. Each girl is to furnish a pint of molasses, but, Aunt Eliza says the different molasses-es will never mix, so we are to put in ten cents all round and buy it at Cousin 'Dry-Goods-and-Groceries' on Meeting Street. The boys will never find us out, for no one would guess that hooks-and-swivels Eliza could have a candy frolic in her apple-pie-order house."

Unfortunately the Barnard dinner table was surrounded by a number of Little Pitchers and Great Ears ; yet the matter was freely discussed by the older members of the family. Charles E., a boy perhaps a year older than Mary C., took no interest in the subject, and, when his repast was over, without waiting to be excused, rushed from the table, ostensibly for his skates, but really to "forelay" Billy Button, Toad-and-Frogs, Carrot-Top, etc., etc., to tell them, at once, of the girls' plans.

The street upon which Aunt Eliza lived was very narrow, not very far from Captain Macy's corner, and quite near Folger's Folly. "Just the place for fun," the boys thought, as they mechanically recited their geography lessons, in the old Friends' building ; indeed, they were so quiet that the teacher, perhaps thinking the millennium was near, dismissed school at a quarter before five.

On Aunt Eliza's door was a huge knocker ; on that of the house opposite was a huge knocker. On Aunt Eliza's house-top was "a walk," an appendage to every mariner's home, and Aunt Eliza's husband was captain of the Cyrus H. Loper, "forty days out, one large humpback, twenty-two black fish." On Love-and-Huldah's was also a walk.

At eight o'clock in the evening, when the odor of boiling molasses made it clear to the boys assembled around Aunt Eliza's premises that the candy was nearly ready, two or three of the young scamps tied the knocker of Aunt Eliza's door to the one on the opposite, to wit : Love-and-Huldah's, with a good, strong rope. Then they gave a loud knock on the latter, hiding under the steps to watch proceedings.

As Huldah opened her door, it drew the rope and knocked at the opposite door ; as Aunt Eliza's door was opened, it drew the rope and knocked again at Huldah's. This was kept up some minutes, and every time the rap came to Aunt Eliza's door, Mary C. and Avis M. and Lydia B. and B. and the rest of the "gang" ran to the rescue, hoping, if possible, to solve the mystery — that is, catch the rogues.

While they were at this kind of business, the candy



ON THE WAY TO THE CANDY FROLIC.

bubbling and boiling, on Aunt Eliza's "walk" were three or four of the boys, who very dextrously, with a hooker's pole, drew the kettle up the chimney to the platform of the aforesaid "walk;" here they had large pewter platters, brought from their several homes, in which the candy soon cooled; which candy they worked without a sound, but many a blister. The night was snapping cold, but they didn't perceive it. Fun and mischief care nothing for Fahrenheit.

After the repeated opening and shutting of the doors of the opposite neighbors, the rope, a piece of Sally C.'s new clothes line, broke or slipped the knot, and the annoyance ceased.

The girls, their tin plates prepared and on the table, hastened to the old-fashioned fire-place, with "takers" in hand, to lift the pot from the crane.

"And you should have seen the expression of their faces," Ann A. Myrick said, "as their hands took hold of space, and their eyes glared at nothingness!"

Had Aunt Eliza got home from Peggy-and-Charlotte's and so taken it off for them, while they were "cruising about" the house? No; the bell hadn't rung nine, and no one started for home before that time without offence.

The girls had the least bit of a mind to be frightened; but the Nantucketers are too sensible to think anything supernatural would serve them thus, and certainly they had no cause to be afraid of human agency. They talked it over and over. B.'s voice trembled—well, so little that nobody in the world but Ann A. would have noticed it. At the first stroke of the town clock they all dispersed—no two going the same way. The night was still and dark. Ann A., who had a lantern, made an excuse to go as far as "Cull Island" with B., for the latter lived nearly up

to Squire Ben's. The word "tramp," as a class, had not then come into use, and the girls went fearlessly about the town at any hour. In this case, one went to the "tip-end of Newton," the two above mentioned to "North Shore," one or two to "Chicken Hill," and Avis M. to "Egypt."

Mary C. arrived home, said not a word to her brothers and sisters about the affair. Being a good girl, no doubt (?) she confided the whole to her mother; at any rate, she stood the fire about gormandizing and "stubbs"-ing from Charles E., who had sat up late on purpose for a taste of that candy, till finally she was glad to get off to bed, though she hadn't "done one of her sums."

The next morning, what a spectacle met the gaze of the school children, who went through Mary Bennett's walk to Love-and-Huldah's. "And what do you think," said Anna Arthur (little Anna) "on the middle of that rope, way up there, was Aunt Eliza's largest dinner pot!"

"I know what my mother would say," said Nancy Spooner, "she'd say, where *are* the se-lectmen of this town—if there was more evening hookers, I guess there'd be less of this 'pompelixing.'"

Of the candy-girls, each one found, under her "form" in school, a package of well-worked, clean-looking candy, wrapped in, guess what?

"In the leaves of John A. Barnard's Log, kept on board the ship Planter, voyage before last! which, if the girls had been a little cuter, would have let the cat out." This last remark was made by Charles E. many, many years after, when he told the above story to his children's children; and the parts to which he was not an eye-witness were graciously furnished by the grandmother, one of the Lydia B.'s of the Frolic.

FLAXIE FRIZZLE

BY SOPHIE MAY.

HER name was Mary Gray, but they called her Flaxie Frizzle. She had light curly hair, and a curly nose. That is, her nose curled up at the end a wee bit, just enough to make it look cunning.

What kind of a child was she?

Well, I don't want to tell; but I suppose I shall have to. She wasn't gentle and timid and sweet like you little darlings, oh, no! not like you. And Mrs. Willard, who was there visiting from Boston, said she was "dreadful."



Flaxie Frizzle.

She was always talking at the table, for one thing.

"Mamma," said she, one day, from her high chair, "your littlest one doesn't like fish; what makes you cook him?"

Mamma shook her head, but Flaxie wouldn't look at it. Mrs. Willard was saying, "When we go to ride this afternoon we can stop at the slate-quarry."

Who was going to ride? And would they take the "littlest one" too? Flaxie meant to find out.

"Do you love me, mamma?" said she, beating her mug against her red waiter.

"When you are a good girl, Flaxie."

"Well, look right in my eyes, mamma. Don't you see I *are* a good girl? And *mayn't* I go a-riding?"

"Eat your dinner, Mary Gray, and don't talk."

Her mother never called her Mary Gray except when she was troublesome.

"I want to tell you sumpin, mamma," whispered she, bending forward and almost scalding herself against the teapot, "I *won't* talk; I won't talk *a* tall."

But it was of no use. Mrs. Willard was not fond of little girls, and Mrs. Gray would not take Flaxie; she must stay at home with her sister Ninny.

Now Ninny — or Julia — was almost ten years old, a dear, good, patient little girl, who bore with Flaxie's naughtiness, and hardly ever complained. But this afternoon, at four o'clock, her best friend, Eva Snow, was coming, and Ninny did hope that by that time her mamma would be at home again!

Mrs. Gray and Mrs. Willard rode off in the carriage; and the moment they were gone, Flaxie began to frisk like a wild creature.

First she ran out to the gate, and screamed to a man going by, —

"How d'ye do, Mr. Man? You *mustn't* smoke! My mamma don't like it!"

"Oh, why *did* you do that?" said Ninny, her face covered with blushes, as she darted after Flaxie, and brought her into the house.

"Well, then, show me your new picture-book, and I won't."

As long as she was looking at pictures she was out of mischief, and Ninny turned the leaves very patiently.

But soon the cat came into the room with the new kitten in her mouth, and then Flaxie screamed with terror. She thought the cat was eating it up for a mouse; but instead of that she dropped it gently on the sofa, purring, and looking at the two little girls as if to say, —

"Isn't it a nice baby?"

Flaxie thought it was; you could see that by the way she kissed it. But when she picked it up and marched about with it, the old cat mewed fearfully.

"Put it down," said Ninny. "Don't you see how bad you make its mother feel?"

"No. I's goin' to carry it over the bridge, and show it to my grandma ; she wants to see this kitty."

Ninny looked troubled. She hardly dared say Flaxie must not go, for fear that would make her want to go all the more.

"What a funny spot kitty has on its face," said she, "white all over ; with a yellow star on its forehead."

"Well," said Flaxie, "I'll wash it off." And away she flew to the kitchen sink.

"What are you up to now?" said Dora, the housemaid, who stood there with her bonnet on. "You'll drown that poor little creetur, and squeeze it to death too! Miss Ninny, why don't you attend to your little sister?"

Dear Ninny! as if she were not doing her best! And here it was half-past three, and Eva Snow coming at four!

"O Dodo!" said she, "you're not going off?"

"Only just round the corner, Miss Ninny. I'll be right back."

But it was a pity she should go out at all. Mrs. Gray did not suppose she would leave the house while she was gone.

As soon as "Dodo" was out of sight, Flaxie thought she could have her own way.

"O Ninny! you're my darlin' sister," said she, with a very sweet smile. "Will you lem me carry my kitty over to grandma's?"

"Why, no indeed! You mustn't go 'way over the bridge."

"Yes I mus'. 'Twon't hurt me a tall!"

"But I can't let you, Flaxie Frizzle ; truly I can't ; so don't ask me again."

Flaxie's lip curled as well as her nose.

"Poh! I haven't got so good a sister as I fought I had. Laugh to me, Ninny, and get me my pretty new hat, or I'll shut you up in the closet!"

Ninny did laugh, it was so funny to hear that speck of a child talk of punishing a big girl like her!

"Will you lem me go?" repeated Flaxie.

"No, indeed! What an idea!"

"I've got fi-ive cents, Ninny. I'll buy you anyfing what you want? Now lem me! 'Twon't hurt me a tall!"

Ninny shook her head, and kept shaking it ; and Flaxie began to push her toward the closet door.

"Will you get my hat, Ninny? 'Cause when I die 'n' go to hebben, then you won't have no little sister."

"No, I will not get your hat, miss, so there!"

All this while Flaxie was pushing, and Ninny was shaking her head. The closet-door stood open, and, before Ninny thought much about it, she was inside.

"There you is!" laughed the baby.

Then rising on her "tippy-toes," Flaxie began to fumble with the key. Ninny smiled to hear her breathe so hard, but never thought the wee, wee fingers could do any harm.

At last the key, after clicking for a good while, turned round in the lock ; yes, fairly turned. The door was fastened.

"Let me out! out! out!" cried Ninny, pounding with both hands.

Flaxie was perfectly delighted. She had not known till then that the door was locked, and if Ninny had been quiet she would probably have kept fumbling away till she opened it. But now she wouldn't so much as touch the key, you may be sure. O, Flaxie Frizzle was a big rogue, as big as she *could* be, and be so little! There she stood, hopping up and down, and laughing, with the blind kitty hugged close to her bosom.

"Laugh to me, Ninny!"

"What do I want to laugh for? Let me out, you naughty girl!"

"Well, *you* needn't laugh, but *I* shall. Now I's goin' to grandma's, and carry my white kitty."

"No, no, you mustn't, you mustn't!"

"*You* can't help it! *I* is a goin'!"

"Flaxie! Flax-ee!"

Oh! where was Eva Snow? Would she never come? There was a sliding-door in the wall above the middle shelf, and Ninny climbed up and pushed it back. It opened into the parlor-closet, where the china dishes stood. If she could only crawl through that sliding door she might get out by way of the parlor, if she *did* break the dishes.

But, oh dear! it wasn't half big enough. She could only put her head in, and part of one shoulder. What should she do?

It was of no use screaming to that witch of a Frizzle ; but she did scream. She threatened to "whip her," and "tie her," and "box her ears," and "burn up her dollies."

But Flaxie knew she wouldn't ; so she calmly pulled off her boots and put on her rubbers.

Then Ninny coaxed. She promised candy and

oranges and even wedding-cake, for she forgot she hadn't a speck of wedding-cake in the world.

But, while she was still screaming, Flaxie was out of sight and hearing. She hadn't found her hat; but, with her new rubbers on her feet, and the blind kitty still hugged to her bosom, she was "going to grandma's." She ran with all her might; for what if somebody should catch her before she got there!

"The faster I hurry the quicker I can't go," said she, puffing for breath.

"It was a beautiful day. The wind blew over the grass, and the grass moved in green waves; Flaxie thought it was running away like herself.

It was half a mile to the bridge. By the time she reached Mr. Pratt's store, which was half way, she thought she would stop to rest.

"'Cause he'll give me some candy," said she, and walked right into the store, though it was half full of men, — oh fie! Flaxie Frizzle!

Mr. Jones, a lame man, was sitting next the door, and she walked boldly up to him.

"Mr. *Lame* Jones, does you want to see my kitty?"

He laughed, and took it in his hands; and another man pinched its tail. Flaxie screamed out:

"You mustn't hold it by the handle, Mr. Man!"

Then they all laughed more than ever, and clapped their hands; and Mr. Jones said:

"You're a cunning baby!"

"Well," replied Flaxie, quickly, "what makes you have turn-about feet?"

This wasn't a proper thing to say, and it made Mr. Jones look sober, for he was sorry to have such feet. Mr. Pratt was afraid Flaxie would talk more about them; so he frowned at her and said:

"Good little girls don't run away bare-headed, Miss Frizzle! Is your mamma at home?"

"Guess I'll go now," said Flaxie; "some more folks will want to see my kitty."

Mr. Pratt's boy ran after her with a stick of candy, but could not catch her. She called now at all the houses along the road, ringing the bells so furiously that people rushed to the doors, afraid something dreadful had happened.

"I fought you'd want to see my kitty," said the runaway, holding up the little blind bundle; and they always laughed then; how could they help it?

But somehow nobody thought of sending her home.

When she reached the bridge she was hungry, and

told the "bridge-man" she was "fond of cookies." His wife gave her a caraway-cake shaped like a leaf.

"I'm fond o' that one," said she, with her mouth full. "Please give me *two* ones."

Just fancy it! Begging food at people's houses! Yet her mamma *had* tried to teach her good manners, little as you may think it.

"I don't believe she has had any supper. It must be she is running away," said the bridge-man's wife, as Flaxie left her door. "I ought to have stopped her; but somebody will, of course."

But nobody did. People only laughed at her kitty, and then passed on.

Soon the sun set, and the new moon shone white against the blue sky. Flaxie had often seen the moon, but it looked larger and rounder than this. What ailed it now?

"Oh, I know," said she, "God has doubled it up."

She had changed her mind, and did not want to go to her grandmother's.

"Mr. Pratt fought I was bare-headed, and grandma'll fink I'm bare-headed. Guess I won't go to g'andma's, kitty, I'll go to preach-man's house; preach-man will want to see you."

On she went till she came to the church. Then she sat down on the big steps, dreadfully tired.

"Oh, my yubbers ache so! Now go s'leep, Kitty; and when you want to wake up, call me, and I'll wake you."

This was the last Flaxie remembered. When the postmaster found her, she was sitting up, fast asleep, with her little tow head against the door, and the kitty in her arms. The kitty was still alive.

Eva Snow had come and let Ninny out of the closet long ago; and lots of people had been hunting ever since for Flaxie Frizzle. When the postmaster and the minister brought her home between them, Mrs. Gray was so very glad that she laughed and cried. Still she thought Flaxie ought to be punished.

"O mamma," said Miss Frizzle next morning, very much surprised to find herself tied by the clothes-line to a knob in the bay-window. "The men laughed to me, they did! Mr. Lame Jones, he said I was very cunning!"

But for all that, her mamma did not untie her till afternoon; and then Flaxie promised "honestly," not to run away again.

Would you trust her?



SALLY GREEN'S CLAM-BAKE PARTY.

BY NORA PERRY.

WHEN Sally Green came home from school three years ago, she brought with her a good many of the fancies and ideas that girls are very apt to bring from boarding-school. Her father called them "foolish notions," but at the same time he didn't "put his foot down" very hard upon them, and allowed Sally to have "her swing," as Sally's brother Tom declared, without much protest.

But by and by Sally proposed something that brought the foot down very emphatically. This was a party, a fashionable party, with Reed's quadrille band to be sent from the city, and all the other adjuncts of hot-house flowers, elaborate supper, and no end of German favors.

"It's of no use, Sally," Mr. Green replied to this plan. "In the first place I can't afford such parties; and I don't approve of them, anyway. Then I don't bring your mother down here to have such dissipated doings. She needs rest, Miss Sally, if you don't."

"But, papa, if I might only —"

"No use, Sally. I know all your argument. You'll take all the trouble, and all that. But if I liked it as well as you do I couldn't have it. I haven't got five hundred dollars, Sally, to spend for amusement."

"Five hundred dollars! Papa Green, what *are* you thinking of?"

Papa Green jotted down on the back of a letter

a detail of hard facts — a list of the luxuries which go to make up a fashionable party, and handed it over to Sally. Sally ran her eye over these items, and the big figures attached, and still looked incredulous; but Tom, coming in just then, Tom, who was always ready for any frolic, declared at once, upon examining the big figures, that of course you couldn't get up such a swell party less than five hundred dollars.

"Why, the party our class gave last year cost every cent of four hundred and fifty dollars, and we had a very poor show of flowers at that, Sally."

Sally knew then that *her* swell party must go under. The facts were too much for the fancy.

"Any small, unpretentious gathering, Sally, I'm perfectly willing you should have."

But Sally, remembering the visions she had conjured up of a forest of flowers and a quadrille band, did not receive this proposition of her father's with rapture, by any means.

One of Sally's "foolish notions" was that her father must be a rich man, because last year he had bought a pretty summer residence on the Narragansett Bay shore. Sally couldn't understand that it was a matter of economy — that it cost less to live in this manner under one's own vine and fig-tree — especially where the vine and fig-tree meant a productive vegetable garden — than it did to take the needed summer

change of air and scene junketting about at boarding-houses and hotels, where the rooms and the prices were of the most elevated description. Sally had always associated the grand sound of "summer residence" with a villa at Newport or a cottage at Long Branch. When she first saw the pretty, inexpensive house her father had purchased, the airy piazzas, the little filigree wood-work here and there, and the swinging pots of flowers, at once suggested to Sally an immense idea of future possibilities as to entertainments—garden parties and all that.

To Sally's inexperienced eye the showy filigree work, the airy piazzas, the airy rooms, the swinging pots of flowers, were all suggestive of Newport magnificences. And here was her first attempt at putting this suggestion into practical effect, nipped in the bud. The shadow of disappointment was on her face for a whole day. It might have lingered still longer but for Tom's brilliant idea.

He came home that very night, and flung it like a gay little sky-rocket at Sally's feet. And Sally jumped at it, a good deal as she might if it had been an actual rocket.

"Sally, I'll tell you what you can do," he said. "You can have a clam-bake party. It's just the thing on this shore. Gentlemen are constantly giving them from the shore club-houses, and I don't see why a lady shouldn't lead the way in one. Nicholas"—Nicholas was the hired man, a Rhode Islander, who had dug clams, and assisted in that great Rhode Island specialty, clam-baking, since he put on his first pair of boots—"Nicholas and one of his forty brothers will get it all up for you, and you can slip in the feminine fine-art touches, and so make a unique affair of it, that will beat the man parties out and out."

Sally forgot she was a proper young woman of seventeen as she jumped up from her chair and whirled Tom about in a wild waltz.

"Tom, you're a love!" she cried, as soon as she caught her breath. "I'll just make the prettiest, the most original party in the world. My 'prophetic soul' paints it now, in a vivid picture. I shall send out invitations written on tinted paper, with a clam-shell sketched in monogram. A day-party, too! everybody can come and go by boat from the city if they wish, and the carriage-comers can take their own time. O Tom, Tom! you've saved my life. Already

disappointment was 'preying like a worm i' the bud upon my damask cheek!'"

And with this gay travesty Sally fled to her mother to arrange other details.

"You can send out as many invitations as you care to write, Sally," said her father, pleasantly, when the project was laid before him. "An out-door party, as simple as a clam-bake party must be, doesn't involve much expense."

So Sally set herself at work over those unique invitations. Her pen flew, and the result was most artistic, for Sally's sole accomplishment, or talent, was this gift of sketching. Then her father got so interested he lent a hand and helped Nicholas Beane and "one of his forty brothers" to put up two or three long tables on the grass-plat at the west of the house. And over this a pretty awning was stretched, and Sally rummaged the neighborhood for flowers and vines to decorate both awnings and tables.

The day of the party turned out to be all that a day should be, clear and sunny, with a brisk breeze; and, at the early hour specified in the invitations, the guests began to arrive, most of them coming by some one of the numerous boats that ply up and down the river and bay.

There were half a dozen of Sally's recent school-mates who came up from Newport—Boston girls, who were in a great glee and curiosity over what they had heard so much of in Rhode Island. You see it was their first season at Newport, and they had not as yet been up to famous Rocky Point to a clam-bake.

But Sally drew in her breath when she saw that Milly Warde had her cousin Winthrop Warde with her, a Harvard student, who had the reputation of being very fastidious and very satirical. She had uncomfortable recollections of overhearing him call her "little Rhode Island" in a quizzical way once, and very likely he would make fun of her Rhode Island party when he went back to Newport.

"Well, let him," said Sally with sudden spirit, to herself.

"Win *would* come. He said he was sure you'd invite him if you had known he was visiting us," was Milly Warde's introductory, and Sally smiled and made the usual cordial response.

But she didn't at all like the way in which this elegant gentleman walked about, with that *amused*

look in his eyes, and the tone in which he would say, as he regarded the tables, the awnings, etc., "O, very pretty! Yes, very pretty — very neat."

If Mr. Howells' "Chance Acquaintance" had been written then, Sally would have called Mr. Winthrop Warde "Mr. Arbuton," in all probability; though it is doubtful if Mr. Arbuton would have condescended to amusement.

But Sally was fated to conquer everything on this day, not only her own annoyance, but the quizzical

spirit of this formidable Mr. Warde. Turning to him suddenly in the midst of his rather patronizing remarks, she said, with cool dignity, "If this is your first clam-bake, Mr. Warde, I suppose you would like to go down and see the manner in which it is prepared. I believe it is considered quite a curious sight, by strangers."

Mr. Warde assenting to this proposition, Sally led the way down the terrace steps to the back of the house, where Nicholas Beane and "one of his forty



"WE WILL COME UNDER THIS TREE," REMARKED SALLY, POLITELY."

brothers" were preparing the bake. They had already got the little oven of stones, which is simply a hollow space like a great bowl, built up, and the fire kindled within it was burning by this time to ashes.

"We will come under this tree, out of the sun, and wait a few moments, Mr. Warde, when you will see the whole operation," remarked Sally, politely.

The tables seemed to be turned, and it was Sally now who was patronizing. Mr. Warde followed meekly at Sally's bidding, and waited the specified

few moments, when, the fire reduced sufficiently, Nicholas Beane swept the little stone oven or cairn clear of ashes, and then flung in great heaps of freshly-dug clams, until the oven was completely filled. Over this a great pile of sea-weed was packed, and this covered at last with a rubber blanket. The fresh air, the smell of the fire, and the sea-weed, produced an out-door suggestiveness of freedom, a flavor of wild-wood life, so entirely apart from the conventionalisms of society that Sally forgot every other atmosphere

for the time, forgot she was on the defensive, as it were, with the elegant Mr. Warde, forgot, indeed, that there was any elegant Mr. Warde, so heartily did she enter into the spirit of nature.

In the meantime the guests were arriving in great force, and Sally, here and there and everywhere, was the very embodiment of a real girl—what Mrs. Whitney would most emphatically have pronounced one of her “real folks.” Her father, observing all this, thought that Sally was getting over her foolish notions—thought that if she *was* his daughter he might call her a very charming young woman.

And somebody else, observing all this, was not very far from making the same conclusion; somebody else, whom Sally had feared, as too fine and fashionable—but I am not going to anticipate. I’m not going to tell here all that this fine Mr. Warde thought and said of Sally. I am just going to tell now how they all trooped down to the great cairn covered with sea-weed and a rubber blanket, and watched Nicholas Beane uncover his treasures, smoking and savory and ready for the table.

In old days, say twenty years and more ago, it was quite *en vogue* to cluster about in the most rural picnic fashion upon the grass, and be served thus with the smoking clams; but in these days, if the out-door tables are not so rural, they are certainly more comfortable.

Sitting under the festooned awnings, the guests at Sally’s tables wore upon their faces not only a look of comfort, but of something beyond the mere physical content—they were entering into the sweet out-door atmosphere, the atmosphere of fields and woods and freedom. They did not miss the band of music here, for over their heads hundreds and hundreds of small musicians were on the wing, exchanging their sweetest notes.

“I never saw such a happy party,” said some one at Sally’s right hand.

Sally looked up in surprise, for the somebody was Mr. Warde. In that moment she remembered all the beginning of his visit, which had slipped her mind.

“O, Mr. Warde!”

“Yes, I know, Miss Sally, at the first you thought I was very disagreeable and supercilious, and—

and—”

“Making fun! Yes, I did!” cried Sally, impetuously.

A great, honest blush sprang to Mr. Ward’s face. “No, it wasn’t exactly that, Miss Sally, but I thought, when Milly showed me that very pretty card of invitation, that it was to be one of those affected, swell affairs, you know; a garden party, with a lot of fine clothes all out of place, and a band of music, and the rest of it. I was rather staggered when I met you in this simple white pique, and—and—well, I went on being staggered in all my preconceived notions, and now I think it is the prettiest party and the most enjoyable that I ever attended, and I do hope you’ll forgive me, Miss Sally.”

Quite humbly this was said, in Sally’s ear. Sally laughed.

“O, Mr. Warde, it *is* so funny, the whole of it. I *did* want the big party, half a garden party and half an evening party, with a German, and a quadrille band, and hot-house flowers, and no end of fine things. But papa couldn’t afford it, and Tom saved my life”—here Sally dimpled again—“by proposing a clam-bake, and I made it as pretty as I could without spoiling its simplicity. And when you came I thought you were making fun of the very simplicity, for I thought you were a—a—”

“A disagreeable swell myself; it’s only fair I should help you out as you helped me, Miss Sally;” and then they both laughed as only people can laugh out of doors under the blue sky.

It was after this that Sally began to teach Mr. Warde to eat clams, that extremely comical and extremely difficult—as far as deftness and grace is concerned—accomplishment, which yearly affords the Rhode Islander, to the manner born, such infinite jest and amusement. It is a good deal on the Jack Horner principle. Jack “put in his thumb and pulled out a plum.” And so the Rhode Islander turns back the already-loosened shell, and takes delicately with the thumb and finger, *his* plum, to wit, the succulent clam. But no written or verbal description can convey to the novice any idea of this part of the programme. All the curious, who seek knowledge in this direction, must make it a personal experience, as Mr. Warde did. And they must be sure to take their first lesson from some charming girl like Sally Green.

But a clam-bake doesn’t mean only a feast of clams. After the clams comes the chowder, and after the chowder, at Sally’s party, came in what Tom called

the fine arts, the coffee, and a little dessert of cakes and strawberries, for it was in June, and strawberries were in their plentiful season.

And the result of all this was such a success, such an unique union of out-door unpretentiousness with taste and beauty that, from that day to this, ladies on the Rhode Island shore have vied with each other in modeling their summer gatherings upon Sally Green's clam-bake party.

And Sally dates a great deal of happiness, that came to her afterwards, from this very party. The other day I heard her saying to a young friend of hers, who was fretting about the hard times, and moaning and lamenting because she couldn't indulge in a great, gay party such as she had been allowed to give in the "better times":

"My dear, it's all stuff about big parties that follow in the beaten track of fashion, these swell efforts that cost no end of money. People don't like you a bit better for them, and they don't have half so good

a time as at the simple, informal parties. I know, for I thought just as you do, once, and was miserable because my father couldn't afford to let me give one of these five-hundred-dollar affairs. But when I came to try another thing—the simplest sort of thing, a clam-bake that cost just nothing to speak of, I learned a lesson, for I found out that people don't like beaten tracks, and that they respect you for going out of them in such matters as these, ten times as much as for your staying in them when you can't afford it. I know that I made friends I should never have made if I had followed the beaten track," and Sally smiled, a little, soft smile, and blushed a little, tender blush at her own words, and all the memories they brought up to her.

Next year Sally intends to give another clam-bake party — on her own grounds; and that "fine gentleman," Mr. Warde, will be the host — which information, I think, explains quite plainly enough that little soft smile, and that little, tender blush.

" VALENTINES."

BY MARY C. BARTLETT.

JOHNNY wanted to send Eben a "valentine," so, just before mamma went away she took him over to Miss Margery Dean's store, and, after much deliberation, and a careful consideration of their relative beauties, he selected "the very most *magernificent* one of them all."

"There are a boy on it, and yellow holes, and butterflies," he said, enthusiastically, to Aunt Betsey, upon his return home. "And it only *costed* just but five cents."

"Cheap enough!" replied Aunt Betsey, taking it in her hand. "And — bless my heart! here's reading, too."

"Is it!" exclaimed delighted Johnny.

Aunt Betsey read —

"We can't always be
Together here,
So kiss me quick
And go, my dear."

Johnny laughed, then suddenly became grave.

"Eben mustn't see it yet," said he, seriously.

"Why not?"

"'Cause he mustn't. To-morrow's the day. Bridget says so."

"O!"

"Where can it be put?"

"In the lower drawer, there. Eben never goes to that bureau."

Johnny opened the drawer and deposited the valentine within, not, however, without many longing, lingering glances, and one very significant remark:

"P'raps somebody might send *me* a valentine, Aunt Betsey. If they did I should be glad."

"Like as not they will!" replied Aunt Betsey.

Johnny shut the drawer and went down-stairs. Soon a pair of smaller feet came patting, patting through the hall, and baby Eben, with tumbled hair and flushed cheeks, walked slowly into the room.

He had just taken his daily journey to the "Land of Nod," and apparently had not enjoyed the trip, for he scowled ominously.

"Come here, Eben," said Aunt Betsey, soothingly, laying aside her work.

Eben shook his head so emphatically that a few stray locks flew into his eyes, at which he scowled more fiercely than ever.

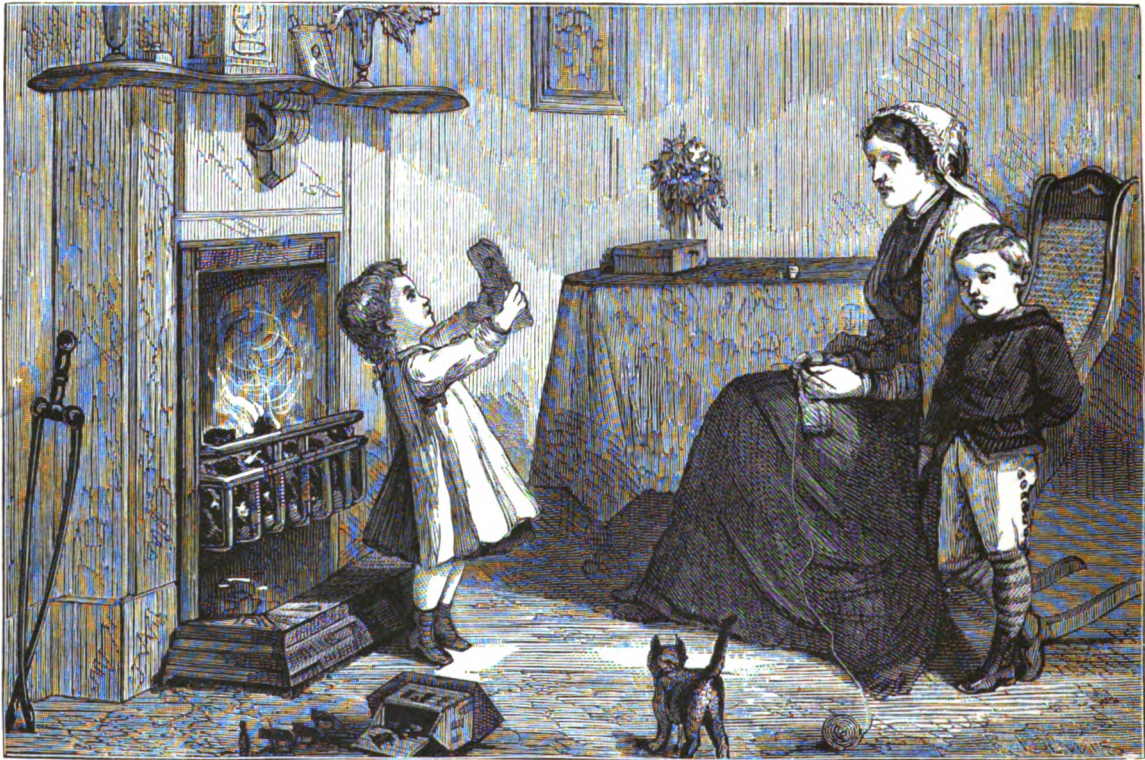
"Come, Eben, come to auntie."

He shook the stray locks out again, his decision

being like the laws of the Medes and Persians, irrevocable.

"Very well," and Aunt Betsey resumed her work.

Why Eben's little feet should have carried him straight to the forbidden drawer we know not. Aunt Betsey's solution of the mystery is the only one that occurs to us at present. Hearing a low chuckle of delight she looked in the direction whence it came, and her astonished eyes beheld her small grand-



"O-o-o-o-o!" SAID EBEN."

nephew gazing ecstatically at the valentine, which he held in his hand.

"Mercy on us! The child's possessed!"

That was all she said, but the bright-colored paper was taken from Eben's hand so quickly that the poor little fellow's breath came very near going with it. And, before he could recover it sufficiently to give the cry which he felt that such an indignity demanded, his baby eyes were attracted by the singular behavior of his brother who came in just at this moment to take a sly look at his treasure.

Johnny's face expressed the most unqualified anxiety. His gray eyes looked larger than ever as they went from Eben to the drawer, and then back again from the drawer to Eben.

"Don't stay there, Eben! Come over this side!" said he, beckoning frantically with his small hand.

Eben didn't stir.

"You'd better get right up from so near that bureau, Eben, *bettern't* he, Aunt Betsey?"

"Show him the pictures in my Bible," said Aunt Betsey, calmly.

Johnny took the book from the shelf.

"Come here, Ebbie, that's a good boy, and I'll show you where Noah *cated* up the lions."

Aunt Betsey groaned.

"Why, John Norris! How you do forget. Noah built the *ark*. Don't you remember about the flood?"

"Yes'm. Eben's got 'em all. Go get your Noah's ark, Eben! Brother'll stand 'em up. Brother'll stand up the big *epherlant* if you'll get 'em."

The baby trotted off to the nursery. In his absence Aunt Betsey took occasion to whisper a word of warning in her nephew's ear.

"I'm afraid that drawer isn't a *very* good place for the valentine, Johnny. Eben's getting pretty strong now — he might open it."

Johnny rushed excitedly to the drawer, and seized the precious paper.

"What'll we do with it?" he cried, his little fingers trembling with eagerness. "Quick! quick! He's coming back fast as anything!"

Aunt Betsey opened an ebony box which stood upon her bureau, and the valentine was laid carefully inside. Did Eben's sharp ears hear the little click of the lock as she turned the small key therein? If so, their owner gave no sign.

He toddled in with his Noah's ark, and turned it upside down as was his wont, tumbling out men, women and beasts, — all in a heap.

"Now," said Johnny, seriously, "I'll stand 'em all up if you won't *never* go near that black box on Aunt Betsey's bureau. You wouldn't do such a thing, would you, Eben?"

Eben signified by a solemn shake of the head his determination *never to do such a thing*, and the two children played happily together for half an hour. At the end of that time both were ready for something new. So Johnny announced his intention of racing awhile with Ponto in the yard, and Eben stationed himself in a chair at the window to witness the sport.

Aunt Betsey watched him from time to time, and, as he betrayed no disposition to descend from his elevation, either for the purpose of breaking his neck, or for the unlawful investigation of hidden mysteries, she decided to leave him for a moment while she "took a run" down to the kitchen below, to convince herself that Bridget had not forgotten the muffins for supper.

She was gone about two minutes and a half. When she returned, Eben, indeed, stood upon the chair as before, but the chair had been pushed over to the bureau. The ebony box was open, and the baby's bright eyes were inspecting the boy, the butterflies, and the pretty yellow holes of the "*most magnificent valentine!*"

"*Ivum!*" ejaculated Aunt Betsey.

"O-o-o-o-o!" chuckled Eben.

"Give the pretty paper to auntie, — there's a good boy!"

He shook his head.

"Let auntie see it, — *please!*"

No response.

"Little rascal!" murmured Aunt Betsey.

"O-o-o-o-o-o!" crowed the baby again.

"I *hate* to take it away," said Aunt Betsey to herself, "but — somebody must have a tantrum, Ebbie, and it had better be you than John. Here he comes, now. Give the paper to auntie this minute!"

Eben resisted manfully, but all to no purpose. He was finally obliged to succumb to Aunt Betsey's superior strength, and his poor little heart was almost broken as he saw the gay valentine disappear again into the depths of the ugly black box. He opened his mouth and screamed at the top of his little voice.

"It's tough work fighting babies, isn't it, Eben?" said Aunt Betsey. "There! there! there! Let's go and see how Mrs. Noah is getting along."

But Eben did not care for Mrs. Noah, or for any member of her numerous family. He cried lustily, not even stopping to look at Johnny, who entered just then.

"What's the matter of him?"

"I took something away, and he doesn't like it. There, there, there, there!" Come with auntie and look at the pictures."

But Eben didn't want to see the pictures.

"I wish he'd stop, don't you, Aunt Betsey?"

"Yes, I'm sure I do."

"I'm going to give you somefin' to-morrow, Ebbie, somefin' pretty. Would you tell him 'twas a valentine, auntie?"

"No, I wouldn't. I'd go and get Ponto. He'll make him feel better, I know."

Ponto and Eben were fast friends. No sooner did the dog show his shaggy head inside the door, than

the baby's screams became fainter. Gradually they ceased altogether, and, ten minutes afterward he was romping as merrily with his clumsy playfellow as if he had never even *thought* of a valentine.

The "lines of the tears," as Johnny called them, were still upon his cheeks, however, and Aunt Betsey feared that the memory of his grief had only been coaxed away for a time, and would be liable to return at any moment.

So, while he was still playing with Ponto, she beckoned Johnny to her, and said, quietly, "That box doesn't seem to be the *best place in the world*, either, John. Eben *might* get to it, you know."

"Might he?"

"Yes. You'd better put it somewhere in the spare chamber."

"In the closet?"

"Yes."

"On the toppest shelf?"

"No, indeed! You'd break your bones. Open the little door underneath, and put it between the sheets."

Johnny took the valentine and walked off, with an important little air. "You'll be glad when to-morrow comes," said he, as he passed his unconscious little brother, "won't he, Aunt Betsey?"

"I hope so; but you'd better run along. Don't, for mercy's sake, let him spy that paper."

Johnny did run along. Acting upon Aunt Betsey's suggestion he deposited his valentine in the very depths of a pile of sheets, and there it rested, undisturbed, until the next morning, when, at an incredibly early hour it was presented to delighted Eben by his equally delighted brother.

"That's for you, Eben," said he.

Eben laughed.

"You didn't never see it before, did you?"

"O-o-o-o-o!" said Eben.

"You *didn't*, did you?"

No reply.

"If you *did* see it you must bow your head *so*," said Johnny, illustrating by a series of nods; "and if you *didn't* see it, you must shake it *so*!" moving his own flaxen pate vigorously from side to side.

Eben nodded energetically several times.

"O Eben! *Did* you see it?"

Eben shook his head with great gusto.

"That means that you *didn't* see it, don't it?"

Eben nodded again, then shook his head; repeating the performance a great many times, and showing all his pearly teeth in a burst of baby laughter.

"He won't tell me," said poor Johnny, in a grieved tone. "He answers both ways, Aunt Betsey."

"He *has* told you as well as he can, Johnny. I wouldn't ask him again. Hark! isn't that the door-bell? Who *can* be coming here so early in the morning?"

Johnny rushed down to "help Bridget" open the door, and soon returned, bringing in his hand a white envelope, in one corner of which a pair of little doves appeared to be cooing lovingly.

"It's a valentine! it's a valentine!" he cried, jumping up and down in his delight. "Get it out, *quick*; auntie!"

It was indeed a "valentine," and quite as "mager-nificent" a one as Eben's.

"Here's a boy—with a hat on—and a girl, all green,—and yellow canary birds—and red holes! O Aunt Betsey! isn't it *egerlant*?"

Aunt Betsey pronounced it very "egerlant" indeed. "And here's a verse," said she, looking inside.

"Read it! read it!" cried impatient Johnny.

Aunt Betsey read:

"One who loves you
Sends you this,
With kindest wishes
And a kiss."

"I'll send *them* a kiss, too," said Johnny, gratefully.

"Suppose you give me one first," remarked Aunt Betsey. "I haven't had my 'good-morning' yet."

Johnny threw his plump little arms about her neck, and pressed his lips again and again to her wrinkled cheek. "I love you *pretty much*," said he, "but whoever sended me that valentine,—I love them—best of everybody!"

Aunt Betsey smiled.

HOW THE BOYS WOKE HIM.

A FOURTH OF JULY STORY

BY CHARLES STUART PRATT.

UP the valley, through the misty twilight stillness, float whistled notes. Now the light shifting breeze sweeps them aside, and again bears them up the river-way, each moment clearer, until "Hail Columbia's" martial strains ring bravely out. The very night-calm thrills and quivers.

Gwin Halsted's soul, just now, is in that whistle.

Hark — another! Yes — Bob. No one else could send "Yankee Doodle" dancing, singing down the hills in that way.

Again — and again — down the valley, past the mill, and from over the east hill, the old war songs come throbbing from boyish throats.

Feet keep step to music, and

"Tramp, tramp, tramp,
The boys come marching,"

on, on, across the fields, up the hillside, and all toward the old pine tree.

And hear the blending of voices and whistled notes — how they touch and weave and swell in a strange mixed chorus of patriotism — boyish patriotism.

That pine tree on the hillside, where solos always end in chorus, is a bosom friend of the boys. Not one in all the region but bears the stamp of its turpentine seal. There are massive oaks, broad and branching, on either hand, but no boy confides in them. Perhaps its singular, wide-limbed growth, so unlike the tall, pinnaced pines of the region, has enticed the boys to fill its open arms with rude platforms of seats. Perhaps the eternal twilight of its dense foliage meets, in some mystic way, that tinge of exquisite romance in the boyish heart.

But be that as it may, the summer twilights there have always echoed with songs and laughter and glad voices, or hushed at the silence of whispered secrets — and sometimes, as I know, shivered at the bold dark fancies of these same boys.

But on this eve of the one great day of the American year, they clasp fraternal hands at the end of the chorus, and cheer the gay brave flag that Bob is just flinging free from the upper greenness.

"Come up," he shouts, "up to the sky parlor!"

"Aye, aye," answer the boys, and with various flying springs they seize the lower limbs and swing themselves lightly to their airy perches.

And the pow-wow begins.

"Got your crackers and rockets, Gwin?"

"Long ago; and after six weeks' teasing I've got that big horse-pistol of Grif, and a horn of powder. Just have some cotton handy, boys, for a double charge is ear-splitting, I tell you."

"And Toot's trumpet — did you get the colossus made?"

"Yes (confound the tinman!), but nothing less than the blacksmith's bellows could ever blow it!"

"See here, I tell you," says Bob, with a little yell, "we might fit it to the steam whistle at the mill — 'twould wake every sleeper in the valley, sure!"

"And how the brass band shriekers would tear their hair!"

A chorus-yell of laughter greets this prospect.

"Capital! The very thing! Bob and I'll look after that. We'll let her shriek at twelve o'clock, to a second!"

"Yes," says Bob, "and send a stream of sound down the valley bigger than Sandy River in a spring freshet."

Then various other Fourth of July festivities are planned — the tar-barrel bonfire on the east hill, a boat race, and the swimming match at Blue Ledge on the Sandy.

"And now about the bells," says Tom; "you'll be at the church on time, Gwin?"

"That depends. What do you call 'on time'?"

"Why, midnight, of course."

"Well, I don't know," says Gwin, carelessly, drop-

ping his lids none too soon over the dancing brown orbs.

He is met by a perfect clamor — "Don't know?" "Why not?"

"Well, I *don't* see the good of a fellow's getting up at midnight, and pulling a confounded bell-rope till sunrise! I'd rather sleep."

The boys surge and clamor the more at this. Any one else would be hissed as traitor, and tumbled down from the sky parlor to the basement. But Gwin is a leader, and no one dares pick up the gauntlet. And after a little the pow-wow breaks up, to the stirring strains of "Hold the Fort."

At the foot of the hill Gwin's path led away from the others, and the moment he had turned the corner down sat those boys in a solemn consultation over his strange freak. The end was a vow, to be fulfilled before the next dawn.

Gwin sauntered home with a queer smile curling his lips, and a sparkle of mischief in his brown eyes.

"They'll be here, of course. I should, myself."

Before going in, he walked round under the window of his room, and made certain final mysterious arrangements—and the swaying vines heard something about "a prodigious joke!"

When he reached his room he tumbled on the lounge, and had another little talk with himself.

"Rather neatly managed, that's a fact. Didn't know *what* to think of you, did they, Gwin Halsted? Well, just wait a bit, and we'll enlighten them, won't we, old fellow?" and Gwin chuckled and shook with suppressed mirth.

"Well, they won't be here till after midnight — and I shall be sure to hear that old fog-horn — that and the bells would wake the very scare-crows! So I s'pose a fellow may as well turn in for a few hours." Saying which he kicked his boots off, and across the room, squirmed out of his clothes, and in two minutes slept like the night-hush of the valley.

O, the calm of that still darkness! The very trees slept, and the breezes held their breath. Once only did a mother-bird chirp, and trill a low dream-song. The moon waned silently into the west, and faded away in the shadow of the horizon pines.

Sudden, crashing through the night-calm, come the church-bell's heavy tones, and up from the mill, like lightning for their thunder, hurtles the long-drawn, shuddering shriek of the giant horn. Hark to the

quick rattle of guns, the roll of drums, the blending in tumultuous swell! The breezes wake, the winds hold noisy revel, and for an hour sweep the tempest-clangor over the valley and echoing off among the hills. Yes, it is Independence morning this minute.

Again the night-hush flows back over the valley.

Gwin, sound asleep, sprang up startled at the first sound, and then, laughing at himself, fell back among the pillows, and quivered and shook again at the thought of the boys pulling and tugging at the old bell-rope, and yet again at the prospect of his prodigious joke.

By and by, when he knew the first act of the night-drama must be well ended, he slid out of bed, and in two minutes had squirmed back into his clothes.

Then he did something that made the stars wink and blink in the funniest of ways.

He went back to the bed and got his long white night-gown, and in another minute had squirmed into that — clothes, boots and all. Then he laid a match carefully by the candle — he meant mischief with that candle — threw himself comfortably into a chair by the low window, and — awaited developments.

For a time all was silent. But at last his quick ear caught up the sound of far-away, muffled steps crossing the bridge.

"Coming — was sure they would — no boy was ever let sleep Fourth morning in this town — but I'm ready — full dress reception!" and Gwin smoothed his white robe, and laughed under breath.

And then time went on again.

Hush, now! Yes, the crack of a fence-rail! The boys, somewhere in the darkness, are evidently climbing over into the fields. The grass is less tell-tale even than the sandy road.

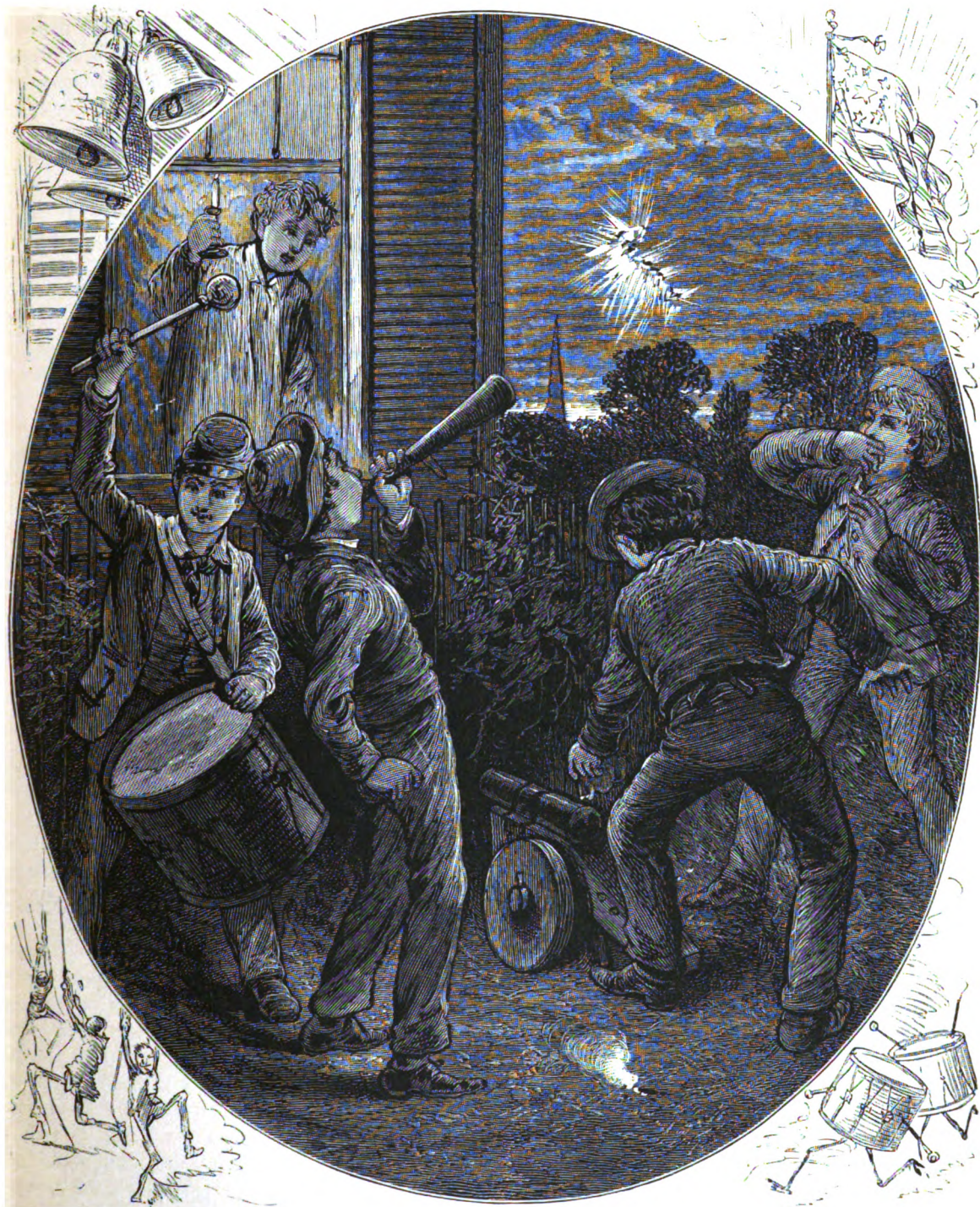
At last Gwin, his eyes grown dark and large with peering into the night, becomes conscious of dark shadows slowly stealing toward the house.

Siz, flash, ping! An accidental pistol discharge! And the quick echoes dance trippingly off over the valley tree-tops.

The shadows stop, motionless, waver a moment, then sink and fade down in the deep grasses.

And for a half hour the silence is utter, breathless.

"Waiting for you to fall asleep again, Gwin — aren't they, old fellow?" mutters the white-robed boy to himself, between half-smothered outbursts of



HOW THE BOYS WOKE HIM.

mirth. It is so deliciously jolly to lounge there in an easy-chair, and picture those tired shadows prone among the grasses, trembling lest the slumber of their victim has been disturbed.

After awhile he fancies the low ghosts of whispers that pass from one to another along the line. And at length he is sure they *are* slowly, silently, steadily lessening the distance between.

Gwin can see like an owl now, and all at once, close at hand, he traces the outlines of a boy—yes, another, and another, take form out of the gloom and glide behind the shrubbery. There must be a dozen of them.

He thrills at the near crisis.

But the plotters are cautious. No sound of their unseen preparations steals through the dense leafage.

Once only does Gwin note the fire-fly flash of a lucifer.

"Lighting their slow-matches! Well, I'm ready for fun!" he says to himself, and glides to the table for his candle.

Slow tick the moments by. Little exquisite tingles fly quick quivering along every nerve.

But see—the shadows!

Swift, noiseless as mist creeping up the valley, they come—nearer—nearer—close under the window!

Gwin is conscious of an instant pause—a white signal-flutter—and then, flash! *bang!* CRASH-CRASH-CRASH! The windows rattle, the tense air, jarred, vibrates with tempest-echoes, swelled by a dozen dozen yells, and pierced through by the comet-shriek of the horn.

Silence.

The boys wait—wait in a hush of expectancy.

A moment later they catch the gleam of light within, and presently night-gowned Gwin, hair tangled, and face drowsy as with late slumber, appears at the window, candle in hand.

"A—ah—what—'s up?" he drawls, sleepily rubbing his eyes.

The boys take this as assurance of their triumph.

"*You are!*" "*You!*" "*Gwin!*" "*Gwin Halsted!*"

And again and again the din of yells and laughter and cheers, climaxed by the five-pounder and the wild reveille of drums, mobs his ears.

But a smile twinkles across Gwin's face, and in the

mid-uproar he carelessly lets fall his candle from the window.

That falling candle—a light puff down in the grass—and lo! quick, scintillant, sinuous gleams of light run along the ground to the house, the fence, the shrubbery—yes, like serpents, out between the very feet of the astonished boys to the clumps of bushes beyond.

Instantly, edges of the outer gloom are tinged with strange lights. Crimson and white and azure glow, intense, around the line. Dense clouds of smoke, weirdly tinted, billow starward and dome over the scene, shutting out the night, shutting in the boys and the dazzling brilliancy of great iridescent lights.

The would-be wakers are the wakened. Startled at the marvelous mystery, the fire enchantment, they stand silent, in wide-eyed, dumb amaze.

Not one of them has spoken, when, sudden, to left, to right, up from the greenness, with a mighty storm-swish, sky-rockets soar their bright serpentine trails into the upper blackness.

The house-side is a maelstrom of swirling, fiery spray. The fence pickets are Roman candles, explosive, emittant, shooting up into the night their tri-colored globes.

Behind, jar! boom! and a bomb spins into the air with Titanic hum, explodes, and rains down through the vibrant smoke-dome a golden, meteoric shower!

Gwin's moment has come.

He tears off his night-robe, and with a flying leap from the window comes down through the smoke into the very mid-brightness, hatted, booted.

The boys start back! *They rub their eyes*—till his resistless peal of laughter flashes over them the whole prodigious joke—and with it a tinge of chagrin—chagrin at utter defeat in the height of triumph.

Loyal Bob is first to gain self-poise. "Gwin forever!" he cries. "Cheers! cheers for Gwin!"

The boys chorus the cry with a will. They crowd as of old round their wide-awake leader—what is it, after all, but the best of jokes to be out-joked by him?—yes, " 'Rah! 'rah! 'rah for Gwin!"

And Gwin flings high his hat with the rest—he cheers the rare fun:

" 'Rah for the Fourth! Come on, boys! I'm with you! Back to the church—time for the sunrise ringing of bells!"

SALLY'S SEVEN-LEAGUE SHOES.

BY MRS. LIZZIE W. CHAMPNEY.

DID you never hear the story of Sally Colman's shoes?

Why, they went far ahead of Jack's seven-league boots! They walked all the way from Hatfield, Massachusetts, to Canada and back, walking straight over Lake Champlain without sinking—they were bound with silk from Paris and threaded with deer's sinew from the forest, and soled with leather from England, and the red serge uppers came by way of New Amsterdam, straight from Holland, and with all the rough usage to which they were put they have lasted two hundred years and are not quite worn out yet; indeed it is very possible that they may last twice two hundred years longer. Now, is not that wonderful? And the most wonderful thing about the story is—that it is quite true.

One bright morning early in September, 1677, little Sally Colman sat on the counter of the Hatfield store swinging her feet complacently, and not a little proud of the new pair of red shoes which the shopkeeper had just fitted to them. She was on the point of jumping down and running home, when Mistress Delight Crowninshield, a young lady of great consequence from Boston, who had been visiting relatives in Hatfield that summer, inquired of the shopkeeper, who was also the postmaster, for her mail. Little Sally Colman watched her with great awe, as she received from deferential hands a brown paper parcel heavily besplashed with huge red seals.

"They are my slippers!" exclaimed Mistress Delight in a tone of vexation, as she tore open the parcel, "and just too late for the husking frolic at Benoni Stebbins' barn!"

She placed the dainty slippers on the counter and looked at them regretfully; and Sally, as her round, young eyes noted their French heels and the delicate roseate hue of the silk, with the sparkle of the small paste-buckles on the instep, thought she had never seen anything half so lovely in all her short life, and looked down with diminished pride at her own heel-

less, stout-soled little boots with their red serge uppers and waxed-end ties.

"After all," sighed Mistress Crowninshield, "perhaps it is quite for the best. I should certainly have split them dancing, 'I'll be married in my old clothes,' on that rough plank floor, and now I shall have them fresh for Boston, for I am going back to-morrow, and who knows what flowery paths they may lead me in? Good bye, little Sally—so you have a pair of new shoes, too! Almost as big as mine, as stout and strong as you are, and as red as your own cheeks, while mine are only bits of silken flimsiness like myself. Their histories, if anybody could write them, will doubtless be much like our own lives. Yours will probably last long and finally be stubbed out among the huckleberries and the dandelions, and mine will grow faded and shabby to the squeak of fiddlers and the glare of sconces, and they will both be buried in Nature's rag-bag and be alike forgotten."

Goodman Plympton, who liked to listen to Mistress Delight's playful chatter, shook his head gravely at this speech.

"Nay, Mistress Crowninshield," he said, "I have known the most humble raiment to be treasured carefully from generation to generation, long after the whilom owners thereof had perished, in memory of some noble deed which they had done in their lifetime, and which forbade that they should ever be forgotten."

"We have my grandfather's soiled gauntlets, for he fought with Cromwell," said Mistress Delight.

"And mother has wrapped in fine white paper the sprigged veil which my grandmother made and wore," said little Sally.

"Yea," replied Goodman Plimpton, "your grandmother was a French Huguenot. The veil is but a bit of silken flimsiness, of a piece with your slippers, Mistress Delight, but it has endured, for it holds within it something of the grace and loveliness of the wearer and maker, for it is written that though all things else vanish away, yet love abideth. And the

gloves of your grandfather, though rough and uncomely, yet speak a stout heart and noble deeds, and these cannot die, fair Mistress Delight."

Delight Crowninshield went to Boston, and the peach-blossom tinted slippers graced her feet at all of



MISTRESS DELIGHT MORALIZES.

the few merry-makings in which the prim little town indulged. At one of these she met a young Frenchman from Quebec, an officer under the great Count Frontenac, who was in Boston on business of his command. This officer thought he had never seen anyone as beautiful as Delight Crowninshield, and during his stay in Boston he was constantly at her side.

One day as they were walking in Frog Lane, now Boylston street, Delight found that she had lost one of her paste shoe-buckles, and that she would soon lose the slipper also, if it were not replaced.

They stepped into a shop, and the Frenchman bought a buckle and, dropping on one knee, placed Delight's little foot on the other while he fastened the slipper snugly for her. But Boston mud in Frog Lane then was quite as bad as Boston mud in Boylston street now, and when Delight removed her foot the print of her sole was startlingly visible on the French officer's fine white broadcloth knee-breeches.

"I fear me it will not come off," said Delight, ruefully.

"Then let it remain," replied the gallant Frenchman. "I shall guard it as the proudest decoration I

possess until the day that I can claim little foot and little body as my own."

Wooings were rather more stately and lengthy things in those days than now, and the French officer was obliged to go back to Quebec wearing a new pair of knee-breeches, the stained ones folded away in his chest, and only the vague assurance that he might claim Mistress Delight as his bride when it was plainly proved that he deserved her.

He had scarcely gone when very sorrowful news was heard from Hatfield. The Indians had made a descent upon the town, had burned, and pillaged, and murdered, and carried away captive. Little Sally Colman's mother was killed and Sally herself carried to Canada.

Poor little Sally! She had been rudely waked up that chill autumn morning by glare of fire and shrieks and horrid yells, but as she was dragged out of the burning house she caught at the objects dearest to her heart—her new red shoes. Many a weary mile the little captive trudged meekly, uncomplainingly, until the heart of even her Indian captor was touched, and he lifted her to his shoulders as they strode through the thick underbrush.

Often the straggling band would be separated, and then they kept near each other by uttering hideous noises; hooting like screech-owls, or howling like wolves. When Sally heard these sounds she would start with fright, and cling to Painted Arrow's neck; until the savage, seeing how she trusted in him for protection, answered her confidence with every kindness in his power to grant.

When they climbed the steep mountains he placed her on one of the horses behind one of the two ugly-faced squaws who accompanied the party, and when she trembled with the quivering of the frail birch-bark canoe, in which they crossed the Connecticut, he leaped into the deadly-cold water and followed her, swimming by its side and steadying it now and then with his hand.

They crossed the river several times, keeping it between them and the English settlements as they travelled northward. The Indians hunted as they went, and Painted Arrow always shared his portion with little Sally, who learned to consider a roasted bear's paw a great delicacy. Once they had huckleberries which the squaws gathered; but in getting them the squaws lost Benoni Stebbins, whom they had taken

with them to carry the full baskets, and Benoni, making his way back to Hatfield, told their friends at home of their sufferings and put stout-hearted pursuers upon their track.

The Indians toiled over the Green Mountains and reached Lake Champlain only to find it frozen. Here they made sledges, and Painted Arrow placed Sally and little Samuel Russell, who had been taken captive at Deerfield, on one of these and tucking them in with skins and his own blanket drew them over the ice. But in spite of his care the boy died, and when they reached Chamblee some of the more cruel Indians burned Goodman Plympton at the stake.

It was Christmas time when they reached Sorel, a French garrison on the St. Lawrence river, and here Sally and the other captives were sold as slaves to the French settlers. The French masters were kinder to them than their Indian ones had been, and Sally attended the Christmas service at the little Jesuit church, thankful at heart that the perilous journey was accomplished.

After service there was a Christmas dinner such as Sally had never tasted, for her master, Jean Poitevin, had been a prince of cooks in his native land, and he donned a white apron and paper cap and served up a dinner that would have done honor to a Parisian restaurant. In the first place there was a delicious soup made of the legs and head of a rooster, an onion, a carrot cut in fancy pieces, a bouquet of different kinds of herbs, and a piece of garlic. Then there was *gibelotte de lapin*, a rabbit stewed in a delicious black sauce. This was accompanied by blocks of bread cut from a loaf about as long as Jean Poitevin's arm.

Next came the rooster served with little mushrooms all around him, big ones tucked under his wings and a button-hole-knot of them on his breast. After this Sally helped Madam Poitevin to clear away the meats, and the family attacked the desert which had all along ornamented the central part of the table, and consisted of a temple of maccaroons marvellously iced and decorated, six little pots of six different kinds of preserves, and some very black coffee.

Poor little Sally! The kindness of her new owners was quite as bad for her as the severity of the Indians, and the varied bill of fare, after her scanty diet of bear's-paws and acorns, made her very ill. Madame Poitevin nursed her very kindly, and mended her little red shoes, which had become very ragged with the

long march. The Indians had replaced the shoe-strings by deer-sinews, and Madame Poitevin bound the worn edge with a ribbon which she had brought with her from France. Then she took out her lace pillow, and Sally, as she watched the growth of the frost-like sprays, thought of her grandmother's sprigged veil which lasted so long, and of Goodman Plympton's words—"Love endureth." By her loving ways and gentle, obedient behavior she won the Poitevins' hearts; but in spite of their kindness the tears would often well to her eyes, and she would sob:

"Father, father, shall I ever see you and dear old Hatfield again?"

And ever since the return of Benoni Stebbins, Sally's father and the good Hatfield people generally had been doing their best for the rescue of their kidnapped neighbors. Benjamin Wait and Stephen Jennings, whose wives had been carried away, were most forward of all. They went to Albany and tried to obtain soldiers to follow the Indians. But instead of being helped they were hindered, for the Dutch and Yankees were not very friendly at this time, and they were thrown into prison for a



IN FROG LANE, BOSTON.

while, so that it was not until December that these two brave men, with only a friendly Mohawk Indian for a guide, set out for Canada.

When Delight Crowninshield heard of this expedition it struck her that perhaps she could do something to help it along, and seizing her father's stubby



ON THE WAY TO CANADA.

SALLY'S SEVEN-LEAGUE SHOES.

goose-quill, she wrote the following quaint letter to the French officer who had carried away the print of her small foot on his knee and heart :

RESP'D SIR : There has been an incursion of ye barbarous salvages who have captivated many of ye people of Hatfield leading them away to Canada. Certain of our people, Benjamin Wait and Stephen Jenning, are now on their way to Quebec to obtain the deliverance of the same, which if thou canst affect or aid through thy influence with thy master, the great Governor Fontinac, thou mayest make any demand upon my kindness which thou seest fit. In witness whereof I hereto set my hand and seal this 15th day of November, 1676.

DELIGHT CROWNINSHIELD.

The seal which the little witch affixed was two drops of black sealing wax, artfully managed to resemble the print of a slipper.

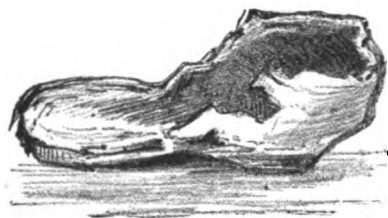
This was enough. When the Hatfield ambassadors reached Quebec they were brought at once before Frontenac, and the release of all the captives ordered. A guard of French soldiers was also granted to convey them safely to Hatfield.

They set out on their homeward journey the middle of April and arrived in the early summer, little Sally still wearing the remnants of her seven-league shoes — two very worn soles with little of the scarlet uppers and a frayed morsel of French ribbon left, each clinging to the ankle only by a string of stout deer's sinew.

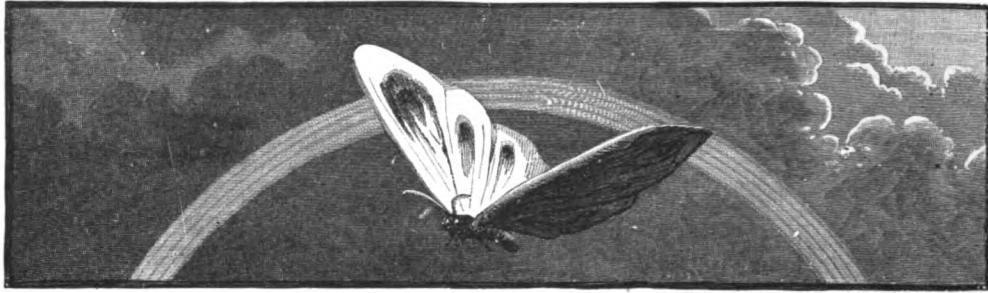
The young French officer, who you may be sure formed one of the guard, quickly made an exchange of prisoners, for though he returned Sally to her home, he carried Delight back with him to Quebec in a far more "captivated" condition than any of the prisoners taken by the Indians. And Madame Delight's first wifely duty was to scour long and earnestly a spot of Boston mud left on a pair of her husband's white knee-breeches. But the mud had been left untouched so long that it never thoroughly came out ; and the gallant French officer told the story of the half effaced footprint many times amidst the applause of his comrades and even of Count Frontenac himself.

You can see one of Sally's red shoes to-day in the museum of the Memorial Association at Deerfield — the little shoe that trudged to Canada and back, and has lasted, unlike most children's shoes, over two hundred years. The other is in the collection at the Old South Church in Boston, and was referred to in the *WIDE AWAKE* for July, 1879, in an article entitled "The Children's Hour at the Old South."

That "Love endureth," though slipper-prints fade and shoes wear out, and that patient submission will conquer in the end, is the lesson of Sally's little shoes.



THE LITTLE RED SHOE AT THE OLD SOUTH.



THE BOYS OF BRIMSTONE COURT.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

FETH, thin I'll not desave yez !
It's mesilf as began it.

There's a chap I know, his name's O'Flaherty, says *he* done it ; an' there's Jeemes O'Brien an' Crooked Pat told the woman to the Mission it was thimsilves, bein' as Pat see it in the pepper wich he went into the trade for a man with the one eye and a tan pup. So thin ! Afther he see it in the pepper he went to the Mission woman, with his brag thin. Well, thin ! I just stipped to one side and let him brag. What's the odds, marm ? Seein' he's crooked. Me own name's Pat. It's a family name. But it's meself is sthraight.

An' now she ain't there, but whin I says *she*, I don't mane her to the Mission by a long shot. It's the little gurr! I manes.

Well, thin ! Ye see we lives here ; me, and Jeemes and all us boys. Hey ? Noa *I* doant know why they calle' it Brimstone Coort. I live over there beyont the pawn-shops, an' Jeemeses to the graggy corner, barrin crooked Pat's a stip or two agin it, an' the small little gurr!s beyont the whole.

I've got nothin' agin Giddy O'Flaherty, meself, an' it's me an' Giddy was walkin' on the stilts. Giddy's feyther it is sure as made the stilts. He's rich, Giddy's feyther. He keeps a norgan an' a monkey up to Thremont Street bein' as he lost his arrum to the war.

I like that monkey. He takes it very kind when you pinches his tail.

But it wasn't the stilts, neither, as began it. It was the punch in the windy. It's myself first see the punch. Folks ses the old man punched it bein' tipsy — it's the little *gurr!s* old man I manes. I never see him. I never see nobody belongin' to the little gurr! nelse ye counts the woman as went out to pick the rags ache day and lift her to her lane. Me an' Giddy it was, and Jeemes, and the whole shebang of 'em, was beyont the windy, and it was a foine day.

An' I ses :

"Whisht there, Giddy !"

And Giddy ses :

"Whisht yerself !"

An' ses I :

"It's a little noise I heare behint the windy !"

An' ses Giddy :

"Well thin!"

And ses I :

"Hand over them stilts — half a jiffy, thin!"

An' so Giddy he handed them over like a gintleman but for the pig an' two pups as ran betwene his legs to knock him down, an' meself got upon the stilts and walked straight to the punch in the windy and peeped in.

It was in the sullen, marm, the room was, with the thrap-door to let yez in and out, an' the windy was low-like and narry, like that one yander. Gorry! Warn't it hot down there! An' dark, you bet. For ye see it was of a July day, an' blazin hot. But I puts me face to the punch in the windy and looks down. An' I couldn't see very plain. But by-and-by I begins to see, and I give the stilts a lickitacut, an' down I come.

"Well, thin!" ses Giddy.

"Is it a murder ye sees?" ses Jeemes.

But I ses : "Whisht, boys! Whisht, there. *It's a small little gurrl!*"

So we picks up the stilts and walks away. But that began it. It's purty small, she was, marm, and white-like; an' she was layin' onto a bed, that still, I'd have taken her for a did one only for the noise she made. It wasn't much of a noise, marm, and sounded weakly. She was layin' by her lane below the windy. Nobody was nigh.

I felt kinder sorry myself for to think on her. An' Jeemes he ses he called it a dern pity. It's Giddy O'Flaherty didn't say nothin' at arl at arl, but invited us up to Thremont Street to hear the norgan an' pinch the monk. Feth thin! an' we all went, an' he give us a pinch apiece, an' we all feels better.

It's yerself, marm, remembers the floer shtore beyont the norgan as Giddy's feyther had to hold in the monkey for grabbin at the floers of a mornin'. 'Rested him fur it once, they did. But the Jedge ses he couldn't pass sentence onto a monk. But Giddy's feyther he give that monk *one* lickin' fur disgracin' of the family by haulin' it acrosst the P'lice Court! An' now, marm, he wouldn't shnell a floer, that monkey wouldn't, not for no consederation.

Well, thin! So this day I tells ye of, bein' a foine day, an' not tin o'clock of the mornin' as I come by, afther me own pinch of the monkey which was dancin' to a Hymn-tune by misthake fur the Mulligan

Guards, I see the floer man a breshin' out with his broom agin the store door — hapes of ivergrane, marm, with a whishp of a floer betwane.

So thin he ses, "Yis go long wid ye an' ax me no questions which is wuss nor a monkey" — an' I picks up the granes an' the whishp of a floer along wid 'em, an' rins back home melane. But Jeemes an' Crooked Pat and O'Flaherty they tags afther, an' so we comes rinning, marm, to Brimstone Coort, an' purty short o' wind for a hot day as it was! An' we comes to the small little gurrl's. An' we sees the punch in the windy just as we laves it. An' we hears the weakly little noise.

So thin! it's meself takes the stilts wich I could see quite plain widout, only for bein' polite to Giddy seein' as he gave me an extra pinch to the monk — and I goes to the punch in the windy, an' dhrops in the ivergranes as still as ye plase. An' thin I dhrops the whishp of a floer quite soft-like. And then I ses :

"Whisht!"

An' Giddy ses :

"Whisht thin!"

An' then we cut an' run.

So thin nixt day as it was a foine day agin at tin o'clock of the mornin', and I tought I'd happen round to the floer-man's meself. An' there was Giddy an' Jeemes an' Pat an' the lot of 'em before me. But he hadn't breshed out the store. So by-and-by he began to bresh. But there wasn't granes enough to go round. And he ses :

"What now thin? Be off wid ye!"

An' I ses :

"It's for a small little gurrl we wants 'em, sir. She lays sick into a sullen below a punch in a windy. We stichs the whishp of a floer in."

So thin he ses :

"*What?*"

An' I ses :

"We stichs the granes and floers down the windy, sir. She lays by her lane. We thought she'd like 'em," ses I.

"Like 'em?" ses he. "How's boys the like of yez fit to know what a delicate little sick gurrl is in a way to want?"

Ses I :

"I don't know, sir."

I felt ashamed meself, an' I noticed it of Jeemes he hung his head. But the floer-man he looked up

and began to bresh. I see him winkin' it was so dusty as he breshed. Then ses he :

"Here! an' off wid yer!"

An', marm, he gives us a *live* flooor, that man did—one to ache, beyont the did ones and the granes of the dust-hape. Jeemes he got a live tulip of a yaller color. Giddy O'Flaherty he got a rid flooor. An' Pat's she held up her head like a leddy, but I don't know her name. But the one of me own was white, an' hung to a string this way, marm, like as it was little sleigh-bells. So thin! we all rins to the little gurr!s an' dhrops 'em down. Fust the toolip seein' it was yaller an' Jeemes was in a hurry. The rid one he went nixt. But the one that looked like a leddy, we put her along-side of the white flooor wid the sleigh-bells close betwane.

So that was the day I put me face to the windy, an' ses I :

"What's yer name?"

And ses she :

"Me name is Gerty."

But she spoke up so weakly I couldn't scarcely see her.

"Well," ses I, "me own name's Pathrick."

But thin, I said no more. Only she ses she liked the live flooers betther nor the did ones an' how they was all very cool, she ses, an' the ivergrane moreover. An' she ses 't was purty hot down there.

Well, thin! It's ivery day we wint, marm, for a long spell, to that small little gurr!s with live flooers, and did flooers, an' granes, for the flooor-man was most oncommon willin'. But once he sint her a limmon as she sed she hadn't nobody to squeeze it, an' me an' Giddy we rolled on it acrost the sidewalk till it was squash as jelly, marm, an' she most thankful. But she didn't never talk much, only to groan a little. But she ses her name was Gerty.

One day you bet we had larks. Giddy goes up to the windy, an' ses he :

"Hev ye ever seed a monkey?"

Ses she :

"No, I never seen one. Is it good to eat?" ses she. "I've laid here iver sence I could remember," ses she. "I hain't seen nobody," ses she.

So Giddy he brings the monk an' we put him up to the windy, and he looks in. But he made her a foine bow, an' the little gurr! she laughed. I heern her. But now you bet whin we tried to make that

monkey throw her down a flooor, he cut up like mad. We tries him with the live ones, an' the did ones, an' the granes an' all ways, him stickin' hid an' shoolders trough the punch in the windy like to fall on her an' makin' faces to avide the granes. But Pat he giv him a pinny the pepper man loaned him, an' he trows the pinny down polite as a p'lice-man. But the little gurr! she laughs agin. Pat heern her.

So thin! Marm, I guess that's mostly all. Ye—ye don't want to hear no more, do yez? It's the granes we tuk, an' the flooers every day to trow 'em to the little gurr!. One day—one day she—well, *Giddy* sed she groaned a sight. But I didn't hear her very plain. I trew in me flooor and cut an' run. I'd—I'd rether not. It sounded so. I wouldn't had cared so much if it was a boy.

But nobody come nigh her. An' the woman wint to pick the rags ache day. Nobody come nigh her only us boys. Nelse you count the monkey. An' it grew awful hot.

One day—one day—one—day ye see—well we trew in our flooers, me an' Giddy an' the rist, an' she niver said no word as to how she liked 'em—how she—how—well marm! She'd been used to say :

"This one's cool." Or mebbe, "That one's rid or purty." Or mebbe just as how her name was Gerty, and what was our names? She ses, an' how she thanked us all, an' to ax if it was hot outside like it was below there. An' once she axed fur the monkey an' if the monkey hed a name. So Giddy tells her yez, it was Thomas Jefferson an' she took it very kind. An' she'd grew to watch for us. An' we'd grew to watch for her. An' ivery day come rain or shine we was to the punch in the windy, me an' the flooers and the monkey mebbe an' the other boys.

But this day I tells you of, she—she—well—she niver so much as made a little groon below the windy. An' we trew in the flooers. But nobody heerd nothin'.

An' ses Giddy :

"Git the stilts an' peek!"

So Giddy he got the stilts. But we pitched copers to see which should peek. For we was kind of scared, an' it come heads so it was onto me, an' I got upon the stilts an' peeked.

I put me face into the windy, marm, an' the boys they stood around. An' we all kep still.

Ses Jeemes :



"IN THE SULLER."

"What do ye see thin, Pat?"

Ses I:

"I see the room. It's dark. It's pipin' hot," ses I, "an' I most can see the bed below the windy."

"What else?" ses Jeemes.

But at first, marm, I couldn't see nothin' else. Then ses I, at last ses I:

"I can most see the flooers and the granes."

"Can ye most see the little gurrl?" ses Pat.

An' ses I:

"I can most see the small little gurrl. I can't quite see her, boys. She's got the flooers acrosst her two hands. I can most see her hands. She lays very still. She niver moves," ses I.

Thin, marm—I—in a minute, marm, I see her very plain. But I ses nothin' to the boys. I got off the stilts an' ses:

"Whisht now!"

An' they follows me askin' no questions, and we walked away into a place I know behind a ash-hape, an' there we all sits down. An' ses I:

"Boys," ses I, I ses, "Boys"—I ses, "Look here boys"—

But ses Giddy:

"Is she did?"

An' ses I:

"Giddy O'Flaherty ye've spoke the truth, I'll not desave yez! The small little gurrl is did."

But we none of us ses nothin' to nobody, only Jeemes begins to ax what will we do wid our flooers the morrow. But Giddy he give him a cuff acrosst the the head that hard, Giddy himself commenced to cry. But he ses he was cryin' for the cuff. He ses he wasn't cryin' for the small little gurrl—the poor—little—he—ses—

"Boys don't—*boys* don't cry for *gurrls*!" ses Giddy.

So thin to-morrow it come tin o'clock of the mornin'. An' it was a foine day. An' we all wint to the flooer-man for not knowin' nothin' else to do, marm, me an' Giddy an' the rist. But we niver tould him. So we come away. But the flooers he giv us that day was all white flooers.

So thin we come back with the flooers. But when we come to the windy we see folks comin' up the thrap-door from the sullen-way. There wasn't many folks. There was the tipsy ould man, an' the woman as wint for the rags, and jist a Praste an' no more at arl, barrin' the small little gurrl betwane 'em an' kivered with a shawl. Us boy's did flooers was acrosst the did little gurrl. So we jist giv the live ones same as usual, for we thought we'd better.

Giddy he ses she'd miss 'em if we didn't. So we put 'em down. An' we all follered on behind. An' Giddy O'Flaherty's feyther he come too, an' the flooer man as hed heern tell of it. An' Tomas Jefferson, too. But he behaved uncommon well. An' nobody—nobody—Oh, dear me, marm! *Nobody* pinched his tail, marm,—for we—we—well, we had so fur to walk ye sees, an' we was okkypied. It begun to grew cooler as we walked. The Praste he un-kivered her face when we'd got a piece beyond folks's sight. The grave was ready, marm. And they put her in. I thought it seemed very cool for her. An' there was grass an' trees an' things around.

But we laid the live flowers onto her, an' the last of the granes, an' I thought she looked most uncommon comfortable meself. So nobody was scared but the monkey, an' thin we come away. An' that's all. There ain't no more to tell about the small little gurrl. That's all there be.

JABBERWOCK.

A STORY OF A CRIPPLE AND A HARP.

BY WM. M. F. ROUND.

JABBERWOCK laughed!

That is, all there was of Jabberwock, and that wasn't very much; for Jabberwock was a dwarf. He was also a hunchback; he was not blessed with matched pairs of limbs; he was so turned and twisted about that he couldn't look at the sky without lying on his back, and if you were to throw him down in a heap you would never know the right way to get him up again, unless he told you.

He'd always been so. He'd grown up so. Though one can hardly say "grown up" of a person who has grown sideways and diagonally, and into every turned and twisted way but up.

When Jabberwock hitched himself along, his beard—red and grizzled—swept the ground like a broom, and sometimes made the dust fly up into his great nose until you'd have thought he would sneeze himself to pieces.

Jabberwock's eyes were wide apart; but they were a deep and tender blue, and quite wonderful for the very poem of goodness they translated into glances. They were his great feature, and their effect was quite magical. Why! strange children, who, at first, were afraid of Jabberwock, were often so drawn toward him by a look that the gnarled dwarf seemed like a loadstone of love, and held them to his heart forever afterwards.

As to Jabberwock's history, it was by no means a commonplace one. Monsieur Gottlieb, a kind old man, who never turned the needy away from his chateau unhelped, had found Jabberwock in a basket at his gate, and had taken him in and cared for him from babyhood. Who was his father or mother, was as great a mystery to Jabberwock as to the wind. He came, from whence he knew not. He simply *begun*. That was all he knew about it. Monsieur Gottlieb knew no more. The dwarf, in his origin, ignored all human agencies and simply said he came from God.

Nature, if she has her freaks, has also her compensations. While she withholds with one hand, she often gives abundantly with the other. To some men she gives very crooked bodies, and endows them with very straightforward souls. While Jabberwock's body seemed but a jingle of human chords, his soul was tuned to vibrate with the harmonies of God. His moral organization was as perfectly balanced as his physical was unbalanced. He was as sensitive in all questions of right and wrong as the magnetized needle is to its star. There went out from him an enchanting atmosphere of moral sweetness. He was gentle, forgiving, charitable, self-sacrificing. He was capable of great deeds and great self-abnegation, if need be.

Once, when the plague raged at Basle, he stayed by the sick and dying night and day, comforting and tending them, every moment subjecting his own body to the dreadful disease; and when at last he was stricken with it, and lay grovelling at death's threshold, he locked his door and would let no soul come near him to tend him, lest they might be stricken also.

Yes, Jabberwock laughed; and then he went and looked into a long mirror, that reached to the very floor, and then he laughed again, and laughed till the chandeliers jingled; laughed till the birds, that dwelt in the vines by the window, stopped in their singing, and wondered what it could all mean.

Well, I'll tell you what it meant; but, first, I must tell you something more about Jabberwock. He was the first tenor singer of the Cathedral; and so great was his fame that people came from miles and miles away to listen to him, and, while they listened, forgot it was only a man singing, and imagined they heard a voice out of heaven. Men had been brought to repentance by his singing, stricken hearts had been comforted, and many an aspiring soul had

been lifted nearer to heaven on hearing him.

He lived in a chateau just out of ——, and this chateau was his own, given to him by the will of Monsieur Gottlieb, who had reared him. Yet if you had asked Jabberwock whose house it was, he would have reverently answered "God's." He had, indeed, consecrated it all to God, and had made the place an asylum for the needy; especially for cripples, and those who were deformed or otherwise afflicted. The house was full of deaf people, blind people, lame people, hunchbacks, and, alas! many of its inhabitants were children. To these suffering ones Jabberwock devoted his days. He had the body of a dwarf and the soul of an angel.

From his house Jabberwock went forth only to the church. He always went in a closed carriage, and he bade the driver stop whenever a beggar asked for alms. There was a little hole in the door of the carriage through which Jabberwock would bestow his gifts, and back through which came many a benediction.

Now, what made Jabberwock laugh was this. The king was going to give a grand masquerade ball at the palace, in honor of the birthday of a little prince; and he had commanded all the singers of the Cathedral to come, and had sent them each a costume in which they were to appear and sing. To Jabberwock he had sent the costume of a minstrel of the olden time.

A long gown of blue velvet spangled with gold and silver, and having on the breast the royal arms. Then there were marvelous embroidered hose, knitted of finest silk, and wrought with clocks of silver. For the head there was a plumed hat; and with the costume an ancient harp was sent, the frame-work of which was carved and gilded wood, so exquisite in workmanship that it was a marvel of all who saw it. This harp had hung for ages in the royal museum, and no man living knew its history or worth.

When Jabberwock saw all this finery he laughed. No wonder. How could he ever wear such things? They were shapely and he was shapeless. He took up the hose and examined them closely. Then he looked at his two odd legs and laughed again. Then he spread out the gown on the floor and sat down in the midst of it, drawing its folds up about him; and he put the hat on his head and looked at

himself thus in the mirror. All he saw was a heap of finery with an ugly head peeping out of the middle of it. He didn't sigh and groan; he laughed again. Then he looked at the harp. It was all unstrung, but it was an exquisite instrument. On one side he found a golden plate with an inscription. The letters were queer and old and much worn away. He got a magnifying glass and made them out one by one. It was a little stanza and read thus:

"Whoever wakes me from my slumber,
Shall count his blessings without number.
Whoever wakes my soul to sound—
Has health and strength and beauty found."

Jabberwock only smiled when he read this, and thought the verses funny; but those old minstrels were always doing queer things, and it was by no means an uncommon thing for them to write verses on their harps.

He thought he would string up the old harp and try it. So he began searching for his string box, and, finding it, he strung the harp. It wasn't an easy undertaking; the screws were old and worn, and two or three times he nearly lost his patience. However, he persevered, until at last the task was done. Then he played a few notes. The tones were ravishing. He went on playing. The inmates of the house heard a strange, sweet, far-away music, and began searching for it. Some of the older ones, who had never heard such strains before, bent their heads and listened, feeling sure that they heard the songs of angels approaching, coming to summon them to rest. Louder and louder Jabberwock played—until all the nooks and corners of the old chateau were filled with melody, and sent back low, tremulous echoes. He could not bear to put the harp away, and when he did lay it down all those who stood about him besought him to take it up again.

There were three days before the masquerade, and each day Jabberwock played the harp for his suffering ones. When he played they forgot their pains; and weary ones, who had not slept for long nights through, fell into gentle slumber and dreamed sweet dreams. Little children, who were bent and deformed in various ways—sad-faced little children, who hardly ever smiled and never laughed aloud, heard Jabberwock playing a merry tune on this marvelous harp, and forgot their pains and made a ring and played some

happy game, and laughed aloud because laughter seemed no longer a mockery to them. Jabberwock had never seen them so happy before — and Jabberwock laughed, too.

It was a wonderful instrument, but still Jabberwock knew that he had not yet touched its highest possibility of melody. Sometimes he dreamed of playing the harp when it seemed as if the very soul of music had taken shape in sound. If he could only have it a little longer he thought he could master it; but, when the masquerade was over, he must give it up, and it would be hung up in the old museum again, silent and useless.

On the day of the masquerade he played the harp all day long. It seemed to make sunshine in everybody's heart. When it was time to go to the masquerade he told his poor sad friends to look upon the harp for the last time — and bid it good-bye. Some of them came and kissed its strings — and one old dame hung with trembling hands a little garland of flowers upon it, and blessed it as if it had been a living thing.

Then Jabberwock, taking the harp in his hand, and wearing the clothes after the best fashion he could, went to the masquerade. He insisted that, if he must sing for the King, he should sing from behind a screen, and after some demurring the Chamberlain of the palace assented.

There were various exercises at the masquerade, and, when the evening was far spent, there was a musical entertainment. The musicians one by one took their places on a dais and sang songs suited to the characters they represented. When five or six had thus taken a part, it was whispered about that the next piece would be by the famous tenor of the Cathedral, and there was a stir of curiosity to see this man. He had never appeared at court; and, though everybody knew that he was deformed, only his fellow-singers in the choir knew how much deformed he was. Presently a screen was brought and placed upon the dais, a door opened from behind, and all eyes were fastened on the screen, expecting that Jabberwock would appear from behind it. There was a moment of silence, and then a hand swept over the strings of a harp in a strong, full chord. Then a weird, strange accompaniment, and a song.

Had the place been filled with angels there could have hardly been a more rapt attention. The court-

iers stood as if struck with some spell. The music swelled and died away. The song was a plea for the poor. It was first a petition, then a wail. Now it became triumphant, and painted the glories of the great release — the joys of Heaven. Beyond the words, fuller than the words, meaning more than the words, was the symphony of the harp strings. While the men stood spell-bound the women wept silently. There never had been heard such singing before at that court. When the music died away there was a long silence almost painful. The King was the first to break it.

"It is marvelous!" he said. "Nothing has so moved my soul since I was a child. Then there was a minstrel at my father's court, the last of the old minstrels, and he played upon the harp and sang in such a way as to weave a spell of sound about everybody who listened. He made himself a harp, and no man but he ever touched its strings. You can see it now hanging up in the museum. But we must see this musician. Let him come forth."

The Chamberlain spoke to the King for a moment, and the King showed some signs of impatience.

"Pshaw!" he said. "I will see the man though he be a dwarf uglier than Quasimodo. Remove the screen."

There was nothing to do but to remove the screen, and when it was removed there was nothing to be seen but a heap of fine clothes and a golden harp. Presently the clothes began to show signs of life beneath, a shaggy, ill-shapen head was thrust out, and finally they could see a beard and mouth of fearful ugliness.

Some of the courtiers laughed, but the King reproved them with a glance, and, taking pity on Jabberwock's deformity, stepped to the dais and spoke to him most kindly and flatteringly of his singing and playing.

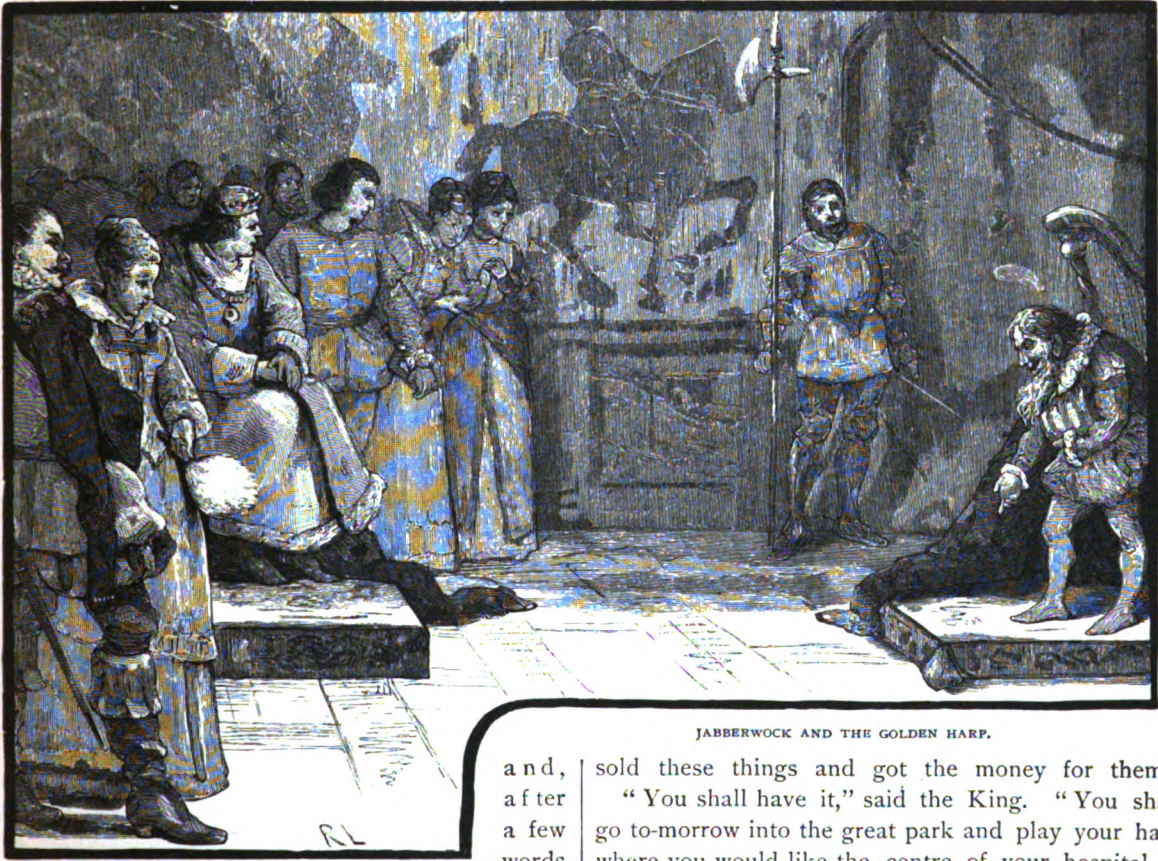
He begged Jabberwock to tell him something of his origin and history, but Jabberwock had little to tell — as we all know.

Then the King looked at the old harp, saying as he did so:

"Why, it looks like old Okmar's harp. Where did you get it?"

"It was sent to me with my costume," replied Jabberwock.

The King called the Chamberlain of the palace,



JABBERWOCK AND THE GOLDEN HARP.

and,
after
a few
words

with him, said again, in an eager, rejoicing tone:

"Why, it *is* Okmar's harp. When the old man died we had it unstrung and placed in the museum. I never thought to hear it played upon again. In my father's time, when Okmar played and sang at court, it was the custom for each courtier to make the minstrel some present, and for the King to grant him any wish he chose to name. Since you have waked his harp you shall be my minstrel, and have the same privileges. Play and sing once more, and then you shall receive your gifts and name your desire."

So Jabberwock played and sang again.

When he had finished each courtier came forward, and laid some offering on the dais — jewelry, rare weapons, charms, amulets, and even cloaks and laces were piled up about Jabberwock.

"And now for your request," said the King.

"Only a little piece of land where I can build a hospital for the poor and the deformed when I have

sold these things and got the money for them."

"You shall have it," said the King. "You shall go to-morrow into the great park and play your harp where you would like the centre of your hospital to be. I will walk away from you, and as far as I can hear the harp shall measure one side of your hospital grounds, and they shall extend equally far in other directions. They shall be bounded by a line that will mark the boundary of the harp's music."

The next day the King kept his word; and so the *Jabberwock-haus* and its famous grounds was founded. And from that day Jabberwock was the court minstrel.

Indeed, blessings without number were following the music of the harp. But did Jabberwock find "strength and health and beauty"?

We shall see.

He kept the harp as long as he lived, and played on it daily, but still he was as misshapen and ugly as ever.

At last Jabberwock became gray with age, and full of honors, and crowned with the love of all who knew him. Those who saw him and knew of

his goodness forgot his ugliness. He lived till the last, as he had done from the first, among the lame and halt and blind.

His life was one mission of doing good. But it was life — and all lives have their limit. It became noised through the city that Jabberwock was sick. The most famous doctors attended him, but still he grew worse. The King came every morning to his bedside, and went away with a sad face, and tears in his eyes, because he knew Jabberwock must die.

The little children, his stricken little friends, ministered to him, and brought him flowers, and laid their thin white hands upon his aching head, and smoothed his weary pillow.

Sometimes a little child, more curious than the rest, would say :

“When will you be well, dear Jabberwock ?”

And a strange light would come into Jabberwock's blue eyes, and he would reply :

“When I've taken the journey.”

“What journey ?” the child would ask.

“Into God's country,” the sick man would answer, smiling serenely.

“Who will you see there, Jabberwock ?”

“The good Lord Christ and all the holy angels ; and I shall hear their songs, and — ”

“Sing with them ?” the child would ask.

“Yes — if God wills.”

“And will you have your harp ?”

“Perhaps.”

“O, how glad the angels will be if you do !” and the child would kiss Jabberwock, and go away envying the angels their joy at receiving him.

At last Jabberwock did take the journey.

It was at daybreak — a glorious time for dying. The sky had been leaden all night — now it was molten gold in the east. The earth was covered with flowers, and each flower, and spray, and blade of grass was hung with dewdrops. The birds sang a new song. The earth was tired no longer. They lifted Jabberwock on his bed that he might see it — and he murmured :

“How beautiful it is ! Surely God is very good and very near.”

Then he asked for his harp.

They brought it to him, and he took it in his feeble hands, and began to play. He played a psalm full of noble praises to God. The King came in while he was playing, and stood beside his bedside. Still he played on. The birds outside stopped to listen. A child came running in with a morning greeting, and stopped upon the threshold, awed with the holiness of the place.

The child knelt down where she was, and, clasping her little hands, began to pray. The place, the sick man, the divine music, were a prayer to this child, and she joined in it. Still Jabberwock played. The sun rose and shone upon him, bathing him in glory. The harp shone as if it were fashioned of stars. As he played he fixed his eyes above him. Some who stood by wept — but they wept silently. The King bent down and touched Jabberwock's beard with his lips. He did this most reverently — as a beggar would salute a prince.

The playing grew fainter, the fingers — so pale and thin and misshapen — were losing their strength, but the smile still remained on Jabberwock's face. It was more than a smile — it was effulgence.

The harp stopped.

They laid the head upon its pillow, and the harp fell upon the dead man's breast. The King closed the sunny, deep and tender eyes, and reverently kissed the harp, folding the dear dead hands upon the strings.

As the King did this last act he read the words :

“Whoever wakes my soul to sound,
Has health and strength and beauty found.”

“It is true,” said the King. “He has found them.”

And then they buried Jabberwock ; and when they placed a stone above his grave it was fashioned like an angel, in all the strength and health and beauty of Heaven ; and to this day the little children who live in the *Jabberwock-kranken-haus* — the dwarfs' hospital — think of its founder as one without spot or blemish, noble and sweet and grand — who forever, harp in hand, sings praises in Heaven before God the maker of us all.



BESSIE'S MISHAPS.

A TRUE STORY.

BY SOPHIE MAY.



NOW I am really afraid this is going to sound like a sensational story ; so I hasten to declare in the beginning that it is all true.

There was a little girl we may as well call Bessie Phenix, who lived up town in New York with her widowed mother, a dressmaker. A pleas-

ant, fair-haired child, with a warm heart that shone through her face like sunshine. You have seen a hundred just such girls ; they go to school and recite in your classes, and nothing seems to happen to them except the every-day things, like breakfast, dinner, and supper. But strange adventures were in store for Bessie. One afternoon in February she came home from school, and ran up stairs, singing merrily, "I'm inching along." Her mother and the four sewing-girls were seated in the room, busy with needle and scissors, but their faces brightened when they heard Bessie coming. "You're just the child we

want to see," said Mrs. Phenix, smiling. "There are a dozen more buttons wanting for Miss Gayhart's dress ; can't you run out to Macy's and get them for me ?"

Macy's was a great many blocks away, and the clock had already struck five ; but then Bessie was a fleet-footed child, and would surely be back before gas-lighting.

"O, yes indeed, mamma, if you'll let me stop to kiss Fanny."

"There, there, dear, you've kissed her enough. Now run, for I'm in a hurry. Bless her little heart. I hope she'll never know much about care and worry," added the fond mother, as Bessie danced away, throwing kisses. Mrs. Phenix herself was making a bridal outfit, little thinking she should never finish it ; so in her haste she did not stop to look out of the window at the airy little figure, already crossing the street. If she had only known how long it would be before she should see the dear child again ! But there are so many things we never do know till it is too late.

Meanwhile Bessie was running along, singing to herself such silly rhymes as, "I'm going to Mace's, One of the best places, For buttons of silk, As white as milk." She was only ten years old, and I dare say

thought she was composing poetry ; it was a new trick she had just learned. But somehow, in turning her rhymes too intently, she turned the wrong street, — a mistake she had never made before, for she knew her way about that part of the city as well as you know the way to the school-house.

"Why, seems to me it looks odd here ! What street is this ?"

Then she returned to her poetry. "Wonder what rhymes with Fanny ? I'll think of a rhyme, and then I'll find a policeman, and ask him if I'm on the right street."

Careless Bessie ! It was too late now to be thinking of a rhyme for anything but buttons.

"Well, there, where's that sun gone to ? Why, they're beginning to light the gas ! What will mother think ?"

And a sudden fear came over Bessie, as she saw that the buildings were growing stranger and stranger.

"O, I do wish I could meet a policeman !"

Just then a man happened to alight from a wagon, and fastened his horse by the pavement.

"He could take me home ever so quick, and then mother wouldn't be worrying," thought the child.

Now if I were "making up" this story, I should stop right here. It does seem absurd that a bright city girl, ten years old, shouldn't know better than to accost a stranger on the street. We can only suppose that Bessie was a little dazed by the fright of being lost and unable to find a policeman at that late hour ; for after hesitating a moment she went up to the man, and said in her pretty, modest way, —

"O, sir, if you *will* please take me home to my mother ! I've got lost ! It's 169 West 49th Street !"

Bessie had trusted the man enough to say all this ; but the moment she had said it she was sorry.

"O, dear," thought she. "I remember now that mamma never, never allows me to speak to people on the street ! And he doesn't look very nice either !"

The stranger did not answer for a full half minute, but stood surveying the child from head to foot with his little keen black eyes, as if he were a photographer about to take her picture. It frightened Bessie, and she turned to run away, when he said, very pleasantly, "Wait a minute, sis, and I'll do it. Just wait till I get my overcoat."

"Sis" indeed ! But as Bessie did not know of any-

thing better to do, she waited till he went into the house and came out again.

"My old woman says you'd better have some dinner first," said he, smiling. "So you come right along with me."

Bessie shrank back.

"O, I don't want any dinner, sir, I truly don't. My mamma's waiting for me."

"Poh ; yes you do want some dinner too. For my part I'm powerful hungry, and I ain't going a step without a bite to eat."

There was no help for it, and Bessie took her new friend's grimy hand and was led into the house. It was a small tenement, and the room they entered did not look very inviting. A few clothes hung drying before the cracked cooking-stove, and a red-faced, rough-looking woman, with two children clinging to her skirts, was turning some pork in a spider.

"Well, little girl," said she, looking up and trying to bring a smile to her frowning face, and to speak gently, though her voice was naturally harsh, "set right down and take your hat off. Here, Simon, you," — this was to her husband, — "can't you pick up that baby ? Seems's if I should go ravin' distracted with *her* under foot."

"Simon" took the baby, and his wife disposed of the other children by boxing their ears and sending them spinning half across the room. After this sleight-of hand performance they screamed so frightfully that she was more "ravin' distracted" than ever, and it did seem to Bessie that dinner would never be ready.

"Sis, s'posin' you take up one o' them youngsters, and pacify him a little ?" said the father, coaxingly.

Such dirty boys ! Bessie was strongly opposed to touching either of them ; but, wishing to show proper gratitude for her coming dinner and ride, she went up to the youngest one, and asked timidly if he would like to hear about little Jacky Horner ? She spoke in the sweet, winning tone which was always so alluring to little Fanny ; and the miserable Bobby was bewitched in a moment. Brave Jacky Horner ! When he explored with his thumb and pulled out that remarkable plum, I wonder if he knew how glad all the plumless little boys and girls in Christendom would be to hear of it ? After Jacky Horner came the story of Sleepy Boy Blue, and then of the charming old woman who sold hot pies. Bobby and Sammy listened enrapt-



HOMESICK BESSIE.

tured, and forgot their wounds ; the baby dropped off to sleep, and the mother was left in peace to take up the dinner.

"You appear to understand young ones pretty well, sis," said the man, helping Bessie to fried pork and onions. "Got any to your house?"

"Yes, sir, one little sister," replied Bessie, her eyes filling with tears, for she knew Fanny would be crying for her by this time.

"Got any father?"

"No, sir ; he died last summer."

The steel beads under Mr. Madgett's eyebrows glittered.

"Got any relations in the city?" asked his wife.

"Yes 'm ; one grandma and some cousins."

"Is your mother rich, or does she work for a living?"

"She works ; she makes dresses," replied Bessie, tired of so many questions. She had not observed that the husband and wife kept looking at each other, and that the wife nodded once or twice as if well pleased. She could not eat the pork and onions, and sat waiting very impatiently for her host to finish his dinner ; but he was in no haste, though the moon was already shining in at the window.

"Well, sis," said the tedious man at last, taking out his pipe and beginning to smoke, "it's getting pretty late, and I reckon you'd better stay here over night. I'll take you home first thing in the morning."

"Yes, that's the best way," said his wife ; "it's a good three mile to 49th Street, and the horse is tired."

Poor Bessie ! She had a fight with tears, and the tears won. Bitter, useless drops ! If she could have pumped up the whole Atlantic ocean through her eyes it would have had no effect upon Mr. Madgett, unless, possibly, to put his pipe out. He smoked away quite unconcerned, and his wife made a bed on the floor for their little guest, who soon cried herself to sleep.

When she woke in the morning Mr. Madgett was not to be seen, and his wife did not remember that he had promised to take Bessie home. How strange that was ; how very strange ! Bessie thought she had never seen such singular people in her life before.

"Well, he did promise, ma'am, he truly did. But," added she eagerly, "I can walk home just as well as not, now it's light. You said it was three miles, and three miles isn't much."

"What you hunting for, child?"

"My hat and sacque."

"Find 'em then, if you can," returned Mrs. Madgett, with a cruel laugh.

Bessie looked up amazed.

"I ain't going to let you go, that's the amount of it. I didn't tell you last night, but the fact is, you're my little girl that I lost nine years ago !"

"I wish you wouldn't talk so, please don't," said Bessie, her heart throbbing fast. She supposed it was a joke, but she couldn't see anything funny in it.

"Your real name is Matilda Madgett," continued the dreadful woman. "I'll leave it to my husband if I don't speak the truth. And the one you think is your mother picked you up down there by Fulton Ferry."

"O, please don't ! I want to go home !" begged Bessie, sobbing now with real alarm.

But did you ever hear of a crafty spider that would let a poor little fly escape from his web after he had once got him in ? Mrs. Madgett had always wanted somebody to help take care of the children, only she could not afford to pay any wages.

"And here's just the girl for us, Simon," she had said to her husband the night before ; "so you just hold your tongue, for I'm goin' to keep her."

Simon would have been "simple" enough to relent if he had seen the little captive's tears. Though not a good man, he had a heart of some sort, wrapped up in a napkin somewhere ; but he never interfered with his wife's plans ; he had found it wasn't safe.

Bessie, too, found it wasn't safe. She tried to run away, but was brought back and severely whipped, and after that was not allowed even to take the baby out of doors for an airing.

She expected to die of grief, but somehow she couldn't. I sometimes think children are better philosophers than grown people ; they learn sooner to accept the inevitable. Not that dear little Bessie forgot mother, and home, and Fannie ; but after the first anguish, she settled down pretty quietly to her fate, comforting herself as well as she could with the baby, and hoping God would not let her stay with these wicked people always.

But all this while there was poor Mrs. Phenix, who could not be a philosopher till she knew what had become of her child. Had she been carried away to the ends of the earth, or had she died a horrible

death? Not the least trace of her could be found since she had skipped out of the house, twirling her little red porte-monnaie in her hands. There were only three half-dollars in that porte-monnaie. O, it wasn't possible any body had murdered that blessed child for three half-dollars?

Everything was done that Mrs. Phenix, her friends and the detectives, could possibly think of; but six months passed and the wanderer was not found. It was like six years to the wretched mother. She grew pale and sorrowful, and silver threads came in her dark hair.

But Bessie's adventures were not over yet. Mrs. Madgett, becoming tired of her, resolved to get her out of the way as easily as she could. One day she bade her take off the ragged calico frock she was wearing, put on her own blue merino, which had been laid away all this time, and go walking with her.

"You may say good-by to the baby if you want to," added Mrs. Madgett, with a beam of good nature, "for you won't ever see her again."

Bessie loved the baby, and almost cried as she kissed the little fat face she had washed so often; but next moment her heart throbbed with sudden hope. Could it be possible she was going home at last? It would have been useless asking questions of her mistress, even if she had dared; she could only trudge quietly along by her side, waiting to see what the strange woman would do next. Presently they came to a handsome brick building. Bessie could not be sure whether it was a church or a prison, but the sight of it made her shudder.

"Now," said Mrs. Madgett, as they mounted the stone steps, "I'm going to take you in here and tell the folks whatever I choose. All I want of you is to cry; now mind you do it!"

Instead of crying, however, Bessie stared in speechless astonishment, for Mrs. Madgett began to tell the officers of the institution a strange story in a trembling voice, how her husband was a drunkard and abused his family, and how she had brought her little daughter here to get her away from him. There was not one word of truth in it from beginning to end, for if anybody had abused the family it was Mrs. Madgett herself.

"Cry," whispered she, going up to Bessie, and pretending to embrace her; "if you don't cry, I'll give you an awful whipping!"

Bessie's tears flowed then from sheer fright, for she had reason to know what sort of whippings Mrs. Madgett could give.

The officers were very much interested. They liked the little girl's sweet face and modest appearance, and wanted to protect her, for they belonged to the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children." But they could not take her in, they said, till her mother had first gone to court and laid the case before a judge.

Mrs. Madgett went. Her story was more pitiful the second time than the first, and moved the good judge extremely.

O, yes, the poor child, "Tilly Madgett," must be taken care of, there was no question about that; so, back to the brick Home she went forthwith. It was a delightful change from living with Mrs. Madgett and being scolded all day long. Here was a kind matron, and here were plenty of playmates. If she could only have forgotten her own dear home, and her mother and Fanny! More than all, if she could have forgotten Mrs. Madgett! But she retained such a morbid fear of the woman, that she could never feel safe. If a door opened suddenly, she expected her to spring out upon her; if the door-bell rang, she thought she had come to take her away.

She longed to tell everybody about it, but experience had made her very cautious, and she dared not speak. Once or twice she had toothache, and Mrs. Page, the matron, took her in her arms and rocked her. At such times I don't see how Bessie could have helped sobbing out the whole story on the kind woman's bosom. It seems to me I should have done it if I had been in her place, but that is because I never saw Mrs. Madgett, and never was afraid of her whippings.

Bessie staid at the Home six months, and did not let fall the slightest hint that the person who brought her there was not her mother. But Mrs. Page and the officers had long been wondering why Mrs. Madgett did not come to see her child. They had always thought Bessie was too well bred and too refined to be the daughter of such a woman; and now they asked her a great many questions about her past life, suspecting all was not right; but the poor little girl only cried, and would tell them nothing.

The friends of the children in these institutions are always looking up places for them; and about this

time a home was found for Bessie in a western town. Before she went, however, the superintendent advised the matron to take her one side and talk with her again.

"Tilly, darling," said Mrs. Page, "don't be afraid, but tell me, didn't you have a good, kind mother once, and didn't a naughty woman steal you away?"

"O, how did you know?" whispered Bessie, trembling, and hiding her face.

"Then it is really true? And where does your mother live?"

"O, I don't dare tell; I don't dare, I don't dare!"

"Why not, darling?"

"Mrs. Madgett would kill me."

"She shan't harm one hair of your dear little head," said the matron, folding Bessie in her arms.

"Really and truly?"

"Yes, really and truly."

"But you can't keep her away. O, she knows everything! She'll come if I tell!"

It was only after much soothing and coaxing that Bessie ventured to unburden her heart. The matron was surprised to learn that the "truly mother" was living in the city. The superintendent sought her out at the address given by Bessie, found her, and asked

her to tell him if she had lost a little girl? She seemed so broken down by grief that he dared not startle her by all the good news at once; he only said "if she would go with him she might learn important facts concerning her missing daughter."

She went, and I shall not try to describe the rapturous meeting. Imagine for yourself what it would be to feel your mother's arms round you again, after such a dreadful year of separation; but don't imagine the mother's joy, for you can't.

This is all I know of the case, except that the wicked Madgetts were never exposed and punished; but I have often thought of Bessie; and if she should chance to read this story, I do hope she will write to me, and tell me more about herself.

Bessie must be twelve years old, by this time. I would like to know if she is the happier for that year of tortures, and if she thinks she loves Mamma and Fanny the better, for having lost them a while?

Ah, my dear, I am well aware that your name is not Bessie; but you are a live girl, and no fiction. If you see this story of Bessie's mishaps, you will know it means YOU!



THE ONLY WOMAN IN THE TOWN.

BY SARA J. PRICHARD.

ONE hundred years and one ago, in Boston, at ten of the clock one April night, a church steeple had been climbed and a lantern hung out.

At ten, the same night, in mid-river of the Charles, oarsmen two, with passenger silent and grim, had seen the signal light out-swung, and rowed with speed for the Charlestown shore.

At eleven, the moon was risen, and the grim passenger, Paul Revere, had ridden up the Neck, encountered a foe, who opposed his ride into the country, and, after a brief delay, rode on, leaving a British officer lying in a clay pit.

At mid-night, a hundred ears had heard the flying horseman cry, "Up and arm. The Regulars are coming out!"

You know the story well. You have heard how the wild alarm ran from voice to voice and echoed beneath every roof, until the men of Lexington and Concord were stirred and aroused with patriotic fear for the safety of the public stores that had been committed to their keeping.

You know how long ere the chill April day began to dawn, they had drawn, by horse power and by hand power, the cherished stores into safe hiding-places in the depth of friendly forest-coverts.

There is one thing about that day that you have

not heard and I will tell you now. It is, how one little woman staid in the town of Concord, whence all the women save her had fled.

All the houses that were standing then, are very old-fashioned now, but there was one dwelling-place on Concord Common that was old-fashioned even then! It was the abode of Martha Moulton and "Uncle John." Just who "Uncle John" was, is not now known, but he was probably Martha Moulton's uncle. The uncle, it appears by record, was eighty-five years old; while the niece was *only* three-score and eleven.

Once and again that morning, a friendly hand had pulled the latch-string at Martha Moulton's kitchen entrance and offered to convey herself and treasures away, but, to either proffer, she had said: "No, I must stay until Uncle John gets the cricks out of his back, if all the British soldiers in the land march into town.

At last, came Joe Devins, a lad of fifteen years — Joe's two astonished eyes peered for a moment into Martha Moulton's kitchen, and then eyes and owner dashed into the room, to learn, what the sight he there saw, could mean.

"Whew! Mother Moulton, what are you doing?"

"I'm getting Uncle John his breakfast to be sure,

Joe," she answered. "Have *you* seen so many sights this morning that you don't know breakfast, when you see it? Have a care there, for hot fat *will* burn," as she deftly poured the contents of a pan, fresh from the fire, into a dish.

Hungry Joe had been astir since the first drum had beat to arms at two of the clock. He gave one glance at the boiling cream and the slices of crisp pork swimming in it, as he gasped forth the words, "Getting breakfast in Concord *this* morning! *Mother Moulton*, you *must* be crazy."

"So they tell me," she said, serenely. "There comes Uncle John!" she added, as the clatter of a staff on the stone steps of the stairway outrang, for an instant, the cries of hurrying and confusion that filled the air of the street.

"Don't you know, Mother Moulton," Joe went on to say, "that every single woman and child have been carried off, where the Britishers won't find 'em?"

"I don't believe the king's troops have stirred out of Boston," she replied, going to the door leading to the stone staircase. To open it for Uncle John.

"Don't believe it?" and Joe looked, as he echoed the words, as though only a boy could feel sufficient disgust at such want of common sense, in full view of the fact, that Reuben Brown had just brought the news that eight men had been killed by the king's Red Coats, in Lexington, which fact he made haste to impart.

"I won't believe a word of it," she said, stoutly, "until I see the soldiers coming."

"Ah! Hear that!" cried Joe, tossing back his hair and swinging his arms triumphantly at an airy foe. "You won't have to wait long. *That signal* is for the minute men. They are going to march out to meet the Red Coats. Wish I was a minute man, this minute."

Meanwhile, poor Uncle John was getting down the steps of the stairway, with many a grimace and groan. As he touched the floor, Joe, his face beaming with excitement and enthusiasm, sprang to place a chair for him at the table, saying, "Good morning," at the same moment.

"May be," groaned Uncle John, "youngsters *like you may* think it is a good morning, but *I don't*, such a din and clatter as the fools have kept up all night long. If I had the power" (and now the poor old man fairly groaned with rage), "I'd make 'em quiet

long enough to let an old man get a wink of sleep, when the rheumatism lets go."

"I'm real sorry for you," said Joe, "but you don't know the news. The king's troops, from camp, in Boston, are marching right down here, to carry off all our arms that they can find."

"Are they?" was the sarcastic rejoinder. "It's the best news I've heard in a long while. Wish they had my arms, this minute. They wouldn't carry them a step farther than they could help, I know. Run and tell them mine are ready, Joe."

"But, Uncle John, wait till after breakfast, you'll want to use them once more," said Martha Moulton, trying to help him into the chair that Joe had placed on the white sanded floor.

Meanwhile, Joe Devins had ears for all the sounds that penetrated the kitchen from out of doors, and he had eyes for the slices of well-browned pork and the golden hued Johnny-cake lying before the glowing coals on the broad hearth.

As the little woman bent to take up the breakfast, Joe, intent on doing some kindness for her in the way of saving treasures, asked, "Shan't I help you, Mother Moulton?"

"I reckon I am not so old that I can't lift a mite of corn-bread," she replied with chilling severity.

"Oh, I didn't mean to lift *that thing*," he made haste to explain, "but to carry off things and hide 'em away, as everybody else has been doing half the night. I know a first-rate place up in the woods. Used to be a honey tree, you know, and it's just as hollow as anything. Silver spoons and things would be just as safe in it —" but Joe's words were interrupted by unusual tumult on the street and he ran off to learn the news, intending to return and get the breakfast that had been offered to him.

Presently he rushed back to the house with cheeks aflame and eyes ablaze with excitement. "They're a coming!" he cried. "They're in sight down by the rocks. They see 'em marching, the men on the hill, do!"

"You don't mean that its really true that the soldiers are coming here, *right into our town*," cried Martha Moulton, rising in haste and bringing together with rapid flourishes to right and to left, every fragment of silver on it. Divining her intent, Uncle John strove to hold fast his individual spoon, but she twitched it without ceremony out from his rheumatic

old fingers, and ran next to the parlor cupboard, wherein lay her movable treasures.

"What in the world shall I do with them," she cried, returning with her apron well filled with treasures, and borne down by the weight thereof.

"Give 'em to me," cried Joe. "Here's a basket, drop 'em in, and I'll run like a brush-fire through the town and across the old bridge, and hide 'em as safe as a weasel's nap."

Joe's fingers were creamy; his mouth was half filled with Johnny-cake, and his pocket on the right bulged to its utmost capacity with the same, as he held forth the basket; but the little woman was afraid to trust him, as she had been afraid to trust her neighbors.

"No! No!" she replied, to his repeated offers. "I know what I'll do. You, Joe Devins, stay right where you are till I come back, and, don't you ever *look* out of the window."

"Dear, dear me!" she cried, flushed and anxious when she was out of sight of Uncle John and Joe. I *wish* I'd given 'em to Col. Barrett when he was here before daylight, only, I *was* afraid I should never get sight of them again."

She drew off one of her stockings filled it, tied the opening at the top with a string — plunged stocking and all into a pail full of water and proceeded to pour the contents into the well.

Just as the dark circle had closed over the blue stocking, Joe Devin's face peered down the depths by her side, and his voice sounded out the words: "O Mother Moulton, the British will search the wells the *very* first thing. Of course, they *expect* to find things in wells!"

"Why didn't you tell me before, Joe? but now it is too late."

"I would, if I'd known what you was going to do; they'd been a sight safer, in the honey tree."

"Yes, and what a fool I've been — flung *my watch* into the well with the spoons!"

"Well, well! Don't stand there, looking," as she hovered over the high curb, with her hand on the bucket. Everybody will know, if you do, there."

"Martha! Martha?" shrieked Uncle John's quavering voice from the house door.

"Bless my heart!" she exclaimed, hurrying back over the stones.

"What's the matter with your heart?" questioned Joe.

"Nothing. I was thinking of Uncle John's money," she answered.

"Has he got money?" cried Joe. "I thought he was poor, and you took care of him because you were so good!"

Not one word that Joe uttered did the little woman hear. She was already by Uncle John's side and asking him for the key to his strong box.

Uncle John's rheumatism was terribly exasperating. "No, I won't give it to you!" he cried, "and nobody shall have it as long as I'm above ground."

"Then the soldiers will carry it off," she said.

"Let 'em!" was his reply, grasping his staff firmly with both hands and gleaming defiance out of his wide, pale eyes. "*You* won't get the key, even if they do."

At this instant, a voice at the doorway shouted the words, "Hide, hide away somewhere, Mother Moulton, for the Red-coats are in sight this minute!"

She heard the warning, and giving one glance at Uncle John, which look was answered by another. "No, you won't have it," she grasped Joe Devins by the collar of his jacket and thrust him before her up the staircase, so quickly that the boy had no chance to speak, until she released her hold on the second floor, at the entrance to Uncle John's room.

The idea of being taken prisoner in such a manner, and by a woman, too, was too much for the lad's endurance. "Let me go?" he cried, the instant he could recover his breath. "I won't hide away in your garret, like a woman, I won't. I want to see the militia and the minute men fight the troops, I do."

"Help me first, Joe. Here, quick now; let's get this box out and up garret. We'll hide it under the corn and it'll be safe," she coaxed.

The box was under Uncle John's bed.

"What's in the old thing any how?" questioned Joe, pulling with all his strength at it.

The box, or chest, was painted red, and was bound about by massive iron bands.

"I've never seen the inside of it," said Mother Moulton. "It holds the poor old soul's sole treasure, and I *do* want to save it for him if I can."

They had drawn it with much hard endeavor, as far as the garret stairs, but their united strength failed to lift it. "Heave it, now!" cried Joe, and lo! it was up two steps. So they turned it over and over with many a thudding thump; every one of

which thumps Uncle John heard, and believed to be strokes upon the box itself, to burst it asunder, until it was fairly shelved on the garret floor.

In the very midst of the overturnings, a voice from below had been heard crying out, "Let my box alone! Don't you break it open. If you do, I'll—I'll—" but, whatever the poor man *meant* to threaten as a penalty, he could not think of anything half severe enough to say and so left it uncertain as to the punishment that might be looked for.

"Poor old soul!" ejaculated the little woman, her soft white curls in disorder and the pink color rising from her cheeks to her fair forehead, as she bent to help Joe drag the box beneath the rafter's edge.

"Now, Joe," she said, "we'll heap nubbins over it, and if the soldiers want corn they'll take good ears and never think of touching poor nubbins; so they fell to work throwing corn over the red chest, until it was completely concealed from view.

Then he sprang to the high-up-window ledge in the point of the roof and took one glance out. "Oh, I see them, the Red-coats! Strue's I live, there go one militia *up the hill*. I thought they was going to stand and defend. Shame on 'em, I say." Jumping down and crying back to Mother Moulton, "I'm going to stand by the minute men," he went down, three steps at a leap, and nearly overturned Uncle John on the stairs, who, with many groans was trying to get to the defense of his strong box.

"What did you help her for, you scamp," he demanded of Joe, flourishing his staff unpleasantly near the lad's head.

"'Cause she asked me to, and couldn't do it alone," returned Joe, dodging the stick and disappearing from the scene, at the very moment Martha Moulton encountered Uncle John.

"Your strong box is safe under nubbins in the garret, unless the house burns down, and now that you are up here, you had better stay," she added soothingly, as she hastened by him to reach the kitchen below.

Once there, she paused a second or two to take resolution regarding her next act. She knew full well that there was not one second to spare, and yet she stood looking, apparently, into the glowing embers on the hearth. She was flushed and excited, both by the unwonted toil, and the coming events. Cobwebs from the rafters had fallen on her hair and

home-spun dress, and would readily have betrayed her late occupation, to any discerning soldier of the king.

A smile broke suddenly over her fair face, displacing for a brief second every trace of care. "It's my only weapon, and I must use it," she said, making a stately courtesy to an imaginary guest and straightway disappeared within an adjoining room. With buttoned door and dropped curtains the little woman made haste to array herself in her finest raiment. In five minutes she reappeared in the kitchen, a picture pleasant to look at. In all New England, there could not be a more beautiful little old lady than Martha Moulton was that day. Her hair was guiltless now of cobwebs, but haloed her face with fluffy little curls of silvery whiteness, above which, like a crown, was a little cap of dotted muslin, pure as snow. Her erect figure, not a particle of the hard-working-day in it now, carried well the folds of a sheeny, black silk gown, over which she had tied an apron as spotless as the cap.

As she fastened back her gown and hurried away the signs of the breakfast she had not eaten, the clear pink tints seemed to come out with added beauty of coloring in her cheeks; while her hair seemed fairer and whiter than at any moment in her three-score and eleven years.

Once more Joe Devins looked in. As he caught a glimpse of the picture she made, he paused to cry out: "All dressed up to meet the robbers! My, how fine you do look! I wouldn't. I'd go and hide behind the nubbins. They'll be here in less than five minutes now," he cried, "and I'm going over the North Bridge to see what's going on there."

"O Joe, stay, won't you?" she urged, but the lad was gone, and she was left alone to meet the foe, comforting herself with the thought, "They'll treat me with more respect if I *look* respectable, and if I *must* die, I'll die good-looking in my best clothes, anyhow."

She threw a few sticks of hickory-wood on the embers, and then drew out the little round stand, on which the family Bible was always lying. Recollecting that the British soldiers probably belonged to the Church of England, she hurried away to fetch Uncle John's "prayer book."

"They'll have respect to me, if they find me reading that, I know," she thought. Having drawn the round stand within sight of the well, and where she

could also command a view of the staircase, she sat and waited for coming events.

Uncle John was keeping watch of the advancing troops from an upper window. "Martha," he called, "you'd better come up. They're close by, now." To tell the truth, Uncle John himself was a little afraid; that is to say he hadn't quite courage enough to go down, and, perhaps, encounter his own rheumatism and the king's soldiers on the same stairway, and yet, he felt that he must defend Martha as well as he could.

The rap of a musket, quick and ringing on the front door, startled the little woman from her apparent devotions. She did not move at the call of anything so profane. It was the custom of the time to have the front door divided into two parts, the lower half and the upper half. The former was closed and made fast, the upper could be swung open at will.

The soldier getting no reply, and doubtless thinking that the house was deserted, leaped over the chained lower half of the door.

At the clang of his bayonet against the brass trimmings, Martha Moulton groaned in spirit, for, if there was any one thing that she deemed essential to her comfort in this life, it was to keep spotless, speckless and in every way unharmed, the great knocker on her front door.

"Good, sound English metal, too," she thought, "that an English soldier ought to know how to respect."

As she heard the tramp of coming feet she only bent the closer over the Book of Prayer that lay open on her knee. Not one word did she read or see; she was inwardly trembling and outwardly watching the well and the staircase. But now, above all other sounds, broke the noise of Uncle John's staff thrashing the upper step of the staircase, and the shrill tremulous cry of the old man defiant, doing his utmost for the defense of his castle.

The fingers that lay beneath the book tingled with desire to box the old man's ears, for the policy he was pursuing would be fatal to the treasure in garret and in well; but she was forced to silence and inactivity.

As the king's troops, Major Pitcairn at their head, reached the open door and saw the old lady, they paused. What could they do but look, for a moment, at the unexpected sight that met their view: a placid old lady in black silk and dotted muslin, with all the

sweet solemnity of morning devotion hovering about the tidy apartment and seeming to centre at the round stand by which she sat, this pretty woman, with pink and white face surmounted with fleecy little curls and crinkles and wisps of floating whiteness, who looked up to meet their gaze with such innocent prayer-suffused eyes.

"Good morning, Mother," said Major Pitcairn, raising his hat.

"Good morning, gentleman and soldiers," returned Martha Moulton. "You will pardon my not meeting you at the door, when you see that I was occupied in rendering service to the Lord of all." She reverently closed the book, laid it on the table, and arose, with a stately bearing, to demand their wishes.

"We're hungry, good woman," spoke the commander, "and your hearth is the only hospitable one we've seen since we left Boston. With your good leave I'll take a bit of this, and he stooped to lift up the Johnny-cake that had been all this while on the hearth.

"I wish I had something better to offer you," she said, making haste to fetch plates and knives from the corner-cupboard, and all the while she was keeping eye-guard over the well. "I'm afraid the Concorders haven't left much for you to-day," she added, with a soft sigh of regret, as though she really felt sorry that such brave men and good soldiers had fallen on hard times in the ancient town. At the moment she had brought forth bread and baked beans, and was putting them on the table, a voice rang into the room, causing every eye to turn toward Uncle John. He had gotten down the stairs without uttering one audible groan, and was standing, one step above the floor of the room, brandishing and whirling his staff about in a manner to cause even rheumatism to flee the place, while, at the top of his voice he cried out:

"Martha Moulton, how *dare* you *feed* these — these — monsters — in human form!"

"Don't mind him, gentlemen, *please* don't," she made haste to say; "he's old, *very* old; eighty-five, his last birthday, and — a little hoity-toity at times," pointing deftly with her finger in the region of the reasoning powers in her own shapely head.

Summoning Major Pitcairn by an offer of a dish of beans, she contrived to say, under cover of it:

"You see, sir, I couldn't go away and leave him;

he is almost distracted with rheumatism, and this excitement to-day will kill him, I'm afraid."

Advancing toward the staircase with bold and soldierly front, Major Pitcairn said to Uncle John:

"Stand aside, old man, and we'll hold you harmless."

"I don't believe you will, you red-trimmed trooper, you," was the reply; and, with a dexterous swing of the wooden staff, he mowed off and down three military hats.

Before any one had time to speak, Martha Moulton, adroitly stooping, as though to recover Major Pitcairn's hat, which had rolled to her feet, swung the stairway-door into its place with a resounding bang, and followed up that achievement with a swift turn of two large wooden buttons, one high up, and the other low down, on the door.

"There!" she said, "he is safe out of mischief for awhile, and your heads are safe as well. Pardon a poor old man, who does not know what he is about."

"He seems to know remarkably well," exclaimed an officer.

Meanwhile, behind the strong door, Uncle John's wrath knew no bounds. In his frantic endeavors to burst the fastenings of the wooden buttons, rheumatic cramps seized him and carried the day, leaving him out of the battle.

Meanwhile, a portion of the soldiery clustered about the door. The king's horses were fed within five feet of the great brass knocker, while, within the house, the beautiful little old woman, in her Sunday-best-raidment, tried to do the dismal honors of the day to the foes of her country. Watching her, one would have thought she was entertaining heroes returned from the achievement of valiant deeds, whereas, in her own heart, she knew full well that she was giving a little to save much.

Nothing could exceed the seeming alacrity with which she fetched water from the well for the officers: and, when Major Pitcairn gallantly ordered his men to do the service, the little soul was in alarm; she was so afraid that "somehow, in some way or another, the blue stocking would get hitched on to the bucket." She knew that she must to its rescue, and so she bravely acknowledged herself to have taken a vow (when, she did not say), to draw all the water that was taken from that well.

"A remnant of witchcraft!" remarked a soldier within hearing.

"Do I look like a witch?" she demanded.

"If you do," replied Major Pitcairn, "I admire New England witches, and never would condemn one to be hung, or burned, or — smothered."

Martha Moulton never wore so brilliant a color on her aged cheeks as at that moment. She felt bitter shame at the ruse she had attempted, but silver spoons were precious, and, to escape the smile that went around at Major Pitcairn's words, she was only too glad to go again to the well and dip slowly the high, over-hanging sweep into the cool, clear, dark depth below.

During this time the cold, frosty morning spent itself into the brilliant, shining noon.

You know what happened at Concord on that 19th of April in the year 1775. You have been told the story, how the men of Acton met and resisted the king's troops at the old North Bridge, how brave Captain Davis and minute-man Hosmer fell, how the sound of their falling struck down to the very heart of mother earth, and caused her to send forth her brave sons to cry "Liberty, or Death!"

And the rest of the story; the sixty or more barrels of flour that the king's troops found and struck the heads from, leaving the flour in condition to be gathered again at nightfall, the arms and powder that they destroyed, the houses they burned; all these, are they not recorded in every child's history in the land?

While these things were going on, for a brief while, at mid-day, Martha Moulton found her home deserted. She had not forgotten poor, suffering, irate Uncle John in the regions above, and so, the very minute she had the chance, she made a strong cup of catnip tea (the real tea, you know, was brewing in Boston harbor).

She turned the buttons, and, with a bit of trembling at her heart, such as she had not felt all day, she ventured up the stairs, bearing the steaming peace-offering before her.

Uncle John was writhing under the sharp thorns and twinges of his old enemy, and in no frame of mind to receive any overtures in the shape of catnip tea; nevertheless, he was watching, as well as he was able, the motions of the enemy. As she drew near he cried out:

"Look out this window, and see! Much good all your scheming will do you!"

She obeyed his command to look, and the sight she

then saw caused her to let fall the cup of catnip tea and rush down the stairs, wringing her hands as she went and crying out:

"Oh, dear! what shall I do? The house will burn and the box up garret. Everything's lost!"

Major Pitcairn, at that moment, was on the green in front of her door, giving orders.

Forgetting the dignified part she intended to play, forgetting everything but the supreme danger that was hovering in mid-air over her home—the old house wherein she had been born, and the only home she had ever known—she rushed out upon the green, amid the troops, and surrounded by cavalry, and made her way to Major Pitcairn.

"The court-house is on fire!" she cried, laying her hand upon the commander's arm.

He turned and looked at her. Major Pitcairn had recently learned that the task he had been set to do in the provincial towns that day was not an easy one; that, when hard pressed and trodden down, the despised rustics, in home-spun dress, could sting even English soldiers; and thus it happened that, when he felt the touch of Mother Moulton's plump little old fingers on his military sleeve, he was not in the pleasant humor that he had been, when the same hand had ministered to his hunger in the early morning.

"Well, what of it? *Let it burn!* We won't hurt *you*, if you go in the house and stay there!"

She turned and glanced up at the court-house. Already flames were issuing from it. "Go in the house and let it burn, *indeed!*" thought she. "He knows *me*, don't he? Oh, sir! for the love of Heaven won't you stop it?" she said, entreatingly.

"Run in the house, good mother. That is a wise woman," he advised.

Down in her heart, and as the very outcome of lip and brain she wanted to say, "You needn't 'mother' me, you murderous rascals!" but, remembering everything that was at stake, she crushed her wrath and buttoned it in as closely as she had Uncle John behind the door in the morning, and again, with swift gentleness, laid her hand on his arm.

He turned and looked at her. Vexed at her persistence, and extremely annoyed at intelligence that had just reached him from the North Bridge, he said, imperiously, "Get away! or you'll be trodden down by the horses!"

"I *can't* go!" she cried, clasping his arm, and

fairly clinging to it in her frenzy of excitement. "Oh, stop the fire, quick, quick! or my house will burn!"

"I have no time to put out your fires," he said, carelessly, shaking loose from her hold and turning to meet a messenger with news.

Poor little woman! What could she do? The wind was rising, and the fire grew. Flame was creeping out in a little blue curl in a new place, under the rafter's edge, *and nobody cared*. That was what increased the pressing misery of it all. It was so unlike a common country alarm, where everybody rushed up and down the streets, crying "Fire! fire! f-i-r-e!" and went hurrying to and fro for pails of water to help put it out.

Until that moment the little woman did not know how utterly deserted she was.

In very despair, she ran to her house, seized two pails, filled them with greater haste than she had ever drawn water before, and, regardless of Uncle John's imprecations, carried them forth, one in either hand, the water dripping carelessly down the side breadths of her fair silk gown, her silvery curls tossed and tumbled in white confusion, her pleasant face aflame with eagerness, and her clear eyes suffused with tears.

Thus equipped with facts and feeling, she once more appeared to Major Pitcairn.

"Have you a mother in old England?" she cried. "If so, for her sake, stop this fire."

Her words touched his heart.

"And if I do—?" he answered.

"*Then your johnny-cake on my hearth won't burn up,*" she said, with a quick little smile, adjusting her cap.

Major Pitcairn laughed, and two soldiers, at his command, seized the pails and made haste to the court-house, followed by many more.

For awhile the fire seemed victorious, but, by brave effort, it was finally overcome, and the court-house saved.

At a distance Joe Devins had noticed the smoke hovering like a little cloud, then sailing away still more like a cloud over the town; and he had made haste to the scene, arriving in time to venture on the roof, and do good service there.

After the fire was extinguished, he thought of Martha Moulton, and he could not help feeling a bit guilty at the consciousness that he had gone off and left her alone.

Going to the house he found her entertaining the



"HAVE YOU A MOTHER IN OLD ENGLAND," SHE CRIED.

king's troopers with the best food her humble store afforded.

She was so charmed with herself, and so utterly well pleased with the success of her pleading, that the little woman's nerves fairly quivered with jubilation; and best of all, the blue stocking was still safe in the well, for had she not watched with her own eyes every time the bucket was dipped to fetch up water for the fire, having, somehow, got rid of the vow she had taken regarding the drawing of the water.

As she saw the lad looking, with surprised countenance, into the room where the feast was going on, a fear crept up her own face and darted out from her eyes. It was, lest Joe Devins should spoil it all by ill-timed words.

She made haste to meet him, basket in hand.

"Here, Joe," she said, "fetch me some small wood, there's a good boy."

As she gave him the basket she was just in time to stop the rejoinder that was issuing from his lips.

In time to intercept his return she was at the wood-pile.

"Joe," she said, half-abashed before the truth that shone in the boy's eyes, "Joe," she repeated, "you know Major Pitcairn ordered the fire put out, *to please me*, because I begged him so, and, in return, what *can* I do but give them something to eat. Come and help me."

"I won't," responded Joe. "Their hands are red with blood. They've killed two men at the bridge."

"Who's killed?" she asked, trembling, but Joe would not tell her. He demanded to know what had been done with Uncle John.

"He's quiet enough, up-stairs," she replied, with a sudden spasm of feeling that she *had* neglected Uncle John shamefully; still, with the day, and the fire and everything, how could she help it? but, really, it did seem strange that he made no noise, with a hundred armed men coming and going through the house.

At least, that was what Joe thought, and, having deposited the basket of wood on the threshold of the kitchen door, he departed around the corner of the house. Presently he had climbed a pear-tree, dropped from one of its overhanging branches on the lean-to, raised a sash and crept into the window.

Slipping off his shoes, heavy with spring mud, he proceeded to search for Uncle John. He was not in his own room; he was not in the guest-chamber; he was not in any one of the rooms.

On the floor, by the window in the hall, looking out upon the green, he found the broken cup and saucer that Martha Moulton had let fall. Having made a second round, in which he investigated every closet and penetrated into the spaces under beds, Joe thought of the garret.

Tramp, tramp went the heavy feet on the sanded floors below, drowning every possible sound from above; nevertheless, as the lad opened the door leading into the garret, he whispered cautiously: "Uncle John! Uncle John!"

All was silent above. Joe went up, and was startled by a groan. He had to stand a few seconds, to let the darkness grow into light, ere he could see; and, when he could discern outlines in the dimness, there was given to him the picture of Uncle John, lying helpless amid and upon the nubbins that had been piled over his strong box.

"Why, Uncle John, are you dead?" asked Joe, climbing over to his side.

"Is the house afire?" was the response.

"House afire? No! The confounded red-coats up and put it out."

"I thought they was going to let me burn to death up here!" groaned Uncle John.

"Can I help you up?" and Joe proffered two strong hands, rather black with toil and smoke.

"No, no! You can't help me. If the house isn't afire, I'll stand it till the fellows are gone, and then, Joe, you fetch the doctor as quick as you can."

"*You* can't get a doctor for love nor money this night, Uncle John. There's too much work to be done in Lexington and Concord to-night for wounded and dying men; and there'll be more of 'em too afore a single red-coat sees Boston again. They'll be hunted down every step of the way. They've killed Captain Davis, from Acton."

"You don't say so!"

"Yes, they have, and —"

"I say, Joe Devins, go down and do — do something. There's *my niece*, a-feeding the murderers! I'll disown her. She shan't have a penny of my pounds, she shan't!"

Both Joe and Uncle John were compelled to remain in inaction, while below, the weary little woman acted the kind hostess to His Majesty's troops.

But now the feast was spent, and the soldiers were summoned to begin their painful march. Assembled on the green, all was ready, when Major Pitcairn, re-

membering the little woman who had ministered to his wants, returned to the house to say farewell.

'Twas but a step to her door, and but a moment since he had left it, but he found her crying; crying with joy, in the very chair where he had found her at prayers in the morning.

"I would like to say good-by," he said; "you've been very kind to me to-day."

With a quick dash or two of the dotted white apron (spotless no longer) to her eye, she arose. Major Pitcairn extended his hand, but she folded her own closely together, and said:

"I wish you a pleasant journey back to Boston, sir."

"Will you not shake hands with me before I go?"

"I can feed the enemy of my country, but shake hands with him, *never!*"

For the first time that day, the little woman's love of country seemed to rise triumphant within her, and drown every impulse to selfishness; or was it the nearness to safety that she felt? Human conduct is the result of so many motives that it is sometimes impossible to name the compound, although on that occasion Martha Moulton labelled it "Patriotism."

"And yet I put out the fire for you," he said.

"For your mother's sake, in old England, it was, you remember, sir."

"I remember," said Major Pitcairn, with a sigh, as he turned away.

"And for *her* sake I will shake hands with you," said Martha Moulton.

So he turned back, and, across the threshold, in presence of the waiting troops, the commander of the expedition to Concord and the only woman in the town shook hands at parting.

Martha Moulton saw Major Pitcairn mount his horse; heard the order given for the march to begin, — the march of which you all have heard. You know what a sorry time the red-coats had of it in getting back to Boston; how they were fought at, every inch of the way, and waylaid from behind every convenient tree-trunk, and shot at from tree-tops, and aimed at from upper windows, and besieged from behind stone walls, and, in short, made so miserable and harassed and overworn, that at last their depleted

ranks, with the tongues of the men parched and hanging, were fain to lie down by the road-side and take what came next, even though it might be death. And then *the dead* they left behind them!

Ah! there's nothing wholesome to mind or body about war, until long, long after it is over, and the earth has had time to hide the blood, and sent it forth in sweet blooms of liberty, with forget-me-nots springing thick between.

The men of that day are long dead. The same soil holds regulars and minute-men. England, who over-ruled, and the provinces, that put out brave hands to seize their rights, are good friends to-day, and have shaken hands over many a threshold of hearty thought and kind deeds since that time.

The tree of Liberty grows yet, stately and fair, for the men of the Revolution planted it well and surely. God himself *hath* given it increase. So we gather to-day, in this our story, a forget-me-not more, from the old town of Concord.

When the troops had marched away, the weary little woman laid aside her silken gown, resumed her homespun dress, and immediately began to think of getting Uncle John down-stairs again into his easy chair; but it required more aid than she could give to lift the fallen man. At last Joe Devins summoned returning neighbors, who came to the rescue, and the poor nubbins were left to the rats once more.

Joe climbed down the well and rescued the blue stocking, with its treasures unharmed, even to the precious watch, which watch was Martha Moulton's chief treasure, and one of very few in the town.

Martha Moulton was the heroine of the day. The house was besieged by admiring men and women that night and for two or three days thereafter; but when, years later, she being older, and poorer, even to want, petitioned the General Court for a reward for the service she rendered in persuading Major Pitcairn to save the court-house from burning, there was granted to her only fifteen dollars, a poor little forget-me-not, it is true, but *just enough* to carry her story down the years, whereas, but for that, it might never have been wafted up and down the land.

A CHARLIE IN PARIS.

BY BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD.

BEING a Charlie in a French *pension* is a very different thing from being a Charlie at home, where there's a whole house to race over, a gate to



"A PROOF OF HIS APPRECIATION."

swing on, a horse, a dog, and where all the other boys are within shouting distance.

This particular Charlie lives in a tall, still house in Paris, and there aren't any other boys there at all, — only two dark-eyed, graceful little French girls, who glide softly in and out of the room, converse with gentle fluency — quite like their mammas, — and use long dictionary words.

These children present one peachy cheek and then the other to be kissed when they bid the family good-

night, and they also give a little canary-bird peck at their mamma's cheek. It is so pretty to see them up-turning their little flower-faces, poised like pansies, bending slightly to one side or the other; but why can't they give an honest, sensible, out-and-out good-night kiss, with their fresh little mouths? What are children's lips for, I should like to know, if not for mothers to kiss?

These French nibbles are not to my taste, but fortunately there need be no delicacy about kissing our dear little American boy, ten years old, and if a kiss aimed at his lips happens to fall on the top of his head or the back of his ear, it is merely because the boy-nature in him makes him turn and twist and start at exactly the wrong moment — boys, why *will* you? — even when he has been looking affectionately at you, as if he really wanted whatever you would give.

Only ten years old, and already he has spent a year in Germany, without his mamma, learning German and manliness, and making excellent progress in both. Now he is here alone, continuing his German, working away at his French, a charming and clever child.

He is amazingly self-reliant. Leave him alone in the Champs Elyseés, or at any distant point, and he will calmly report himself at the house at the expected moment. The sights and sounds in the streets of Paris never disconcert this small man.

He has a dear face, and eager, brilliant eyes. He hears everything the grown people say. In fact, he hears entirely too much, sometimes.

He is on very good terms with everybody in the house, from Madame down to François the good-natured servant, who frolics with him when he brings him his nicely blacked shoes mornings, and the fat *concierge*, who sits knitting down in the doorway all day long, and always has a jesting word for the little boy as he goes in and out.

Yet with his German and French studies, his two large professors — and he is so little and pale! —

it does seem as if he had quite as much work as he should have, and not so much play as some of us think is good for boys and makes them grow.

He finds the orderly French household, in which there are so many grown people, rather repressing. The fact is, though Jeanne and Lili are the nicest, most demure little girls in the world, they aren't much fun. They don't like to be snapped under the chin by a little boy's thumb and finger, and to such an attention on Charlie's part they are apt to reply in a very stiff, proper, grown-up manner :

"Char-l-e-e-e-e! *Ne-faites-pas de bêtises !*"

Then the grown people have an unpleasant way of talking all the time at dinner, and dancing or playing *béziq*ue evenings in the *salon*, and there doesn't seem to be any place at all for a little boy to chatter and stand on his head and kick up his heels.

Once, excited by the laughter of his seniors about something which interested but did not concern him, as a proof of his appreciation and sympathy, he threw himself suddenly upon the polished floor and began to spin round and round like a top, in a most surprising manner, upon his stomach and hands, his feet and head being well elevated.

Madame's mild voice quickly reminded him how much like that of the angels should be the demeanor of the small boy *bien élevé* when in the *salon*, and Charlie had no more gymnastics. But between you and me it didn't seem so very dreadfully naughty, because those slippery floors look as if they are made expressly that boys may slide and skate and perform all sorts of antics on them.

Charlie takes a reproof beautifully. He feels it enough to look sensitive an instant, and to act upon it, but not enough to be gloomy, and he never sulks.

He straightens himself, and the sunny little face smiles confidingly round the room, when madame softly informs him, at dinner, that the line of beauty, in a boy's back, is *not* a curve, and that polite elbows do not rest upon the table, with the knife and the fork dangling from listless hands, while the ears are hearing and the eyes are looking as hard as they can.

But never think Charlie has not good manners, for indeed he is a real little gentleman. He is thoughtful about shawls and footstools, and the opening of doors for the ladies ; and when he inquires his way about

Paris his hat comes off as soon as he speaks, and his manner is so courteous and winning, as he stands bareheaded, talking his pretty French, that everybody smiles on him, and gladly sends him on his way.

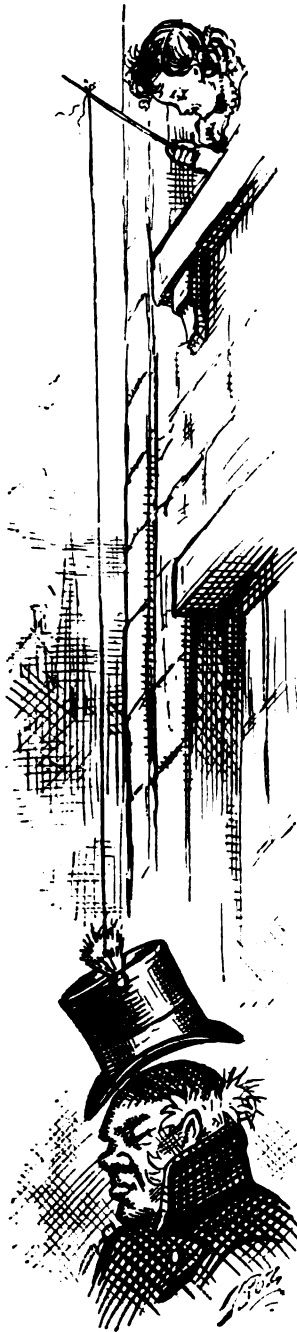
He will work away mysteriously in his room, making the sourest, weakest concoction in the world, from a small and ancient lemon, a few crumbs of sugar, and a deluge of water from his *carafe* — smack his lips over it and find it glorious, then bring it to you and generously insist upon your drinking "just as much as you want," and if that isn't gentlemanly, what is?

He certainly is a little gentleman at heart, and he does not often forget to be one outwardly, and that is saying a good deal for a boy of ten, for it's very easy to forget, you know, children. And I'll tell you a



"ANOTHER OF HIS JOYS IS SHAVING."

secret ; grown people themselves have a way of "forgetting," sometimes (all but your mamma — mamas rarely forget), and so they can't wonder much when a small boy indulges in too many pranks. But what he would do here with his mischief, if he hadn't certain



"HE COULD FISH UP THE HAT BY THE COCKADE."

turns to his own room. Off goes the pistol.

"My signal of entrance," he explains, in really quite a majestic manner.

original ways of amusing himself, I am sure I don't know.

His chief delight is a small toy-pistol, which he loads with caps and a grain of powder, perhaps, and fires repeatedly during the day, not at random, without meaning, but always as an announcement of some important event.

There's a grown-up person in the room adjoining his, and she and Charlie are great cronies. Early in the morning he calls out:

"*Guten morgen, mein fraulein.* Did you hear that?" referring to a diminutive bang which has just sounded from his apartment.

"Yes, Charlie; what does it mean?"

"It was my salute at getting up," he responds gravely.

And later he shouts:

"That was my salute of getting my hands washed."

He runs out and mails three letters for some of the ladies, comes back, and bangs away three times with great satisfaction, all by himself, poor child, with no other boy to admire and sympathize.

After an hour in the professor's study he re-

And once, to the astonishment of his neighbor, came a report and the smell of gunpowder straight through the keyhole of her door.

"Mademoiselle! That was the salute of your staying two days longer than you were going too. You are going to be saluted all day long!"

Another of his joys is shaving. This important ceremony he performs three times a day with immense delight. Passing his open door one is struck dumb with wonder at the vision that presents itself. Charlie before his mirror, a towel pinned carefully round his neck, his face covered with lather, his nose in his left hand, while his right dexterously wields — not a razor, but a long pen-holder.

He glances over his shoulder.

"I'm making myself all nice and tip-top for dinner," he says soberly, though his eyes twinkle above the mass of soap-suds.

"It's jolly fun to shave yourself, isn't it?"

"I don't know, my dear: I never tried it."

"O, no! of course not. I forgot. Ladies don't have to."

Then firmly seizing his nose he goes on earnestly with his manipulations of the pen-holder.

Charlie is a good little student, and usually learns well whatever his masters give him, but, somehow, the first act of *Wilhelm Tell*, that he rather grandly informs us he is committing to memory, *won't* be learned. He gets as far as the first half of the first line:

"Es lächett der See—"

and then a bugle has to sound, and when a bugle sounds and soldiers march by in the street below, is there a little boy's head, in all the world, that won't be out of the window in two seconds?

He stares till they are quite, quite gone. He wishes he were a soldier instead of a little boy, 'way up in top of a tall French house, learning *Wilhelm Tell*: He begins again:

"Es lächett der See, er ladet zum Bade,"

but, dear, dear, how the birds do sing in the park just by the house! Boys must listen, of course, when birds sing.

Out of the window goes his head. The trees wave in the breeze. There are funny babies in the grass. There are funny nurses, with white caps on their heads, knitting near the babies, and beyond trees and

babies and nurses, are old gray stone walls, all ivy-covered.

Charlie has heard that a Roman palace was there, ever and ever so many hundred years ago, but what does he care about the old Romans? There is sunshine, — there is the bluest sky that ever was, and it grows deeper and higher as he looks into it. And when leaves will flutter so, he has to watch them, hasn't he?

He wishes he had a very, very long line, with a good sharp hook on it. He would like to go a-fishing — for a coachman's hat. The man is standing far down below on the pavement, by his carriage. If he wouldn't move, Charlie thinks he could fish up the

hat by the cockade. It would be fun to see it dangling in the air. He gets thinking and thinking, — about what, he doesn't exactly know, — and he quite forgets there ever was a *Wilhelm Tell*, and, what is more important to him, that there is a German teacher coming in a few little minutes to hear him recite his grammar lesson and his poetry, and of that all he knows is "*Es lächelt.*"

But there's something queer about that old *Wilhelm Tell* anyhow, Charlie thinks, — that it always persists in not being learned. It is very queer indeed. It seems as if it had positively made up its mind that he shall never know but a line of it.

Perhaps it doesn't like little boys as well as we do.

ONE CENT.

BY ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP.

PHIL turned white; that is, every freckle on his face looked twice as big as it had a moment before (as Tiff noticed), and his eyes fixed themselves upon that other small boy, Tiff, in fact.

"What?" said he, answering Phil's glance.

His companion, who was standing against the fence with both hands thrust into his pockets, slowly roused himself from his fright, or astonishment of some kind.

"Tiff," said he, in a hollow voice, "I felt something!"

"Humph! so do I most of the time," replied Tiff, looking anywhere but at Phil, because he thought he was being hoaxed by the mischievous youth. Phil came close beside Tiff and said, in a scared voice:

"It's a cent."

Tiff turned round with a broad smile, this time looking straight into Phil's eyes, as if he expected to see the cent in one of them.

"No!" he exclaimed, softly; but was quite ready to believe Phil had told the truth, and he had only said "no" by accident.

Then the two friends sat down on a large stone, beside

some branches of brake and a wild rose-bush, and Phil's two pockets were turned inside out; the pocket he had the cent in, because the cent was there; and the other pocket, because there might be a cent in it that he hadn't felt.

"Do you suppose it's that?" asked Tiff. "Maybe it's a petrified cough-drop, Philbuster."

Phil stuck out his tongue and tasted the cent, and said he guessed not.

Then Tiff asked again:

"How much is a cent worth?"

"A stick of licorice," said Phil.

"If that is the case, it will be dreadfully hard to spend it, without buying a stick of licorice," suggested Phil's comrade, in a disappointed voice.

"Let's spend it," Phil broke out; for difficulties were not alarming to him, and, indeed, made whatever he undertook a great deal pleasanter.

Now, the nearest store was two miles off. The sun shone over the long fields of grain and the dark green grass with such a searching stare, that not a grasshopper, as far as the land lay, but felt the sun looking at him with his hot glance. The dust along

the high-road was as light as thistle-down, and only too glad to have a dance in the air, even as high as the broad-brimmed straw hats of the little journey-men, when they started off on their tramp to Mill-boro'.

Phil had not put the bit of money back into his pocket, where it must have lain safely for so very long, since he could not remember where it came from. He had heard that the best kind of robbers, in olden time, put jewels and gold into their boots; and, having imparted this fact to Tiff, he, in return, strongly advised Phil's doing the same thing.

"They were such successful dogs, you know," said small Tiff, making his neck so straight that his hat looked surprised and disconcerted, "those bandits, that you can't tell what may befall if you put the cent in your boot."

So Phil did not lose a minute, but sat down — on some blackberry-vines, by the way — and put the money into this odd purse.

"Does it feel queer, now?" asked Tiff, after they had jogged on for awhile.

"It don't feel at all," Phil answered, carelessly, though he bore himself with extreme importance, and hit a great many stones with what he took for the purse-boot. Suddenly he stopped and looked straight in front of him, as if he had come up to a hedge Tiff could not see.

"It's strange I don't feel that cent, Tiff," were his startling words.

"Awful," was Tiff's answer, quietly given. "I have thought so all along."

It was not in the boot when they examined it.

"Then," said Tiff, "you must have a hole in the boot."

But none was visible.

"Don't you feel it in the other one?" asked Tiff, after they had sharpened their finger-nails on the inside of the empty one for near ten minutes, trying to find the money in one of the cracks. After a short silence, a smile gleamed on Phil's face; for he had merely mistaken the boot.

When Tiff saw the smile he knew it was all right, and they jogged on again.

Arriving at the first bridge, under which the mill-brook meandered, they lay down in the cool shade of the bushes that overhung the rippling water, and even the bridge itself, and enjoyed the bright brown

and gold of the spots where sunlight fell, and were awed by the deep colors of the brook where no light was blended with it; though I dare say the fishes and eels and frogs, that were in those dusky places did not know it was so dark there. Just as people, who seem to us to be in very dark hours of sorrow, really see the light of Heaven shining down upon them with love.

Phil and his friend thought it was a wise plan to cool themselves still more by paddling for a few moments in the bubbling, curling brook, and the only question was where to put the cent, meantime.

"I guess I'll put it in my cheek," said Phil, "as the Italian monkeys do."

"If you can bear the smack of it," replied Tiff, who was often quick to think of the consequences of an action.

"Some folks say we are descended from monkeys," Phil muttered. "Perhaps I have inherited a liking for the taste of copper."

But if that was a true test of his having monkey ancestors, Mr. Darwin will have to count our Phil out of the list; for he presently made up a hideous face outside the nauseating coin, and very nearly tossed it into the brook, in disgust.

"It's a miserable humbug," cried he. "I don't believe monkeys ever laid the foundation of the human race."

When Phil was angry, he did not mind how big the words that he laid hold of.

"Give it to me," put in Tiff, thinking Phil was getting out of sorts with the lately found treasure, and willing to bear the burden of it, any day.

This suggestion brought the proud owner round.

"I'll put it upon this rock," he made answer, placing the cent on a safe stone and relinquishing it gently, as if it could jump like a cricket.

Tiffy looked at it, lying there on the rock, for some time; for he was trying to find out why that movement was a mistake of Phil's, because he knew it *was* a mistake, somehow. Then they both paddled, standing and sitting, and half reclining on the bank, and carrying each other on the back from one brook-edge to another.

Presently there was a splash. It was not either Phil or Tiff tumbling into the water, but a turtle scrambling out; and he was posted exactly where the cent ought to have been, for it was there no

longer. Neighbor Turtle decided to return home the next minute after catching sight of the boys, but Tiff seized him in time.

"He's swallowed it!" cried Phil. "It's not on the stone, Tiffin; so now, what's to do!"

"It may make him as sick as it did you," suggested Phil's comrade; "though his feet do look like a monkey's, I think."

"Let's hold him by the tail," said Phil, with the hope of getting back the cent by gravitation.

They got into the road again, and took turns holding the turtle upside down, without his becoming incommoded, either, in the way they desired. And at last their very limited stock of patience was entirely gone.

"He's a thief," Phil said, "and they used to shoot and hang thieves in old days. Have you a bit of string, Tiff?"

"Yes, Philibuster."

"Haul it out, then, and we'll hang him by the tail on this birch tree till he gives up."

By this time the turtle wriggled so hard, that the boys could not believe any power except quartering with a jackknife would induce him to a tangible confession; which is to say, admit that he had swallowed the cent, by casting it into the road at its rightful owner's feet.

The latter turned round sharply upon Tiff, for he had been watching the turtle for two minutes with out interruption.

"Tiff, perhaps he didn't swallow it," said he.

"That's so," the other murmured; and they went and looked about the base of the rock. To be sure, there, among the pebbles, lay the cent.

"I'm going to put the money in my pocket again," announced Phil, and proceeded to carry out his intention.

Tiffin agreed that this idea was a capital one,

now; though, of course, it would have been foolish, thought he, to have entertained it before they had had so much experience concerning the dangers of transporting the cent in any other way. But, in my opinion, it is better to try to imagine what may come to pass from what we are about to do, instead of taking for granted that we are wise, the first thing. And, moreover, when trouble comes from an action or opinion of ours, we may be sure we have made some mistake. But Tiff and Phil never annoyed themselves with little lessons like this.

They passed over the plank bridge with a sound of their bare feet as if they were wiping the boards, and then the dark, seldom-sunny brook was left alone singing.

"Tiff," said Phil, after a quarter of a mile, in which they had refreshed themselves with raspberries, "what would you like to have me buy at the store with my cent — candy?"

"O, I don't know!" replied Tiff, but added, in a few minutes: "I know what I wouldn't buy. It's real hard to choose what one would buy with a cent, there are so many things one wants; but there are very few things one *could* buy, so I think it would be best to make up our minds to what isn't possible for

us to buy anyway. A pop-gun for one thing."

"A geography," retorted Phil, very glad that they could not buy a geography, of course, and they both chuckled.

"By the way, we can't make a purchase of Constantinople," added Tiff, who had heard the Russians would be glad to get that city at any price.

"The idea," said Phil, with a "ho, ho!" "of owning Turks! They wouldn't mind us any better than kangaroos."

"I guess I could make them mind," replied Tiff, strutting.



TESTING THE POWER OF GRAVITATION.

"They wear great bags for trowsers, and turbans," Phil informed his small companion, in a serious tone, as if that kind of dress must make the Turks quite wild.

"Just think, Phil," Tiff went on, "we can never buy up the whole world. If I had bought the world —" Tiff had to stop and think a little space, but then finished easily, "I should give it to Barnum, to make a Hippodrome of."

"But then how," Phil dropped in, "could Barnum put up a poster, saying, 'I AM COMING,' on it. He'd always be there."

"Oh, never mind!" Tiff could not bear minding things. "But what fun we would have! We'd have a tremendous crowd of all the Indians for one show, with a row of chiefs smoking peace-pipes on the outside, and Turks, and a great many brass cannon to keep those Indians in order, supposing the peace-pipes didn't answer." This was shrewd of Tiff, for peace-pipes do not always mean more than an ordinary cigar, when smoked by a red man.

"Then we'd have a grand menagerie of all the beasts and reptiles, without cages," said Phil, as much excited as though the fields were filling with lions and crocodiles and serpents as he spoke, "with a very fine mosquito-netting stretched over them, to keep the snakes from slipping among the spectators."

"And wouldn't it be nice to have some day sky-rockets," continued Tiff, "made of the most splendid butterflies!"

At that instant the boys started, and the last speaker of the two sat right down in the dust with astonishment, for a frisky, tiny, brown rabbit danced across the road, as much as to say, the green leaves should be *her* only cover; no mosquito-netting, sirs!

"Wasn't it a dear, pretty thing?" said Tiff.

"The bobbingest little pet," answered Phil softly, "I wish I could buy it for a cent; but it's free, Tiff; nothing could buy it, and somehow I am glad, too."

"There's no use talking about what we can't buy," said Phil while they sauntered on, occasionally blowing a long blast on a piece of meadow-grass. "We can't even buy a piece of ground, you know."

"What would you do if you had a piece of ground?" asked Tiff, always delighting in 'ifs.'

"Sow it with sunflower seeds," said Phil, quickly.

"Why?"

"Because they are the tallest flowers I ever saw,"

in a quiet, thoughtful voice Phil answered, enjoying his fancy; "because they look so brave and sad. Because I think they tried to be suns, and look as if they were weeping, you know, very still, as one does after getting a scolding one don't deserve; for the sun looks down, and instead of saying, 'Hullo, brothers, glad to see you!' says, 'You've got to try it again, sunflowers!'"

"What would you do with the sun," said Tiff, not afraid of anything however big, "if you could buy it?"

"It would be a bad investment," Phil replied, in mimicry of the opinions of his elders, "there's no railroad to it yet."

"True enough." Tiff wondered whether he should make a journey to the sun when he got to be a gray old man. There might be a way of getting to it by that time.

"But Phil," he chatted on, "you can't think how queer I feel when I think of that cent of yours. I'd like you to buy up everything, and yet, since you can't do that, I'd like to have you keep your cent until you get a million more. Then, if you bought up everything in the shop, the town-folk might have to come begging of you; and yet if you kept all the money you ever got, it would not do anybody good, so then, what are we going to do?"

"I have some of that feeling, myself," confessed Phil. "I think it is very queer that one piece of money can make us so proud, Tiff."

"Hullo!" said Tiff, in a louder voice than when he chatted, which made Phil look up, and he saw that three other boys were playing by a trough near Eben Poole's house.

The little cent-merchants drew up beside the trough, and talked with their friends for a while. They did not say many words; but grunted, and looked at each other's noses (for they did not look into each other's eyes), and felt the trough as if it were a calf going to market, and dipped their fingers in the water that was blue from the sky overhead; and when all this business was transacted, they began to move off.

Then one of the young Pooles spoke,

"What are you going to the store for?"

Phil and Tiff exchanged glances very soberly, and answered:

"Fun."

Which made the three other boys inquisitive. They knew that somewhere Phil and Tiff had experi-

enced a wonderful run of luck, just because they hardly winked, and their eyes sought the ground. The cent-merchants continued to move off, and so did the three Pooles, in the same direction. When they had got on a little way, Tiff turned back and called to the boys following:

"Phil's going to buy a cent's worth of something that's big and valuable. He found a cent in his pocket about an hour ago."

The Pooles then came alongside and asked to see the cent; but Phil thought he might lose it, he said, if he took it out of his pocket before he reached the store. He had already come near losing it, because he had not let it alone.

If Phil had been more obliging, it would have been a great deal more agreeable for him in the end.

The village was near at hand, and when they came to the store, all the boys stood out of Phil's way, so that he might mount the steps first, and have a clear head for deciding between all the valuable things on and behind the counters. One or two of them hoped Phil would buy something that could be divided.

Phil began by looking into the glass cases, while his companions watched his every movement. Boys can stare almost as long as the picture of one's great-grandfather—and that stares day and night for centuries.

Soon Mr. Scrimpquart, the storekeeper, came round to the particular case into which Phil was gazing, and asked him, rather sharply, what he wanted.

At this the boys chuckled, for they were sure Phil had not the least idea, and that this fact was written all over him; but Phil blushed solemnly. Mr. Scrimpquart knew from long habit that when a boy came in, attended by a few friends, he had *something* to spend, and after all, a cent even, had a stamp on head and tail similar in some respects to that of a dollar. Even a cent was not made of wood, thought Mr. Storekeeper.

He shuffled some of his stock about, putting the cheaper articles uppermost, till Phil's face brightened as if he saw something that pleased him. Then Phil broke the awkward silence:

"I want something or other for a cent, please." He longed to ask if the colored print of General Washington, which had been the last thing to catch his eye, and which caught his heart at the same time, he longed to ask if this was worth more than a cent

to Mr. Scrimpquart; but though as plucky a boy as there was in the county, he was afraid of discovering that he must lose General Washington even in print form, so he asked nothing about it.

"I'll tell you what it is," said the thin old storekeeper, with a twinkling glance, "your mother sent you for a gill of yeast!"

Phil slipped his fingers through his hair, perplexed and uneasy. Was Scrimpquart right or not? Was it a dream, or a reality, that his mother had come into his room that morning before he was dressed, and said these words:

"Just think, Phil, the hot weather has burst my yeast-bottle, and there is not a drop left for bread to-night. I shall put a cent in your pocket, Phil, and do you get me some to-day from Mr. Scrimpquart. There goes the cent, and now I shan't forget it, nor you either."

Of all this was the boy thinking, while the storekeeper took his turn at staring, and the four boys gathered round their hero to support him in any calamity that might occur.

"Well," said Phil, his voice trembling a little, and his hand still fidgeting with his brown curls, "I guess mother did send for yeast again, but I had forgotten it. Queer, wasn't it, Tiff?"

Tiff groaned, and then determined to be angry; the effect of which was to make his cheeks redder and his eyes bluer, and he said, as if the words would ring in Phil's ears all the rest of his life, and quite alter it:

"Philibuster, I think your memory needs a cent's worth of *glue*! and I advise you to glue it on somewhere *very* convenient." Then he leaned upon the counter to see Phil pay out the cent that had never been his.

As for Phil, he poked in his pocket a minute, and pulled out his hand. A cry broke from his lips that made Tiffin and the Poole boys press closer. Scrimpquart also, craned his neck across the counter to peep into Phil's hand, expecting to see a scorpion at least.

There lay a round brown pebble!

Phil's grasp had missed the cent when he aimed for it in the brook now a mile or so distant.

You should have seen old Mr. Scrimpquart draw himself up, while Phil told him about the day's adventure. Tiff and the Pooles thought the man

must be undergoing a stertching process with invisible cords, and would not have been unprepared to see his head fly up to the ceiling with a snap. Sometimes the airs of grown people do seem silly to the young.

But if Mr. Storekeeper was at first aggravated at being turned off with a pebble in his old age, he

mastered his temper, and gave all those boys a well-meant piece of advice; for Scrimpquart, though he was not a fine specimen of his worthy profession, had a dash of wisdom about him, just as an ugly rock can hold a jewel for years, until some one needs it.

"I'll tell you what it is, Phil Hamlin, you don't think much of that pebble, but that pebble is worth



THE WHOLE ASSEMBLAGE
IS IN CONSTERNATION

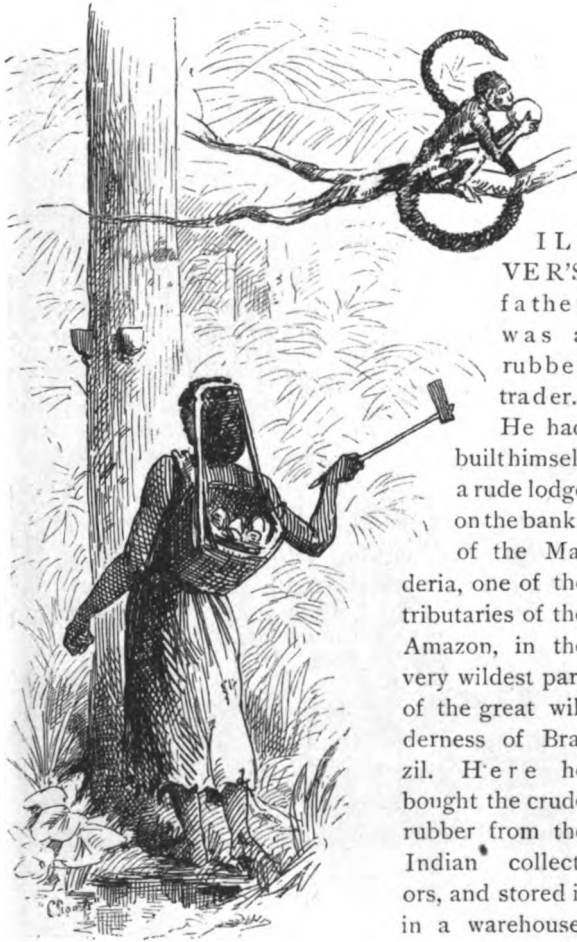
more than anything I have to sell. The Maker of all things, sirs, had more to do with making that pebble than ever he had with making a cent, to my reasoning. I don't say that clothing and education, healthy eating and travelling the world round, are to be despised. What I say is this, young men, I've taken coins across this counter for fifty years, and

I'm getting tired of doing it. I tell you, coin's the deadliest weapon of us human kind, if a boy can't think of anything but a little paltry cent for the whole of a bright summer day!"

Then Scrimpquart gave the boys sugar-plums generously, and sent Phil home with a gill of yeast to his mother, and no score drawn up against her.

THE RUBBER BABY.

BY LIZZIE W. CHAMPNEY.



TAPPING THE RUBBER TREE.

IL-
VER'S
father
was a
rubber
trader.
He had
built himself
a rude lodge
on the banks
of the Ma-

deria, one of the
tributaries of the
Amazon, in the
very wildest part
of the great wil-
derness of Bra-
zil. Here he
bought the crude
rubber from the
Indian collec-
tors, and stored it
in a warehouse,
which was hard-
ly more than a

tent, until the arrival of some boat by which he could send it to Para.

It was a strange place for such a little girl as Silver. The houses were elevated on stilts, for the river ran in front and sometimes overflowed its banks. The palm-thatched roofs projected like those of Swiss chalets, over balconies where the hammocks were hung for the siesta; at night they were carried

into the interior, and the door (there were no win-
dows) closed to keep out the mosquitoes.

You can imagine that with such a house Silver spent most of her time out-of doors; and here there was much to interest her. Philomena, their Indian cook, had all out-doors for her kitchen, and prepared their dinner at a gypsy kettle, very much like the contrivances that ladies place on their lawns, but instead of *coleus* and other gay-leaved plants there was a fire beneath and a good turtle soup or some other dainty in the kettle. For Philomena was an artist in her profession, and they had some dishes at this out-of-the-world place that would have made an epicure tear his hair with envy, and that could not be had for any amount of money at the Astor House or Delmonico's.

Their table was set under a beautiful palm, with a rather short trunk, whose large fan-shaped leaves seemed to be gathered into a bouquet and spread on all sides, giving the tree the shape of a feather duster. All around them was the forest, so dense that it was impossible to penetrate it to any distance except by the paths made by the *seringueiros* or rubber collectors.

Silver had gone once with her father to the hut of one of the gatherers, a poor Indian woman, who spent her days wading through marshy ground where lurked poisonous water-snakes, and treading jungles where jaguars had been found. The woman's name was Justimiama. Her husband had been a rubber gatherer too, but he had died, and now she followed alone his arduous and perilous occupation.

Have any of you ever been in the country in "sugaring time?" If you have you know how the maple trees are tapped, the sap collected and boiled into a waxy syrup and then cooled into maple sugar. The *Siphonia Elastica*, as the botanists call the rubber tree, is tapped in much the same way. Justimiama, as she went out on her daily rounds, would go to the nearest rubber tree, make a number of cuts all

around the trunk, and fasten under each cut a little cup, made from clay, to catch the milky sap. Then she would pass on to the next tree, and as they did not grow very near together, it would take her nearly half a day to reach the farthest one on her route. Then she would retrace her steps, and as she went back, empty the little cups into queer pails made from

calabashes. These calabashes had a braided covering and handle by which they could be carried ; they were egg-shaped and about the size of your head. When she reached home, Justimiama emptied the rubber sap into the shell of a great turtle, which served as a trough or basin. She had just done this when little Silver and her father arrived at the cabin.



LITTLE SILVER MAKES A CAKE OF RUBBER.

“ Eat your dinner, Justimiama, and I will show this little girl how rubber is prepared,” said Mr. Bonbright. But the poor woman was so delighted to see the child that she could hardly eat her coarse farina for looking at her.

Outside the hut was a tall earthen jar or jug which Silver examined curiously, for she could not imagine for what use it could be intended. It could not hold water or any other liquid, for it had no bottom. “ What do you think it is, Silver,” asked Mr. Bonbright.

“ It looks like a lamp chimney,” replied Silver ; “ but it is too big.”

“ It is a chimney, however,” said Mr. Bonbright ; and collecting some palm nuts from a little heap near by, he made a small bonfire and then placed the great earthen chimney over it. The smoke issued from the top in thick white clouds.

Mr. Bonbright then took a long wooden paddle which lay beside the turtle shell, and dipping up some of the rubber sap with a small calabash, poured it on both sides of the paddle. He then held it in

the smoke just over the chimney, turning it carefully so that not a drop fell. The smoke hardened the sap into a leathery substance, and at the same time changed it to a yellowish color. As fast as it hardened he poured on more sap, until quite a mass of rubber had collected on the paddle.

Justimiama, who had finished her farina, now came and cut off the rubber with a knife, remarking that Mr. Bonbright was almost as skillful a workman as herself. Then Silver wanted to try; and as the great paddle was too heavy for her to balance, Mr. Bonbright whittled out a smaller one, and she made her little cake of rubber, which her father said should be sent with the rest down the river to Para, whence it would go to the United States, and there be manufactured into — who could tell what! Perhaps a rubber baby; and if it was he would write to have it sent back for his little girl to play with.

This remark of her father's about a rubber baby, created a deep impression on Silver's mind. She had never had a doll, and she fancied that this rubber baby might laugh, and creep, and eat, and sleep, like other babies which she had seen.

"When will the baby come?" asked Silver.

"I think you may safely expect her about Christmas time," replied Mr. Bonbright; "I shall ask Santa Claus to bring her."

The face of the Indian woman lightened at the mention of Christmas. "Come and spend part of the day with me, little one," she said, kindly, as her guests were leaving.

"What does she know about Christmas?" Silver asked of her father, as they followed the trail through the forest.

"She was educated at one of the Jesuit Missions, and has not forgotten the merry-makings and shows with which it was celebrated."

"I wonder whether she hangs up her stocking," thought Silver, for her mother had taught her to keep Christmas Eve in the northern fashion; and then she laughed softly to herself as she thought that Justimiama had no stockings to hang up, and no chimney but that over which the rubber was smoked. "She was very kind to me," thought Silver; and she asked aloud, "Did she ever have a little girl of her own?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Bonbright; "a black-haired, bright-eyed little girl, who made the hut a very cheerful place; but when she grew up she ran away with

a worthless Indian, and her poor mother has never seen her since."

It seemed a long time to Silver until Christmas, but she was a patient child and waited without fretting, though the rubber baby that was to come was much in her thoughts. Philomena taught her to sew, and she busied herself making a little white cotton shirt for the baby. Philomena gave her a piece of coarse linen lace which she had herself made, and Silver sewed it round the neck of the little garment which she hoped would fit the baby.

The day before Christmas, Silver paid a visit to her friend, the rubber gatherer, carrying with her one of her little stockings, which she hung beside the earthen chimney out-of-doors, explaining to Justimiama that they had no chimney at her own home, and she was afraid Santa Claus would not find it.

The woman smiled, and determined to make the child some sweetmeats, and a little arrow-root pudding, flavored with the seed of a climbing orchid. The pudding would have had a familiar taste to you, for the orchid was the vanilla from which an extract is made, which I have no doubt your mother sometimes puts in her puddings.

When Christmas morning came, the path into the forest was white, not with snow but with the falling petals of flowers; for the tropic sun beamed down as warmly as it does on the Fourth of July, and Silver's muslin dress was thinner, and there was less of it than any which you ever wore at her size. She carried in her hand the little shirt which she had made, and wondered very much whether it would fit her rubber baby which she had no doubt was waiting for her by the chimney.

Justimiama had expected her little friend, and had risen a great deal earlier than usual to put her hut in order and place the little cake of sweetmeat in the child's stocking, and the calabash of pudding beside it. Then she had placed a rude cross, which she made of palm branches, before her door, and which she decorated with beautiful flowers from the forest in honor of the founder of Christmas; and then dashing the tears from her eyes, as she remembered that the last time she had celebrated Christmas was before her own daughter had left her, the lonely woman took her hatchet and calabashes and sat out on her daily round of rubber gathering.

Some time after she had gone, a haggard, wild-

looking woman pushed her way through another path toward the rubber gatherer's hut. She paused when she reached it in dumb surprise at the sight of the cross at the door. Then some old recollection seemed

and a baby that was fastened in a sort of sling across her shoulders, cried aloud.

The little thing was hungry; so was the woman for a whole day had passed since she had eaten. Silver's pudding in the calabash caught her eye, and she snatched it up ravenously, but she did not taste a morsel. She held the calabash to the baby's lips, and the greedy little thing drained every drop; then, its hunger satisfied, it fell asleep on her knees.

At this time Silver was coming nearer and nearer through the forest. Her heart was so light that she sang a Christmas carol that an old Spanish lady had taught her. The words were very quaint and odd. This was the way it ran:

He was born in a hovel
Of spider webs full;
Beside him there grovel
An ox and a mule;
And King Melchior bade,
To honor the day,
And that none might be sad,
The musicians should play.

I'm a poor little gypsy
From over the sea;
I bring him a chicken
That cries "*quir-i-qui*;
For each of us, sure,
Should offer his part;
Be you ever so poor,
You can give him your heart.

Good night Father Joseph:
Madonna so mild,
We leave with regret
Your adorable child,
With the crown on his locks,
The symbol of rule:
Sleep in peace, Senor Ox!
God bless you, Sir Mule!



ON HER WAY TO THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING.

to stir within her, and a milder, softened look came to her face. She peered cautiously into the interior of the hut, and the fact that it was empty seemed to reassure her. She sat down wearily beside the cross;

The crouching woman heard the sweet, young voice carolling joyfully — clearer and still clearer. She rose, and lifting the earthen chimney placed the sleeping baby under it, and hurried away by the same path over which she had come.

When Silver reached the place and saw the floral

cross, she clapped her hands with delight, and exclaimed that now at last she had a Christmas tree a real Christmas tree, such as her mother had told her the children in the North had at Christmas time. She was rather noisy in her glee, and the baby under the chimney awoke and cried.

This did not surprise Silver in the least; it must be, she thought, her rubber baby — but where was it? She looked in the stocking and found a little mould of guava jelly, shaped like a fish and wrapped in a leaf. This was very nice, but it was not the baby.

But as the baby kept on crying, Silver soon discovered where it was hidden, and pushed the chimney over. She concluded that as it was too large to put in her stocking, Santa Claus had dropped it down the chimney; and she set about trying on the little shirt.

This was all the more easily done, as the baby had on no clothes whatever, except a necklace of beads with a little silver cross. It seemed pleased with its new robe, and allowed Silver to hold it, and sing to it, and feed it with her jelly-fish — as she very appropriately called her little mould of sweetmeat.

As for Silver, she was never so happy in all her life. Here was the rubber baby for which she had waited so long. It was just the color of the rubber when sent away — a light, yellowish brown; and as her father had told her that one of the desirable

peculiarities of rubber babies was that they would wash, she brought a little water from the spring near by and begun to scrub its face, and her happiness was if possible increased when she found that its complexion did not wash off.

Presently, Justimiama returned, and then all of Silver's happiness was destroyed; for when she heard Silver's account, she looked at the baby very earnestly and the little cross on the necklace. Then she shrieked aloud the name of her lost child, and seizing the baby in her arms darted down the path, her instinct telling her that the baby's mother was her own daughter and that she was not far distant. They came back presently together, with their arms around each other, laughing and crying hysterically, and chattering like a pair of monkeys.

Silver was disgusted and took her leave. It appeared that Santa Claus had not intended the baby for her after all, but for the old rubber gatherer. Tears of disappointment welled up in her eyes as she walked toward home. She had lost her rubber baby and the little shirt, as well as her pudding and jelly fish which the little gourmand had eaten; and though her father met her with a rubber doll with a bright pink and white complexion that would not come off and a bright pink and white dress that would, it was long before she could be comforted.

CAKE CRUMBS.

BY SARAH O. JEWETT.

ONCE there was a little girl, who is a great girl now, whose name was Milly, and she was very fond of sponge cake.

Doesn't that sound as if this were going to be a good story?

Well one day when she was playing with her dolls she found they had nothing in the house for dinner, and though it was a good deal of trouble she went down stairs to find something. There was no regular dinner-hour at the baby-house; the family did not seem to mind whether it was served soon after Milly's breakfast in the morning, or late in the afternoon. They always sat up straight and stiff, (except the yellow-haired doll in blue, whose head was always falling over into her lap) and were always pleased with whatever was said or done.

Milly was living at this time with her grandmother. Her father and mother had gone abroad to stay a year or two, and had taken her elder sister with them; and Milly was very happy indeed, for everybody in the house was very kind to her and gave her almost everything she asked for, and a great many pleasures beside by way of surprises.

It was a large, old-fashioned house, and most of the rooms were large except this small one, where the baby-house was, which opened out of the room where Milly's small bed stood alongside her grandmother's wide one. It was really her grandmother's dressing-room where she played, but she kept her playthings at one side of it; there was a stripe in the carpet which marked out her boundary, and she was not allowed to let her possessions stray over it; and she minded very well what she had been told about meddling with her grandmother's dressing things.

Only once there had been a dreadful afternoon when she had wanted some water to wash all the dolls' faces, and had tipped over the great pitcher. Nobody knew why it had not been broken, but it was very lucky, for it was a pitcher which

grandmother thought a great deal of, and had had ever since she went to housekeeping.

There was a wide window at one side of the little room and though it was not on the play-house side, Milly could sit there as much as she liked on the window-seat which had a soft cushion and was very comfortable. She liked to unfasten the heavy curtains that were looped up at each side and shut herself in. You looked out on the garden from this window, and just now the purple and white lilacs were in bloom there, and the flowering currants had faded and there were some tulips, and the peonies had grown tall and green, and were topped with some hard, round buds. Just below the window on a Norway spruce-tree there was a robin's nest with some eggs in it, and Milly could watch the bird as she sat there every day. It would be great fun to see the little birds after they were hatched, and Milly's grandmother watched them almost as much as she did, for she was always pleased when the birds built near the house.

And now I have said this about the grandmother, and the house and the little girl so you may know them a little. I must go on again with the story of the day when the dolls had nothing for dinner.

It was a hot day, and the blinds were shut everywhere to keep the house shaded and cool, and grandmother was taking her afternoon nap in her own room so Milly knew she must not make a noise, and she opened the door into the hall as carefully as she could and went out on tip-toe, for the door into her grandmother's room was open. There was one stair that always creaked, but Milly could never remember which it was until she came to it; however it made very little noise to-day, and she went out to the dining-room.

There was a plate of little biscuits on the side-board which she could have whenever she liked; but somehow our friend did not care for them to-day. She

listened, and the house was still and she could hear nobody coming. Nobody had ever told her not to go to the sideboard and it could not be any harm to look in, still, she felt guilty as she turned the key of



IN THE BEAUTIFUL WINDOW.

one of the little cupboards and looked in at the door.

Yes, it was the one where the cake-box belonged, and she stopped for a minute to think, as she often had done before, what a good place the side-board

Milly said she should like it very much, and hur-

ried away to get ready. Just as she was ready to would be to play dolls in; it would be so nice to carry the key in her own pocket and lock and unlock the door when she pleased. Perhaps grandmamma would let her have this part to keep a few of her playthings in; and then she could stay there every afternoon for a while and need not keep so still as she had to in the dressing-room. There did not seem to be much in the little closet, only two blue-and-white ginger-pots with their cane-netting and twisting handles, and a brown jar which held some very sweet East India preserves which Milly liked better than the ginger, and on the shelf underneath was the cake-box, which Milly pulled out a little way and opened. There was such a pleasant odor in these side-board closets always; it made any one hungry at once.

There was a good deal of cake in the box; a great loaf of fruit cake, and two frosted loaves of pound cake, and half the round sponge cake that had been made for tea the evening before, beside some pieces that had been cut and not eaten. But Milly had been told she must not eat any cake unless some one gave it to her. She never must take it herself.

"I shall tell grandma I didn't ask her because she was asleep," she thought; "she always gives it to me," and she took two pieces out and locked the little door again and crept softly up-stairs. "I know grandma would say I might have it," she said to herself, but for all that she hid the cake under her apron, as she went up, and the step half-way creaked so loudly that for a minute she was afraid to go on; but nobody spoke.

So Milly and her dolls had their dinner-party, but just when one piece of cake was eaten, except the bits that were in the dolls' plates, and Milly was taking her first bite of the second piece, Mrs. Hunt waked up and called her.

"Won't you go out to Sophie's room and say that I wish to see her before she goes out, my dear?"

Milly hurriedly put all the cake in her pocket, the dolls' platefuls and all, and went to give the message. Sophie was just putting on her bonnet and shawl, and Ann was sewing by the window. They were always very good to the little girl, and Sophie at once told her that she might go out with her to her sisters. She was first going down town to do some errands.

Milly said she should like it very much, and hurried away to get ready. Just as she was ready to



ON THE CREAKING STAIR.

start she remembered the cake, and she did not know what else to do with it, so she opened one of her little trunks and put it in under the dolls' dresses, and then went away with Sophie, who was a tall, kind woman, who seemed almost as old to Milly as Grandmother Hunt herself.

Our friend liked to look in at the shop windows and Sophie waited patiently, so there was, after all, not a great while to stay at the sister's, who lived in a house whose back windows looked down on the river, and who worked all day making artificial flowers. Milly liked dearly to watch her ; to-day she was making butter-cups, and she gave Milly some little blue flowers for a dolls' hat. She sent the flowers away in great white pasteboard boxes when they were done ; she was a lame woman and could walk only with crutches, and Sophie and she seemed very fond of each other. They were French women, though they had both been in this country a great many years.

Milly listened while they talked to each other, and sometimes she heard one of the French words which Sophie had taught her, and then she was very pleased ; and she watched Marie make the buttercups with her quick, thin fingers, and indeed they came into bloom very fast. Marie was so used to making them that she seemed almost careless about it, and would hardly look at what she was doing, though every bit of yellow and green and every twist of wire was always put in its proper place.

By and by Milly went to look out of the window to see the boats go by ; a buzzing, hurrying little steam-tug went up the river, spattering and leaving a white track of foam behind it ; it made her think of a bumble-bee, and she wondered where it was going in such a hurry. Afterward some boys came along in a dingy, leaking boat, and threw out their lines to fish, but they only caught one little fish, which Milly hated to see flutter and throw itself about ; the poor thing seemed so long dying.

They were just under her window, and at last they looked up and saw her and made such faces at her that she was very much pleased when she saw one of them tip the boat so much in changing his seat that the little fish, which just then gave one desperate flap, went over the side and into the water. The boys looked after it, and Milly laughed, but she put her head inside the window so they did not see her.

"What are you langhing at?" asked Sophie ; and when Milly told her she and Marie both came to look out, and Marie said she was glad they had no luck, for she did not like those boys. They would come to some bad end, she was afraid, for they swore so and were so saucy ; and beside that they were thievish.

Now Milly had been feeling very much pleased with herself, but this reminded her of the naughty thing she had done, and the thought flashed through her mind, "What would Marie say if she knew I stole, too?" And she was so ashamed.

But Sophie and Marie had already forgotten the boys and were chattering French again ; while Milly began to be afraid that grandmamma might go to the dolls' trunk, and she was in a great hurry to get home. Yet she did not like to say so to Sophie, who stayed some time longer ; but at last they were on their way back. It was growing late in the afternoon, and Sophie walked fast for fear she should not get home in season. Mrs. Hunt liked to have tea ready at exactly the right time.

Milly went at once to the baby-house, and there was the trunk, which grandmamma had not thought of opening, which was a great relief, and the cake was inside, folded in the best doll's little shawl. She did not know what to do with it ; she had a most guilty feeling ; she wished her grandmother knew about it, and she ate it as fast as she could, breaking off one little piece after another, fearing all the time that somebody would come in ; and she did hear a footstep at the last, and put the rest of the cake in her pocket just as Sophie opened the door and told her that tea was ready.

There was a basket of fresh cake on the table, and Mrs. Hunt, who was very fond of it, praised it and herself gave a piece of each kind to the little girl ; but somehow Milly felt sorry as she took it. When tea was over grandmamma read her a letter which had come from her mother that afternoon, and there were a great many messages for her, and mamma said she was very glad to hear that Milly was such a good girl ; which made her think again of the two pieces of sponge cake.

It was still early, and it was so pleasant that Mrs. Hunt thought she would go to drive, and she took one of her old friends and they all went a long way up the shore of the river. It was very pleasant, but when Milly reached home she was so sleepy that

Patrick had to lift her out and give her to Sophie, and Sophie took her up stairs and put her to bed, so that was the end of that day.

It had been for several days very warm and pleasant weather, and Milly had worn a thin dress, but when she waked up next morning it was cold and rainy, so that was put away and Sophie brought out a thick frock which was very comfortable. Milly played all the morning in the dressing-room, and she was not very happy. One by one each of the dolls did something that was naughty and provoking and was punished for it, until the whole baby-house was in disgrace, and so many things strayed out beyond the boundary stripe in the carpet that grandmamma said she must put the baby-house in order before she left it, for the playthings were scattered all about the floor.

"Isn't the little girl happy to-day?" said she, kindly; and Milly hung her head.

After a while she thought she would get some beads which were in one of her trunks and string them until dinner was ready; she had begun some time before to make necklaces for all the dolls. She had two little trunks just alike which two cousins had given her the same Christmas. It was very fine to have two, and she was very proud of them, but to-day she happened to open the wrong one, and there were all the crumbs of the cake scattered on top. She had forgotten it just then and felt a little angry, but she shook the little shawl out into her lap, and gathered the crumbs up in her hand, and then remembered that there was a window open in the next room and resolved to go in there to throw them out.

Just as she was on her way she heard her grandmother's slow step in the hall outside, and her little heart began to beat very fast. She was half-way across the room and very near her own little white bed, so she quickly put the little handful of crumbs inside. I do not suppose Mrs. Hunt would have noticed at all that she threw something out of the window; and she only said, "Dinner is ready, dear," and in a few minutes they went down stairs together.

After dinner was over grandmamma took her nap, and it was a longer one than usual, and there the cake crumbs stayed and dried.

One of Milly's friends came to spend the afternoon and drink tea with her, and so she forgot what was hidden in her bed until she was fairly in it. Sophie

was very kind that night and tucked Milly in, and even sat with her awhile and told her a long story about when she was a little girl and lived in Paris and used to go every spring to make a visit to her god-mother who lived out in the country.

Milly was always glad to hear these stories, but that night the crumbs made her very uncomfortable. They scattered themselves all about the bed and were under her back, and somehow or other one or two got inside her nightgown sleeve and would not be shaken out. She moved about trying to find a place where there were none, and Sophie thought she was restless; but the more she moved, the more crumbs there seemed to be, and at last she was glad, for the very first time in her life, when Sophie bade her good-night and went away. She tried at first to brush the crumbs out of bed, but that would never do, for they would be seen on the floor in the morning, and so she stole out of bed, and got as many as she could in her hand and threw them out of the window. She was sure she had found them all, but when her head was on the pillow again it seemed as if there were more than ever, and she was very wretched and passed a most uneasy night, for she kept waking up and feeling the hard little bits, and a great wind blew all night long and made all the noise it could in the elms around the house; and if it had not been light enough to see grandmother sound asleep close by, I think she might have been afraid.

The next noon it cleared off, and it was warm summer weather again; the wind had come round to the south, and later, Milly's brown frock which she had worn in the morning was altogether too thick, so Sophie was told to change it; and Mrs. Hunt added that she was going to make a few calls in the neighborhood and Milly might go with her.

So the thin dress was put on, and she took fast hold of her grandmother's hand and went skipping along at her side, taking three steps for every one of Mrs. Hunt's sedate ones. She liked to go calling very much; the old ladies whom she went to see were always very kind and made a great deal of her and very often gave her some candy. Milly thought old ladies were a great deal nicer than young ones; but to-day the first call was made upon somebody whom she did not like very well — to tell the truth she was a little afraid of Mrs. Hirst, who was very wrinkled and very prim and forbidding, and who wore

stiff bunches of little black curls on each side of her face. Grandmamma's curls were soft and gray and she had a very pleasant look, and always was ready to smile at her little girl.

Mrs. Hirst was very ceremonious, and she said "How do you do to-day, my dear?" in the most polite way, and gave Milly a hard little stool to sit on which was not pleasant to begin with, as our friend would have liked a chair a great deal better if it were not too high. But she seated herself and listened while Mrs. Hunt and Mrs. Hirst talked to each other.

In those days it was the fashion for little girls to wear frocks that were made low in the neck and with short sleeves, and Milly's was made in that way. She had only worn a little silk cape with fringe round it, instead of her little cloth coat, and presently even this felt too thick, so she would have liked to take it off; but she did not know what Mrs. Hirst would think if she took off a cape without being asked, so she sat still with her hands folded, and gave once in awhile a quiet sigh.

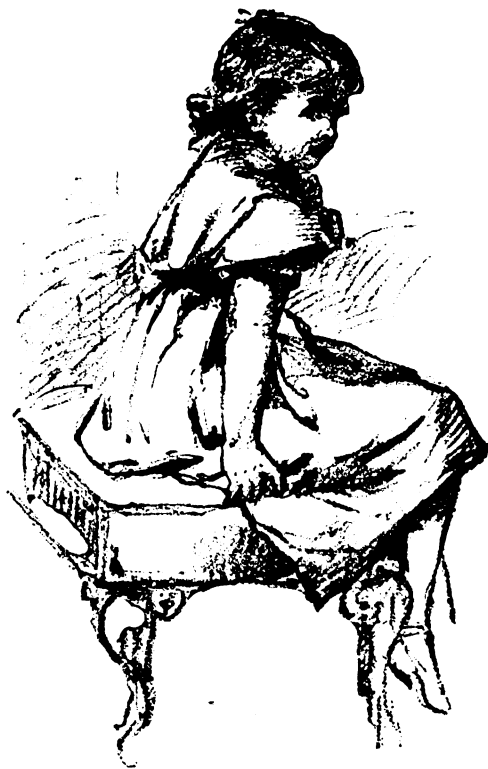
But in a minute she felt something crawling on her right shoulder and brushed it off, but the next minute it seemed to be in the same place again, and she put her hand under the little cape and was afraid it might be a spider, only it seemed smaller, and there seemed to be more than one. At last she threw back her cape and to her dismay she found there was a long procession of red ants going over her shoulder into the world beyond.

There were dozens of them; they were coming up over her dress, and they were all in line; when she tried to brush them off they only came and came, each with a bit of white in its mouth; and she looked down with a chill of horror and saw that they were coming out of her pocket. If she had thought a minute I do not believe she would have put in her hand at all, but she did, and pulled out her handkerchief with the rest of the ants and a shower of cake crumbs.

If it had been anywhere else but at Mrs. Hirst's!

Luckily the old ladies did not notice her, and she picked up all the crumbs she could and held her cape close together and longed for her grandmother to finish the call, and the little ants marched on, and Milly knew she could not keep from crying a great while longer any way in the world.

She had often heard her grandmother say what misery it was to have emmets get into one's house; she knew how angry Ann and Sophie were when they found them in the closets, and there were even times



MILLY WISHES HER GRANDMOTHER WOULD HURRY.

when Ann had had to put the legs of the table in plates of water and keep the sugar and some other things on it for safety. The dreadful thought came that Mrs. Hirst would have ants in her house, now, and would always be angry with her; she imagined her saying in chilling tones by and by:

"So this is the naughty little girl who brought the emmets!"

But Mrs. Hirst seemed unusually good-natured that afternoon, and even brought her little guest a round, frosted cake with red caraways on it, and when Milly said she could not eat it, it was put into a paper for her to carry home, but she did not put it in her pocket.

She was so afraid her hostess saw the ants and the crumbs, and she could hardly wait until they were out of her hearing on their way down the walk to the front gate to say in despair —

"Oh, grandma, hurry! please take me home quick, I'm all over ants!" and then she began to cry as if her heart would break.

Grandma shut the gate behind her, and looked down at poor Milly with great amazement.

"Oh, take off my cape, please do! They're all walking up over my shoulder out of my pocket! and they all shook out of my handkerchief on the carpet! Oh, dear, dear!" and Milly fairly danced up and down, she was so miserable.

Mrs. Hunt lifted the little silk cape and saw the procession, but it had almost gone by and was already straggling, and she could not keep herself from laughing heartily, though she pitied Milly very much.

"We'll go right home to Sophie, dear," said she; "but how did they come in your pocket?"

And then Milly told the whole story.

Grandmamma was very sorry about it; it was not that she minded the cake being eaten, but Milly had done a thing which she knew was wrong.

"Do you think I can trust you any more, dear?" said she, and Milly with many tears promised that she would try to be good.

Grandmamma said she thought she had been punished enough already, and the little girl crept up into her lap and sat there a long time, and they made the rest of the calls another day.

It was a very good lesson, for she was so ashamed

of herself and was made so uncomfortable that she could not forget it, and she tried to show afterward that she was fit to be trusted, for although she was a little girl she had learned that a person who cannot be trusted is not worth much.

I do not believe that Mrs. Hirst ever said anything about the emmets. Milly was always afraid she would, but perhaps there were emmets in her house to begin with and she did not notice the new ones, or perhaps they had been homesick and came back as fast as they could when they found where they were.

But a day or two afterward Sophie took Milly again to see her sister Marie, and Milly was sure she told her the whole story in French, for they laughed a good deal and looked at her sometimes as she sat by the window and looked out at the river and thought she never would take any cake from the side-board again without asking as long as she lived. She leaned over the window-sill to see the water so Marie and Sophie would not notice the tears in her eyes; but Marie was even kinder to her than usual that day, and gave her ever so many flowers to trim dolls' bonnets, and even showed her how to make a pink rose to take home to her grandmother, who was as much pleased with it as heart could wish.

And since then I do not know how many times she has laughed when she has thought of the ants in her pocket, though it was a dreadful thing at the time.

HER LITTLE LIFE.

BY JULIA A. EASTMAN.

WE all remember that Wednesday afternoon. We Ashbel children had good cause to remember it.

[You see it was our grand-uncle Ted who was telling the story, and we were all down on the rocks by the river, listening.]

Marion, had taken it into her head to trim the play-house with gorgeous sun flowers. She was hanging the gray roof and the red chimney and the low eaves with the great yellow things. Louis was reading—he usually was. He glanced up to say to Marion, “It’s like Katherine’s house in the German tale, when she bought out the two tin peddlers.”

“I remember. And she hung pails, and pans and basins all over everything.” And Marion aimed a big brown-and-yellow disk at the top point of the lighting-rod. She missed three times and then succeeded. “There, I knew I could,” she cried triumphantly.

Our play-house. It was a real out-door house, though the smallest one, I dare say, that you ever saw. It had been a doctor’s office once, and it stood by itself out on the side hill among the apple trees. I used to think in those days—I still think in these days—that it was the jolliest place a lot of youngsters ever had to get up a good time in. We were allowed to make all the noise we pleased out there, and we made a great deal. There were but five of us. Neighbors who knew us only by the hearing of the ear supposed there were fifty.

The play-house had two rooms hardly bigger than closets. One of them had shelves up and down the back side. In the doctor’s time these had been filled with jars and vials and messes. One corner still smelled of creosote. We divided the shelves. Marion, who was the oldest and tallest, had the top one. She arranged it in a suite of rooms with festoons of rose-pink gauze for her dolls. Marion was a good house-keeper, so Dollydom was usually in order. The next shelf was Bruno’s, and looked like ruin let loose all the time. He had a cage for live stock, and so

his small beasts and bugs and things were caged or run at large on that shelf. Lou kept his books on the one below, and there was open war in the camp sometimes: for example, one night when old Pink-eye, Bruno’s white mouse, with her fifteen children broke jail and fell upon Lou’s volumes of Grimm, and nibbled out the whole entrancing story of “Snow-White.” The shelf below held my water-wheel, and steam-engines, etc., while the short, lower one was Daphne’s. Daphne was the youngest, a little fat, jolly thing in those times. She had on her shelf a box for her puppy, and a basket for her cat, and as the two didn’t agree she put up a big volume of Flavel’s sermons for a fence between them.

I’ve told you enough for you to imagine the play-house. What you never can imagine is the fun we had in it. Papa and mamma and the grandpapas and grandmamas—we had a full double set of ’em, not to mention one great-grandmother eighty-five years old, and the jolliest one of us—all these charming people “liked to see young folks enjoy themselves;” and that meant making a tremendous noise. Why, one day we raised such a din that the fire company with Engine No. 3 came thundering down the street to our garden gate, and went away cross when Bruno explained that we were only playing “The Great Fire in London,” a drama which our brother Lou had written.

Honestly, I suppose we were a precious nuisance to the neighborhood. I believe if there had been an earthquake, or a nitro-glycerine explosion, people would have dismissed the noise as “nothing but those Ashbel children,” and would have gone about their business. There was one wheezy old select man who used to threaten us with the Riot Act, but he never got to the reading of it.

On that particular Wednesday afternoon our great-grandmother had come down to the play-house to visit us. She was now asleep in her wheeled chair in the corner.

"I believe I'll just drop off a little," she had said. "You needn't try to be quiet, children. You know happy noises never disturb me."

And so the dear old creature "dropped off" into a sound snooze, and never knew when Marion fastened a sunflower to each of her broad shoulders, nor when Muff crept on to her knee and went to sleep, nor when the old mud-turtle snuggled up against her foot to meditate.

Bruno was making a small yoke out of a bit of ratan, Daphne and I were helping Marion with the sunflowers, and Lou was reading out loud, reading in a high key, screwing up his nose, and rolling his r's prodigiously.

"R-r-rats! They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheese out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cooks' ladles."

Then all at once just as Lou came to the lines,

"Drowning their speaking with shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats,"

there was a piteous wailing mew. Bruno had taken the kitten for purposes of his own, out of great grandmamma's lap.

"Bruno, you shan't do that!" cried Daphne, "I won't have my kitty yoked up with your rabbit."

"O, Daffy-down-dilly, be lovely now," answered Bruno as though he were putting on a poultice. What he was doing was to push the kitten's head into a place too small for it.

"I don't want to be lovely. I want my cat." Daphne's foot came down with a stamp. In a rage she was a small tempest. "Muff hates Bunny, and he is the hatefulest rabbit I ever saw. Bruno, I say!"

Bruno in his smoothest tones made answer.

"Don't let your angry, and so forth." Then there was another mew, a scratching, a scampering, and he finished his sentence with, "Ugh! go it then, you miserable creetur! Scat!"

The kitten had taken matters into her own claws it seemed, and she was off and away up the shelves.

"O, kitty, kitty," screamed Daphne, "you must *not* go up into Dollydom. Fair Rosamond thinks you are a roaring lion, and she'll die of scare."

"Never mind, Daffy," said Marion good-naturedly. "Rosamond isn't at home."

But Muff was already on the top shelf, and her mistress was up after her, clinging and climbing hand over hand as though the shelves had been a ladder.

"You monkey," said Bruno, laughing.

I remember I stopped with a sunflower in my hand to watch her. She had captured the kitten, and was coming down; Lou was saying, "Let's rig up a tight rope for her to dance;" we were all looking on in admiration when suddenly — we never knew how or why — there was a misstep, a crash of shelves and a fall!

"We're in for it now," said Bruno as he saw Mistress Pink-eye and her family scattering in sixteen different directions.

"What is it?" asked gran'mamma, waking, and Marion ran to Daphne.

"I'll help you up, Dilly. Did it hurt you much?"

But Daphne only moaned, and begged us not to touch her, and Marion turned white.

"Bruno, run and call mamma. She is hurt." And then we all were frightened. It wasn't much of a fall as we measured things. I had tumbled out of a second-story window once, and hadn't minded it; and Daffy herself had broken her collar-bones so many times that she made nothing of that; but this must be something different. We knew it must be when we saw how she lay there, a little pale creature gasping and moaning. Mamma too looked frightened when she came in with papa. They two together took Daphne up though she screamed fearfully, and then we followed them, a scared, silent procession, down through the orchard and across the garden.

The house was hushed and strange that evening. There were doctors coming and going, and the door of mamma's room was shut, and all we knew was what papa told Marion, "Daphne had injured her spine."

"The spine is the back, isn't it, Marion?" I asked; and when she said, "Why, of course," I felt snubbed and sleepy. It rained I remember, and I took Muff and went off to bed without a lamp and wished I had been born a purring cat and not a wretch of a boy whose sister had "injured her spine."

It was a day or two after, that Marion got us all together down in the play-house and showed us a paper tacked upon the wall. It was written all over and headed with:



POOR DAPHNE!

"Because our sister Daphne is sick and cannot bear noise, therefore :

"*Resolved*, that we must not do these things. Slam doors, run up and down stairs, whistle, sing or talk loud in the house. We must not shout anywhere on the grounds, we —"

"Look here, Marry," said Bruno when she had read so far. "We mustn't, and we mustn't, and we mustn't! I say it's hard lines if a fellow can't scream outside the house. Why, I suppose I can't turn a summerset over the foot-board of my own bed, perhaps?"

"Indeed, you can't, Bruno. It would jar the whole house. And Daffy can't bear a jar."

"O, bah! I was sick myself once. Measles, the worst kind, and the whole pack of you made just as big a hullaboo as usual."

"But this is different," answered Marion patiently. "Doctor Innis says Daffy has hurt her nerves in some way. I don't know what that means, but this is true, she can hear every little sound, like the clock ticking away down in the dining-room. And she can't bear the odor of a flower anywhere about, and when kitty sat on the sofa and washed her face, it put her into such an agony that they had to carry Muff away. It is awful, the pain she suffers, not like measles at all."

"Well, then I'll tell you what, Marion. We shall have to play still plays, and you — I'm thinking you'll be obliged to talk less."

"Yes, I shall. Papa told me so this morning. Not a bad thing either," she added with sudden humility.

I believe Marion and every one of us began to see, even then, that we must try to overcome our faults, try to be quiet instead of noisy, gentle instead of rough, *for another's sake*.

"Tomorrow will be Ted's birth-day," said mamma, a week later. Ted was myself you know. "If Daphne sleeps well to-night, you may all go into her room in the morning."

It was a clear day, the sun brightening up everything out doors and in. We mustered in the library. Mamma came down looking rather pale, winking suspiciously, and tucking her pocket handkerchief out of sight.

"Now you are not to speak, you know. Just look at her and come quietly out again. Are the shoes all off? Look cheerful."

So every one of us smiled a forlorn little smile, and followed mamma. An open door, an orderly room with squares of sunshine lying out on the carpet, in the middle of the chamber a white bed, white pillows, and a pair of great blue eyes looking out of a thin white face—these were what we saw. Those eyes and that pale face were our Daphne.

Well, we filed in. Every one had carried her a little gift. Marion went first with a pot of maiden-hair fern, Bruno had his hands full of juniper sprays, because the red berries were so pretty; and Louis carried a bright purple stone which he had found. As for me, I took in, of all things in the world, a pair of new boots. I was sure Daffy would like to see anything which was so beautiful to me.

But when I saw her so sad and strange, plump cheeks and dimples and pink all gone, I forgot my boots, forgot orders, forgot everything but my grief. I just dropped down on the carpet beside the small bed and blurted out :

"O, you poor old Dilly, I never loved you so hard in all my life. Never!" and then I had just time to snatch the corner of the counterpane and kiss it, when I was caught up and hustled out of the room by the nurse Celia.

"Master Ted, I must say 't I'm ashamed of ye!" said Celia, down stairs.

I was ashamed of myself, and I said so, and added, "But I couldn't help it, not if you were to kill me, Celia," and I sobbed.

"Kill *you*. Taint a question o' killin' *you*. It's poor dear Miss Daffy 't you've got to think on."

But it was a great comfort to me afterwards that I did kiss the counterpane.

"I wonder if she is going to die," said Louis.

No, Daphne did not die; but she never stood on her feet again. From that time forward she was chained to that bed there in our mother's room, the long years through, always there, and always the same patient suffering little creature, how suffering and how patient we none of us knew until we grew to learn in ourselves what patience and suffering really meant.

So we minded our resolutions written and posted in the play-house; we learned still plays, and O, we learned a great many things. By and by we used to go and amuse Daphne by playing in her room, and then we found out how to talk low, without whisper-

ing, to laugh without shouting, to walk quietly without tiptoeing, and to give Daffy her medicine without clicking spoons and glasses. Watch your uncle the doctor in a sick room, and see how gently he does everything. That is what I mean. But Bruno was an awkward sort of fellow, always stumbling against the furniture like a great tumble-bug, before Daphne was hurt.

As for me, I had an Apollyon of a temper in those days, and was fond of flinging myself on the carpet, and banging my tough skull against the wall when I was vexed. This wouldn't do under the new dispensation of course, and so I remember once or twice running a mile to the woods for the sake of kicking a certain steady old birch tree in order to vent my rage. But that didn't last long. A mile race shook the blood out of my head into my heels, and improved my state of mind.

We had days of going off to the woods, all of us, and having a noisy time after the old fashion, but somehow we were always glad to get back home again, and go softly up to Daphne's room. It was a sort of shrine to us, a little bit of heaven with the dust and the wrong doing all shut out.

Well, we grew older and were sent away to school and to college, and still Daphne lay those summer days and winter days just the same, only that it was a longer bed now, and the face on the pillows wasn't a child's face any more, but the eyes were those of a young girl, and O, with such a look in them! Such an expression of endurance and love,—of suffering put down—of course I can give you no idea of it, but I always thought when I looked into Daphne's eyes of the words, "To him that overcometh."

After I went to college and got away from home and from Daphne, I wasn't—well, I wasn't the best kind of a fellow, you see. [Uncle Ted looked down, then raised his eyes to Aunt Amy; that's his wife who smiled across at him from her seat under the old willow, and he went on.] I got into some scrapes and finally they sent me home for a while. Don't you think I hated to go up into Daphne's room then? O, how I detested myself! But she, the little white saint that she was, she put out her two hands to me saying, "And now, dear, you're going to tell me all about it?" So I dropped down on my knees by her

bed and told her everything, and then—she said a few words to me—and—well I shall not forget them in this world.

There isn't much more to tell. There came a year when she grew weaker, and whiter, and gentler, than ever. When Bruno came home from Europe where he had been in a medical school, he looked very grave about Daphne. We were sitting beside her one night—it was just after I graduated, and after Marion was married, and she said something in her sweet way about having been only a trouble all these years, and Marion cried,

"O, Daffy, don't. Why, we owe everything to you." And Bruno added:

"Never say that again, dear. Just think what a set of young Apaches we were when you took us in hand. I'm nothing to boast of, but if there's the making of a man in me I've you to thank for it."

"I truly don't know how your father and I could have brought up these children without your help," spoke mamma.

I was sitting with Daphne's hand in mine. It was an August night something like this, I remember, with the clematis in bloom down by the river, and a new moon just setting over Graylock. I saw the eyelids droop lower, and just as the dusk was lost in the dark I said quietly, "She is asleep."

Bruno stepped to the bed, bent over and listened. Then he touched her wrist and instantly glanced with startled eyes across at our mother.

"O, mamma!" he cried, as though he had been a little boy, you know, and not a grown-up doctor. "O, mamma!"

Uncle Ted's voice stopped short here. Then he sprang up and walked away from us into the shrubbery. The next minute Aunt Amy was gone too, and presently we heard the unlocking of the boat at its moorings below us. Then we saw it slide out from the shadow of the wooded shore into the wide levels of the moonlight beyond, and we could hear Aunt Amy's voice singing something low and sweet.

No one spoke for a little—then, after a while, Kitty, our four-year-old, drew a comical sigh and said seriously:

"O, I'm so glad that bad little boy kissed the counterpane."

THE STORY OF A DRESS.

BY NORA PERRY.

SHARLY, what in the world are you sitting hidden away in this chilly window-seat for? We've been looking for you everywhere. Come—come down, we want you to play Fortunatus' Purse with us." And as she speaks, Kathie Raymond, who is Sharly's sister, gives a gentle pull at the hand she has seized and Sharly, half obeying the impulse and half of her own will, does come down as she has been ordered and suffers herself to be led into the room beyond, which Kathie soon makes bright by elevating the gas and stirring up the fire in the open grate. This accomplished she goes into the hall and calls out:

"Come Judy, come down. I've found her. We're in the back parlor."

A second only, and then down the stairs are heard the flying feet and gay voices of the two younger sisters as they respond to Kathie's call. Judy—which is the home pet-name for Julia—cries out at once:

"Sharly, you must be my partner, I always beat when you are my partner; and we want red counters, and—oh, Sharly! what is the matter? What has happened? You've been crying, crying real hard!"

The other girls stopped their preparations for the game and rushed impetuously forward. Yes, Sharly had been crying "real hard" as Judy had said; for her eyes were red and swollen, and her cheeks were spotted and disfigured with her hot tears.

"Oh, what is it, what is it, Sharly? Aren't you going to join Madame Merone's reading-class? Won't mamma let you? Or is it the party next week? Does papa veto it?"

"O no, no! it's nothing of the kind, girls. I don't care for the class, nor the par—par—party." And Sharly burst into fresh sobs.

Motherly little Kathie who was, however, two years younger than this tall Sharly, drew her weeping sister into a great lounging-chair and, leaning over her, put herself up as a sort of guard and protection from the kind but rather pressing curiosity of the others.

"There, don't ask her any more now, girls, wait until she's had her cry out." And Kathie so smoothed and softened things, and made such a peaceful atmosphere of rest for a minute or two by her sweet pleasant ways, that poor Sharly's sudden excitement calmed down presently and she was able to speak.

"O, girls! it isn't anything to do with parties or classes; but it's something I overheard half an hour ago while I was sitting in the window-seat. I didn't mean to listen but—I'll tell you how it was.

"After tea I came in here, and while the rest of you went up-stairs I thought I'd watch for the boy with the evening paper; for, on rainy nights like this, he always throws it down upon the wet steps and that annoys papa so. Well, as I was sitting here, papa and mamma both came into the back parlor and sat down before the fire. I didn't notice anything that they were talking about until I heard mamma say:

'If only Sharly could do something.'

"I didn't think to speak I was so surprised. And then papa answered at once:

'If Sharly was a boy I could and should put her into Tom's counting-room.'

'O, yes,' said mamma, 'that would be a great relief. But in time, I suppose something can be found for Sharly as it is?'

'But it is so hard for girls—it's so hard to get the proper thing for them when they haven't been trained for it. And I hate to have my girls go out into the world, Ellen; it breaks my heart.'

"This was papa again. And then mamma said right away:

'I know, George, but with your business all gone and you yourself obliged to work on a salary, it must be done sooner or later.'

"I couldn't wait a moment longer after this. I jumped down at once and ran straight in and told them what I had heard, and that I was ready and willing to do anything.

"Papa cried, girls; just think of it—not as we do

you know, but the tears came and he couldn't speak for a minute.

"I told him I knew that I might do something — that I might paint water-color pictures and sell them, that I might teach; but mamma said that there were so many fine pictures by well-known artists that I could not make anything at that. But she thought I might teach. And papa was so sweet, so lovely; he took me in his arms and told me how he had got to give up his business and everything, because he had met with such heavy losses by other people's failing and owing him a great deal which they couldn't pay. That he himself had got to go to work like one of his clerks.

"It was only last night after the news of the Denham failure that he knew what he had got to do. Oh, girls! it just kills me to think of papa going to work again at the very bottom of the ladder — papa with his gray hairs," — and here, at this picture, poor Sharly fell a-crying again, and the three sisters sympathetically joined her. But out of this "little weep" Kathie, who never could remain very long obscured by any rain-cloud, suddenly lifted her head, and with a face all aglow exclaimed:

"Sharly, Sharly, I'll tell you what you can do! Just listen, now. The other night at Lill Vandervere's I heard a letter from Alice Vandervere — who is in Paris you know — read aloud. It was full of an account of a great reception somewhere at some great house, and among other things there was a description of a painted dress.

"It was of white silk and painted in water colors, a pattern of pink fuschias and lovely maiden-hair ferns. There was a little sketch that Alice had made of the dress; and I remember that the skirt had a flounce on it that was narrow in front and made a curve upward until at the back it was a long box plait, and this was all painted with drooping fuschias and ferns. It had no overdress but loops and scarfs-ends for ornament, all beautifully painted. Alice said it was the loveliest thing she had ever seen and that everybody was talking about it. I thought of you then, Sharly, and thought you might paint just such a dress for yourself when you were eighteen. And now, — O Sharly, why not paint one now and put it in a store to sell?"

And Kathie jumped from the arm of Sharly's chair where she had been comforting her sister and crying

with her, all in one breath, and confronted them all with a face so bright and hopeful that the clouds seemed to lift at once, and for the moment even Sharly, who in spite of her youth had a way of looking rather discouragingly on new undertakings — even Sharly saw things in the rainbow that Kathie had invoked, and her artist's eye began at once to construct a charming robe which would be "a thing of beauty," and if not "a joy forever" would at least bring her, not only a great deal of pleasure, but perhaps, who could tell, help papa just a little out of this dreadful strait. If she could only earn enough to buy her own gowns and gloves and ribbons, and the rest of the things that a girl *must* have and that counted up so, what a help it would be!

"But I don't think, Kathie, it would be a good plan to put it in a dry goods store to sell even if they would take it," she broke out to her sister after she had looked through the gay rainbow for a moment and seen the vision of her creation. "I've got a better plan; now listen.

"You know Madame Pinto, how cordial and kind she has been ever since mamma, two or three years ago, went to watch with her when she was so ill with typhoid fever. She said then that amongst all her customers, mamma was the only one who had ever offered to watch with her. Well, the other day, I heard mamma saying that Madame Pinto was really the most exclusively fashionable dressmaker in the city. Now, what do you think, girls, is my plan, — just this: I'll go to Madame Pinto and tell her all about it, and if she will, she can make my dress a fashion and perhaps get me other orders."

While the sisters were applauding this scheme they suddenly heard a key turn in the hall-door.

"Oh!" cried Judy, "there's papa and mamma now. Sharly, are you going —"

"To tell them? — not to-night, Judy, not to-night," interrupted Sharly quickly.

But the next day, when Sharly found her mother alone, she told her of her plan fully and frankly; for Sharly was much too loyal and loving to feel that she had a right to go about any such undertaking without her mother's knowledge and approval. For she realized that she knew very little of the world; that she was in truth — young; a fact that a great many people of her age seem to overlook or to forget in a very funny manner. Mrs. Raymond looked a little

grave as Sharly disclosed her plan, and —

"O mother!" exclaimed Sharly, "you are *not* going to disapprove!"

"No, Sharly, don't be frightened. I was only thinking how we were to meet the expense of materials. You will want a *very* nice white silk, you know."

"I know mamma, but I was going to tell you that Kathie and I have between us a hundred dollars that Uncle John gave us last year at odd intervals. We have been saving it to make you and papa a birthday present, but now —"

"You dear children! Of course now you must use it for this bright little venture of yours."

There was a smile on Mrs. Raymond's face, but Sharly saw tears in her beautiful kind eyes, and —

"O, you dear, dear mamma!" she cried, "you do think it is a bright venture then. I never hoped for this. I only thought you'd let me try, but that you'd really like it, —"

"How could I help liking it when Queen Charlotte herself proposes it?" said Mrs. Raymond gaily, using Sharly's full name in the old play-fashion that was the habit in the nursery days when Sharly was a wee bit of a girl.

And Sharly, hearing this, knew how much pleased and touched her mother really was; for it was a long-known fact in the family that when mamma was very glad and pleased about anything that the children or papa had done she always showed this pleasure in a sudden, sweet, playful gaiety, as if she was afraid were she serious that the tears would come to damp and disturb the others' serenity; for mamma never liked to disturb anything or anybody.

Sharly had a very happy time with her mother after this, in planning and suggesting and arranging the matter. And Madame Pinto, when consulted, seemed almost as delighted as the mother.

"It was just the ting! I had heard about these robes charmante and was saying to meself, I must very soon send to Paris to my compatriote, Madame Voubert, to order a costume of that pattern! And here was Mees Raymond, whose taste was beautiful, whose skill in painting was so fine — ah, yes! she knew, she had seen those lovely pictures in the drawing-room — and she would rival Parisienne artists in this work!"

In this strain, half of compliment, half of earnestness, yet wholly sincere, Madame Pinto ran on in

her voluble French way. But, better than this, she assisted Sharly in her undertaking so thoroughly that before a week had gone by the silk had been bought, planned and cut, and Sharly was at work on the long trailing skirt.

She had chosen for her design the small and lovely and delicate wild rose, with its thin light-green leafage. In drooping bunches it was set at intervals upon the plaited flounce; and as the work went on, and Madame Pinto entered into it with enthusiasm, there grew and grew, as it seemed, upon the soft, white, sheeny surface of the silk living garlands of flowers that cheated one's very senses into the belief that the subtle wild rose scent was wafting up from the silken petals. When it was finished at last, and made up under Madame Pinto's direction, with here and there soft falls of tulle and filmy lace, Madame herself was in an ecstasy.

"Ah, it is *parfaitment! parfaitment!*" she exclaimed, clasping her hands and half closing her eyes as if she were taking a view of some far away landscape.

It was all ready, and fitted in the miraculous way that modistes have, upon the model, upon Madame's "opening day." Sharly was too nervous to be present, but Kathie, with the most innocent little air imaginable, mingled in with the gathering crowd, her eyes and ears all alert. Again and again she heard Madame exclaim in her grandest manner:

"It was manufactured expressly for me from a Parisienne pattern, by an artiste! O no! not an exact pattern, not a copy, but from a suggestion, the artiste had formed this beautiful design and the result was this charming robe, which was unlike anything of the kind in Paris or elsewhere!"

And the crowd looked and wondered and admired and — criticised. And poor Kathie's exultant heart failed as she listened to this latter comment. One would have liked it better if it had been a groundwork of blue or pink, with a pattern of lilies of the valley or daisies. Another thought the wild roses too small for nature and the color a trying one for the complexion. And still another was surprised that the artist hadn't chosen a vine with drooping tendrils — so much more graceful.

The ball of fault-finding once started rolled hither and thither with great force and celerity, and Kathie went home with her bright hopes in the dust. Sharly

met her at the door and at once knew that something was wrong, though Kathie bore herself bravely. Her face paled a little as she thought of all they had staked. For the failure that looked out of Kathie's eyes was like a doom. But Sharly could bear herself bravely, too, and so she said very quietly:

"It isn't going well, is it, Kathie? It isn't liked?"

Kathie tried to put a bold face on the matter and to pass things over lightly; but Sharly was altogether too much for her and saw through her kind devices;

and poor Kathie, with tears in her eyes, at last confessed herself. In the midst of which confession comes in Mrs. Raymond, who, hearing the story, tries to comfort and console them.

"It might not be altogether a failure, for though the dress itself might not go off well, Sharly might get a little reputation as a water colorist by it. They mustn't despair yet."

To tell the truth, this didn't console Sharly much. Of course, mamma would say nice things,—for



MADAME'S "OPENING DAY."

mamma always said nice things when they were in trouble. The facts of the case were too plain, Sharly thought. They had spent all their money and time, and—well, Sharly didn't put this into the account, but what she might have put into the account beyond everything was the hope and firm confidence which now seemed utterly shipwrecked. Help had seemed so near in their troubles, and now it was so far. Sharly had felt, for these past few days, in a little new world of usefulness. Now, she recalled her father's words that night when she had overheard his talk

with her mother,— "If Sharly were a boy!"

So the day passed in these melancholy thoughts and still more melancholy forebodings. About night-fall, a great rattling ring at the door-bell announced an arrival, and presently Madame Pinto's voice was heard in the hall.

"The young ladies,—yes, the young ladies and madame *mere*, also, she wanted to see them all."

The next moment she was in the parlor.

"Ah, such a day! such a day! She had tried to get round before. She was so sorry—"

"I know, I know, Madame. Kathie has told me. It's a failure, and after all your goodness—" Sharly broke in breathlessly, to cut off madame's many-worded announcement which she felt that just then she could not bear.

"Failure! — a failure!" and madame fairly shrieked out her words and opened her keen bright eyes to their widest extent. An instant's astonished pause after these words, and then a hearty burst of gay laughter.

"Kathie! where is Mees Kathie? Ah, thou art a leetle raven, Mees Kathie! A failure!" — and madame's jovial voice rang out again in a gay peal.

"So, you know all about it, and it's a failure? Well! yes, yes, yes!" nodding her head and setting a hundred bows on her bonnet dancing and playing. "It is a failure I think that will give thee plenty of work; that will give thee, too, a little money — just a little, ha, ha! Why, Mees Sharly, Mees Kathie, Madame, see here," and Madame Pinto unrolled a handful of bills. "One, two, three — yes, that is right, — that is thy share; three hundred dollar, Mees Sharly. Why, the dress was one work of art, and it was bought by Madame Schuyler who is in raptures and who will wear it in Washington this winter."

Sharly was dumb with the sudden reaction, but Kathie burst out with the question:

"But what made them say such things about it, Madame? They pulled it all to pieces when I stood there."

"Eh?" queried madame in a puzzled tone. When Kathie more fully explained, Madame Pinto threw up her hands with an expressive gesture.

"O, this is very droll!" she laughed. "Thou knowest nothing of the ways of some fine ladies. They pick, they pull, they tear everything to small pieces when they, for the first time, see it in de shop. They run it all down — oh, it is notting; it not fine; it not worth an-y price! See?" and Madame laughed slyly and shrugged her shoulders. And then, resuming:

"And so Mees Kathie came away with all this idle talk, and that is why, when I entered, Mees Sharly was so *triste*, and talked to me about a failure, — a failure! Ha, ha! But listen now, Mees Sharly. I

have one, two, three orders for robes like to this, of some new design. Does this please thee?"

"O, Madame!" and Sharly burst into tears. Even Mrs. Raymond faltered as she said:

"You have been very kind, Madame, very kind."

"Kind? Well, I do not much. I must send to Paris for this new fashion, and here I have a little artist who is at my hand. Ah, Mrs. Raymond, I do not forget when I lay ill and nobody but the servants come near to me, thou visitest me day after day, night after night. The doctor tell me, 'Madame Raymond has done what I could not for thee.' Ah, Madame, I do not forget. I say then, if the time come when I can serve this best friend, how glad, how joyful I will be to do it. And I do not much — a little money, — and what did I get from thee, madame — my life, my health back again. Ah!" and Madame flung out her expressive hands in expressive pantomime.

It is only the other day, a few months ago, that all this happened, and the end is not yet. But things certainly look favorable for Sharly and her hopes, with three hundred dollars already in hand, and "one, two, three orders," to carry out. Of course these "high art dresses" will never be common; for it will be only now and then, amongst the favored few, that they will be worn, but it is a great opening for Sharly, for it has already suggested all manner of exquisite ornamentation upon silken fabrics.

The charming cologne bottles that came out in the holidays — why that idea was Sharly's! Just a close fitting of silk over a plain round bottle, and then on the delicate surface bunches of pansies, daisies, lilies of the valley, and a hundred other posies which one may choose from; up around the cut-glass stopper a little frill of silk tied tight with a bit of ribbon, — and never was so pretty a cologne bottle seen.

And all this from a girl's description, from over the sea, of a beautiful robe. But the secret of it all goes deeper than that. For the secret of it is the grand re-awakening of interest in all manner of ornamentation by needle or brush, since the wonderful displays from foreign countries that the Centennial exhibition opened up to us. And yet there was nothing in all those displays, nothing, that was prettier or more original than Sharly's painted dress.



A NARROW ESCAPE.

A TRUE STORY.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

HOW long ago exactly I cannot tell—but long enough for two little boys to have grown into two great men, and you can judge how long that must be as well as I—there lived in a gentleman's family in England a pretty housemaid and an honest young coachman. And in course of time—how much time or how little I cannot say, for this is a matter in which it is not so easy to judge of time—the housemaid and the coachman fell in love. It was a very foolish thing to do, of course; but people do foolish things in this world occasionally, even so foolish as that, and I don't know any better way than for wise people, like you and me, to look on and say, "I'm so glad it was not I!" and then walk off.

The coachman's name, by the way, was John, and the housemaid they called Susan.

So one day, when Susan was standing in the garden door with a clean white apron on, and a cruel pink ribbon in her hair, John came by with the silver-handled whip in his hand, which he was just going to polish up. Said he, "Susan, I don't like these goings-on with the butler, and that's the truth."

Said Susan, just turning her head so that the unkindest bow in that merciless little pink ribbon shone like a star in her beautiful black hair, "And what if

I do take a walk with the butler of an evening when I like? Is it any man's business, John Jacobs?"

"I don't know as it is," said John, reflectively; it had never struck him in that light before. He wished it were his business with all his heart, but he wouldn't say so; and Susan wished the same, you may be sure, but she *couldn't* say so; so he went away to the great coach-house with his whip, and Susan sat down on the steps with her thoughts. And so, pretty soon, when the honest coachman came back, the pretty housemaid was crying.

Said John, "Why, Susan!"

Said Susan, "G-g-go away!"

Said John, "You don't mean as you *cared* because I was cross to you?"

Sobbed Susan, "I d-d-don't know-ow!"

Said John, "Susan, will you have me?"

Said Susan, "Yes, I will."

Now, I'm not going to write you a love-story, because I don't believe the editor would think that was proper; but I had to tell you about John and Susan, because that was the beginning of everything; and as a love-story always *is* the beginning of everything, perhaps the editor will excuse us this time.

The long and short of it is, that the honest coachman and the pretty housemaid were married.

At least, that's the short of it ; that generally is the short of it ; the long of it comes afterwards.

The long of it came to John and Susan when their children came. Two at a time, to begin with ; twin boys ; "beautiful" boys, their mother said ; "bouncing" boys, their father said — and their names were Titus and Tam o' Shanter. And before Titus and Tam were able to walk across the kitchen to the molasses-jug on their own feet, dear me ! bless it ! there was another !

"But she's a girl," said John, "and won't cost so much."

For John had just reached that desperate point in a young man's life when he first begins to suspect that it costs five times as much to support five people as it does to support one. This is a great discovery in domestic science, which you will observe, as you grow older, people seldom do make till they have five people to support.

But then, you see, when the little girl (I *think* her name was Betty, but I cannot be quite sure) was beginning to talk, she had a little sister to talk to ; and *that* was serious.

Said John, decidedly, "My dear, we never can manage it in the world. How's one coachman's wages to do all this?"

Said Susan, dejectedly (for the baby and one twin had cried all night), "I don't know, John. Can't we go to America?"

"And what should we do in America?" said John.

"Live!" said Susan ; and her tired black eyes snapped.

Well, the long and short of *that* was, they came to Nebraska ; and here, perhaps, my story should properly begin.

So long ago as it takes for little boys to grow great men, it was not so easy to live in Nebraska as it is now, when the great land commissioner of the great railroads hangs a buffalo's head in every depot in Boston, to show the world how much more delightful is the society of buffaloes than the society of Bostonians.

When John, and Susan, and Titus, and Tam o' Shanter, and Betty, and the new baby came to Nebraska, that plucky young state was, for the most part, an ugly, howling wilderness.

In the thick of the wilderness Mr. and Mrs. John

Jacobs dug out for themselves a home. Literally, they dug it out with their very own hands. Susan was a tough little woman, with stout hands and a stout heart, and she dug too. I think, if the truth must be told, she rather enjoyed leaving Titus and Tam with the other babies, — there's no guessing how much care one baby will take of another till you've tried, — and taking an ax to help her husband fell trees and cut underbrush, or taking a hoe to hoe her row in the darling little garden, out of which they meant to make a living, if they died for it.

It was only because they meant to, so very hard, I fancy, that they made the living without dying for it. It was almost worse, at first, than coachman's wages in Mother England. There was the newness, and there was the homesickness, and there was the distance from the market, and there was the bitter cold, and there was the blighting heat, and *always* there were the babies, and besides, there were the Indians.

Yes, an Indian story. "Truly, honestly," as my little friend Trotty would say, a live Indian story ; and though it isn't a very long one, it is every word a true one. Most true things are not very long, in this world, unless you except the moral law or the multiplication table, or a few such things as that.

John, and Susan, and Tam, and Titus, and Betty, and the new baby, and the newest new baby (when it came) got along pretty well with everything else ; but it *wasn't* pleasant to see an Indian come walking by with a tomahawk just as you were quietly sitting down to supper ; and they got a little tired of sleeping with one ear open, listening for the awful, echoing sound of the cruel Indian war-cry ; and whatever might be urged against life as a coachman in England, at least it was a life in which one's attention wasn't called so frequently to the top of one's head.

"Mine is fairly sore," laughed Susan, "with thinking how it will feel to be scalped."

But Susan was such a brave little woman ! And if there is anything very much needed in this world, it is brave women.

"I'll have a gun," she said. So she had a gun. "I'll be a good shot," she said. And quickly she became as good a shot as John. And when John was at work in the woods or the garden, Susan gathered her brood about her in the house, and, lynx-eyed as a sentry, and fine-eared as a mother, mounted guard.

Now, there came a time when nobody had seen any

Indians for so long a while, that even the wise heart of the mother forgot to fear. So quickly we forget to feel keenly about anything in this world, if we do not see it,—an absent duty, or an absent friend, or an absent terror,—all alike they grow a trifle dim or dull.

And one day, when Titus and Tam said, "Just one gallop on the prairie, mother, with old Jerusalem," their mother said, "Well, I don't know," and their father said, "I guess I'd let 'em;" and the lynx eyes, and the keen ears, and the wise head of the mother said her not nay—and so it happened.

Old Jerusalem was the big white horse; the faithful, ugly, grand old horse, that took steps almost as long as a kangaroo's, and was more afraid of an Indian than Titus and Tam.

So Susan kissed Titus good-bye tenderly—for he was the good boy of those remarkable twins—and that was why they called him Titus; and kissed Tam a little more tenderly still, because he wasn't so good as Titus, and so had got called Tam; and she said, "Hold on tight!" and John came out and said, "Come home pretty soon;" and Tam got on first, and Titus got on behind him, and Jerusalem gave one great bound, and away they shot, clinging with shining bare feet to Jerusalem's white bare back—for they were magnificent little riders, seven years old now, and brave as cubs.

Susan stood watching them after John had gone back to his work—stood watching long after they had swept away into the great, green, beautiful sea of the treacherous prairie grass.

Uneasy? Not exactly. Sorry she had let them go? Hardly that. She was a sensible little woman; and having done what she thought was right, had no idea of being troubled by it, till the time came. But still she stood watching, her hand above her eyes—this way—and she did not go into the house till the newest new baby had cried at least five minutes at the top of its new little lungs.

Titus and Tam and Jerusalem got pretty far out on the beautiful, terrible prairie. How beautiful it was! It did not seem as if it ever could be terrible if it tried. The green waves of the soft grass rolled madly. The wind was high. The sun was so bright they could not look at it. The strong horse bounded with mighty leaps. The boys could feel the muscles quivering and drawn tense in his soft, warm body, as they clung. It was like being a horse yourself. They did

not know which was horse and which was boy. They laughed because they could not help it, and shouted because they did not know it. Hi! Hi! O, the sun, and the mad grass, and the wild wind! Hi! Hi! Yi-i! Who could be two boys on such a prairie, on such a day, on such a horse, and not yell like little wildcats?

"It's pretty," said Titus, softly, when they had got tired of yelling.

"You bet!" said Tam, loudly. "Hi! Hi! Hi! Yi-i-ee-ee!"

"I guess we ought to go back," said Titus, pretty soon; Titus was so much more likely to remember to be good.

"O, no," said Tam, who was generally a little bad when there was a chance.

"Father said to come home pretty soon," said Titus.

"But," urged Tam with a bright air, "mother said to hold on tight! Hi! Yi! Yi!"

Ah! what was that? What *was* it? Could Jerusalem answer? Can the wild winds talk? Will the mad prairie speak? The sunshine is tongue-tied, and the great sky is dumb. But *something* answered Tam o' Shanter's shout.

O, there! O, Titus! Quick, quick, quick! Turn him round, Tam! Turn Jerusalem round! *Injuns! Injuns!* O, I wish we hadn't come! What shall we do, what shall we *do*! O, Tam, they've all got horses, and they're coming *straight!* Get up! Get up! O, Jerusalem, *do* hurry! Old fellow, *do* get us home! Good boy! Good old fellow!

O, Tam! they've got arrows, and they're going—to—*shoot!*

Pretty little Mrs. Jacobs had got the newest baby to sleep, and got the baby that wasn't quite so new to sleep, and given Betty her patchwork, and sent her husband out his beer, and swept the kitchen, and built the fire, and started supper on the way, and I don't know what else besides, when that fine mother's ear of hers detected, through the sough of the wind upon the prairie, a sharp, uneven, and, to her notion, rather ugly sound.

Betty was sitting in the door, but she heard nothing. The sleeping babies did not stir from their baby dreams. John was in the garden, but John heard never a sound.

Only the mother heard it. Only the mother grew

lynx-eyed in an instant, and in an instant was out with hand upraised — just so, again — bareheaded, stern-mouthed, anxious-hearted, watching as those watch who have lived much face to face with death — without a word. She did not even call her husband. The time had not come to speak.

It might have been three minutes ; it might have been less or more ; who could tell ? when John Jacobs, digging heavily over an obstinate potato, felt a hand laid lightly upon his shoulder. His wife stood beside him. She was as pale as one many hours dead ; but she stood quite still.

"John," she said, in a low voice, "come into the house a minute."

He obeyed her in wonder and in silence. He just dropped his hoe and went.

"Now, shut the door," said Susan. He shut it. "Shut the windows."

"What's the matter, Susan ? Anything wrong ? Ain't the boys in ? What ? You — don't — mean —"

"Hush-sh ! Before the children ! *Don't*, John ! I'll tell you in a minute. Bolt the front door !"

He bolted it.

"Lock everything. Draw the shutters. Fasten them with case-knives besides the buttons. Is the cellar door tight ! Is everything tight ? Betty, take care of the babies a minute for mother. John, come here !"

She led him to the little attic, and from the narrow, three-cornered window pointed to the prairie, still without a word.

And still, how beautiful it was ! How the wind played like one gone crazy for joy with the tender tops of the unbroken, unbounded grass. And soft, as if the world had gone to sleep for very safety, fell the magnificent western sun. Beautiful, terrible, treacherous thing !

Cutting through the soft horizon line, sharp as the knife through shrinking flesh, six dark figures loomed against the sky. Wildly before them, with the gigantic strides of a long-stepped roadster, fled a big, gaunt, homely, grand old horse. And clinging with little bright bare feet to his white sides, and clinging with little despairing arms to one another —

"My God ! They are our boys !"

John Jacobs threw up his arms and ran.

Quick as woman's thought ran, his wife was before him, and had bolted the attic door.

"Where are you going, John ?"

She spoke, he thought, in her natural tones, though she trembled horribly. Where was he *going* ? Why, to meet them, save them — get his gun — blow those devils' brains out — what did she mean ? Why did she keep him ? Quick, quick ! Open the door !

"My husband," said Susan, still in those strangely quiet tones, "we cannot save our boys. Look for yourself and see. They will be shot before they reach the house. We have three children left. You must save them, and for their sakes, yourself, John. Keep the door locked. Keep the windows barred. Keep the shutters drawn. Give me the old pistol and my gun. Take your own, and guard the door. There's a chance that they'll live to get here and be let in. But not one step outside that door, John Jacobs, as you're the father of three living children ! O, John, John, John ! My poor little boys !"

He thought she would have broken down at that. He thought he could never get her from the attic floor, where she lay trembling in that horrid way, with her chin on the window-sill, and her eyes set upon the six dark figures, and the grand, old, ugly horse, upon which the slipping, reeling, hopeless, precious burden clung. But all he could hear her say was, "Mother's *poor* little boys !"

Mother's poor little boys indeed and indeed ! Leap your mighty leaps, Jerusalem — they're none too large ; your great legs, that Tam and Titus have so often made fun of, are none too long for their business now. How the splendid muscles throbbed beneath the tiny, terrified bare feet ! No wondering which was horse and which was boy this time. It was *all horse* now. There was no will, no muscle, no nerve, no soul, but the brave soul of old Jerusalem. Will he get us home ? Can he ever, ever keep ahead so long ? O, how the arrows fly by ! We shall be hit, we shall be hit ! O, mother, mother, mother !

"Tam, why doesn't father come to meet us ? Why don't they do something for us, Tam ? *Has mother forgotten us ?*"

That, I think, must have been the cruelest minute in all the cruel story.

And yet perhaps not so cruel as the minute when the mother, at the attic window, gave one long, low, echoing cry, and came staggering from her post down stairs to say — still in that strange voice that mothers such as she will have at such a minute, "John, they

are hit ; the arrow struck them both. Let me to the kitchen-window. You stay at the door. There's just a moment now."

There was but a moment, and, like a wild dream, the whole dreadful sight came sweeping up, over the garden, into the yard.

Now John could not see anything but the mighty form of the horse Jerusalem. To this day, he says that the saddle, to his eyes, as the magnificent creature leaped by, was empty as air. He only saw the horse — and the horse made straight for the barn.

But why did the savages pursue a riderless horse? And whooping and shooting cruelly after it, into the barn they plunged.

"The boys are on the horse," in a hoarse whisper said the mother ; "I saw them both. They are bleeding and falling. The arrow has *pinned them together*, John, but they've *kept their seat*."

"My boys are pretty good riders," said John, turning his white face round with a grim, father's pride, even then ; "but even *my* boys can't keep a horse after they're shot through the body. Fright has turned your brain, Susan."

I tell the story just as it was told to me ; and the way of that was this : how Jerusalem leaped into the barn, with the boys, or so the mother thought, bleeding upon his back ; how the savages scoured the barn, the yard, the garden, plundered a little here and there, and fitfully attacked at intervals the barricaded house ; how John, brave and white at one door, and Susan, white and brave at the other, abundance of powder and unflinching hearts, and the love of three helpless babies, drove them by and by sullenly away ; how, when they had been a long, safe hour gone, the parents, shivering and sad, crept out with white lips, little by little as they dared, to hunt for the bodies of their murdered boys.

"They ain't in the barn," said the father, bringing his hand heavily across his eyes. "I'll go to the woods. I suppose they scalped the little fellows and left them there."

But the mother, when he was gone, went around and around stealthily as a cat about the barn. Ah, blessings forever on the mother's ear, and blessings on the mother's eye!

From out a pile of fresh earth thrown up in the barn yard, a little stream of blood came trickling

down — and she saw it. Deep from the middle of the mound a little cry came, faint, terror-stricken, smothered — but she heard it.

To be sure. When Jerusalem — bless him ! — went leaping through the barn door, just an arrow's length ahead of his pursuers, off tumbled Tam and Titus, and out into the barn-yard, and down into the pile of mud and gravel, deep and safe. And about and about, and here and there, the Indians had searched, and scoured, and grumbled — and gone : and there they were.

Pinned together with the arrow? Truly, yes. Just under the shoulder (and Titus had the worst hurt, as will sometimes happen with the good boys) ; and how they ever did it, and lived, I don't know.

I'm sure they never would have, but for their brave, black-eyed little mother, who picked them up, and washed them off, and carried them in (but she pulled out the arrow first), and put them to bed, and bandaged, and contrived, and cared, and kissed, and cried, and prayed — and they got well. Probably if she had lived in the city of Boston, where there are two medical schools, or in Philadelphia, where there are three more, or in New York, where there are five, to say nothing of nobody knows how many full-fledged doctors, the boys would have died. But as she lived in a howling wilderness, and they had nothing but clean water, and soft bandages, and mother's eyes and hands and love to get well upon, they lived.

They lived to be six feet high ; and as they are living now, I presume they measure six feet still.

It is a pretty large story, I know ; but it is a true one, for *I've seen the arrow*. John gave the arrow to a gentleman ; and the gentleman gave it to his daughter ; and the daughter — no, she *wouldn't* give it to me ; but I held it for five minutes in the very hand with which I write these words. And if that doesn't prove that the story is true, what could?

And Jerusalem? O, Jerusalem lived to a green old age, and was buried in the barn-yard with great honors. And Tam and Titus cried, and John and Susan cried, and Betty, and the new, and the newest, and the very newest, and the very, *very* newest, and all the babies cried ; and it would have been very sad, if it hadn't been a little funny.

But I think, take it altogether, it was an Arrow Escape.



A NARROW ESCAPE.

THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

BY MARY N. PRESCOTT.

LITTLE Bess was rocking her doll, the Countess of Blessington, in its cradle, and Aunt Sophy was reading a letter aloud from Uncle Toby who had gone away off, sheep-raising in Western Virginia, which seemed to Bess as far as the North Pole. She was not paying particular attention to the letter, but while she sang to her doll she heard Aunt Sophy reading distinctly, "The children out here, black and white, have never seen or had a doll!"

"*The children out here, black and white, have never seen or had a doll!*" That one sentence took such possession of her brain that she heard nothing more.

"*Have never seen or had a doll!*" She snatched the countess from her pillow and looked at her long and lovingly, then she replaced her and sang loud enough to drown her own unpleasant reflections; but still that sentence rang out above her song. When she began to study her little lesson she could see nothing on the page but a congregation of children's heads, black and white, whose hungry, mystified eyes plainly said, "*No dolls! no dolls!*" And she woke in the morning from a delightful dream in which she had visited the benighted region of Virginia, dragging a bushel basket of dolls and dispensing them to the crowd of clamorous children.

One day she met another small girl on her walks, carrying two dolls in her arms and wheeling a third in a toy wagon.

"*Three dolls!*" said Bess, "and the little children out there haven't had one! Uncle Toby says so — no, he wrote it — 'way off in Virginia. Poor little girls! Why won't you send 'em one of yours?"

"My dolls! Send 'em where?" said the other.

"Out to Uncle Toby's, where the children haven't seen one, where they never had one in their own hand, black or white; they'd be so glad! You might spare one."

"No, I couldn't; and I don't know the children out there. They ain't no relations of mine. Besides, these are twins."

"The one riding isn't a twin to nobody?" suggested Bess.

"Well, she's the twins' mother, and they'd never be brought up without her; and she's got the measles too, and they're catching. Why don't you send your own doll I'd like to know?"

"I haven't but one," Bess replied. "I don't see how she could be spared."

"Oh, my! If I hadn't but *one* I'd send *her* fast enough, but you see they are all one family."

When Bess went home she took the countess in her arms and trudged up into the attic, and hid her away in an old sea-chest; and after that she studied her multiplication table, repeated all the hymns she knew, drummed on the piano, and tried to occupy herself as if dolls did not exist; pulling up her flower roots to see if they were growing, hunting for birds' nests in the hedges, and for fairies in the lilac bushes, and making lilac chains by the yard, carrying a pocket full of nuts to the chipmunk who lived in an old mossy stump; and yet the day seemed a week long without the countess.

"What if *I* was a little child way down in Virginy," she questioned with herself, "with no doll in the attic?" And so she left the countess there another day, to test herself.

"Perhaps I'll get used to being without her," she thought; but the next day she had such a longing, that she crept upstairs just to lay eyes on her dear waxen face. She knelt down to lift the lid of the sea-chest which was heavy enough, but it refused to rise; the Countess of Blessington had shared the fate of Geneva, the lid had closed with a spring and imprisoned her there.

"She might as well be down at Uncle Toby's," reflected Bess. "It's just the same as if I'd sent her, — only, they haven't got her!"

It was an everlasting week that followed this discovery. A dozen times a day, Bess would mount to the attic and try to lift the lid of the old chest again.

It was a month later, perhaps, when she overheard Aunt Sophy talking about Virginia again. "Those poor children haven't a doll," said she. "It doesn't seem as if they could be children without dolls; they're a part of childhood as much as bread and molasses, pinafores and sugar candy. If times weren't so hard I'd like to send them some by Christmas time."

"I *shall* send them the Countess of Blessington!" spoke Bess, stoutly. "I have made up my mind."

"The countess? Where is her ladyship, by the way?" asked Aunt Sophy.

"In the attic. I have been learning to live without her. She's in the big sea-chest, and the cover won't open."

"Why didn't you tell me about it and have it opened?"

"Because, then, I shouldn't know if I could get along without her, you see."



BESS AND THE COUNTESS.

"But the hinges are off; you need have no trouble."

"I didn't know it. I'll go and fetch her this minute," said Bess, brightening; but she was gone so long that Aunt Sophy called to her.

"Are you caught in a cobweb, Bess?"

"Here she is! Won't the little children be happy? How red her cheeks are! how bright her eyes shine — if I had a paint box now —" said Bess, reappearing.

"But don't you want to keep her, Bess?"

"If the children, black and white, had some, I'd like to keep her. But I've took her photograph. Isn't it like her? You'd know her, wouldn't you? I guess I can do without her now, better'n they can."

And so the countess travelled to Virginia.

"Is *that* a doll?" asked the new owner when she first caught a glimpse of the vision. "True as you live, I guess it's a fairy and nothing else! Don't be a-laughing at me, ma'am. Dolls doesn't open and shut their eyes, now, does they? They isn't alive like folks? My sister, she made me one out of a corn-stalk, but it wasn't nothing like this. Real hair, too! Mine? Sir, who told you so? It's just a make-believe, ain't it? Who'd have thought to give *me* a doll, a-purpose?"

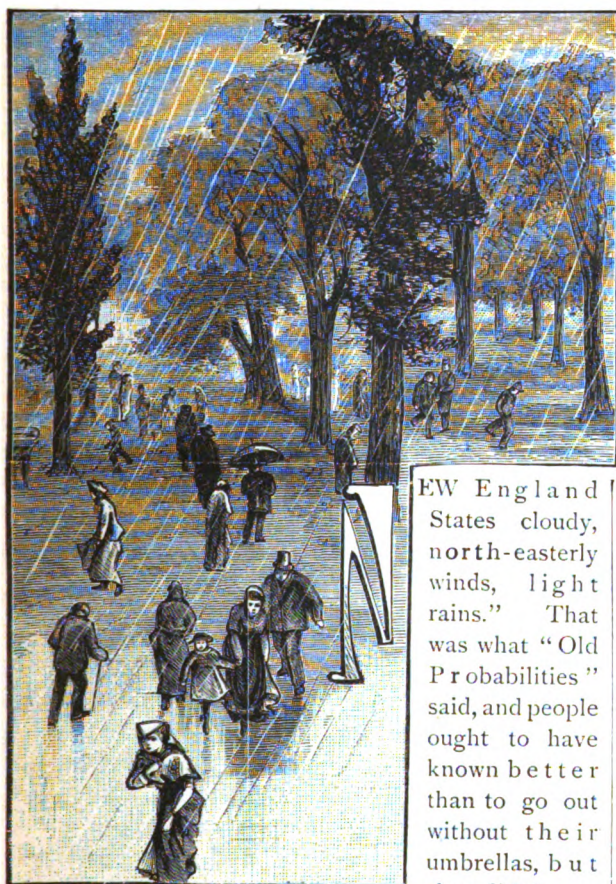
"A little child sent it to you from Boston."

"O — h! To *me*, really? Now, I can take it home and rock it to sleep, and — and — she's a real nice little girl, you bet! I am *so* thankful, you see. They raise lots of 'em up North, I s'pose."

And so little Bess made two happy, — herself and the small girl in Virginia.

THE TRAMP'S DINNER PARTY.

BY E. L. BYNNER.



EW England States cloudy, north-easterly winds, light rains." That was what "Old Probabilities" said, and people ought to have known better than to go out without their umbrellas, but they didn't.

They thought because the sun shone in the morning it was going to shine all day, and that is how I happen to tell this story. For I should not have sat so long at my window overlooking Boston Common if I had not been amused; and I should not have been amused if I had not seen the people running home all dressed in their Sunday toggery, holding up their skirts out of the mud, covering up their hats and bonnets with handkerchiefs and shawls, while the rain wilted their fine flowers and feathers, took the polish from their boots, and ran down in little rills from the ends of their noses.

But there are other sorts of leaves and flowers than those that are stuck upon bonnets, and *they* liked the rain; it didn't wilt *them*; besides which old Mother Earth was thirsty and wanted a drink, and she took it, never heeding the silly people who ran scolding home.

And oh, how magical was the effect of that drink! I wish every bright-eyed boy and girl that reads these lines had been standing beside me that Sunday afternoon to see the change that came over the gray old Common in two or three hours. Little waves of greenness seemed fairly to roll over the dead cold ground; starting away down in the south-east corner by the deer park, where the gentle does were poking their noses through the wire lattice to be fed or caressed, and sweeping up past the old Burying Ground, down around the Smokers' Circle, then up again to the Frog Pond and away over to



FEEDING THE DEER.

THE TRAMP'S DINNER PARTY.

the Parade Ground, wave following wave, and each one seeming greener than the last.

Then up among the branches another change quite as wonderful had taken place, for suddenly every

little twig seemed to bristle with brown and red *burgeons*, wherein were packed away tightly, as in the trunks and hat-boxes of a Saratoga belle, all the beautiful spring and summer dresses for the coming



season, scalloped and frilled and fluted all ready for use.

"But what has all this to do with the Tramp, and his Dinner-party?"

Why, not much. It is only what I happened to be thinking of when the tramp came along.

He came sauntering down the mall in the most leisurely manner, with his hands in his pockets, without a bit of an umbrella or an overcoat; and that, I suppose, is how I happened to notice him so quickly—he was so entirely at his ease while everyone else was hurrying with might and main. He didn't seem to mind the storm at all; indeed, he looked just as though he didn't know it was raining.



Perhaps he had *his* Sunday suit on, too. I never should have known he was a Tramp from his dress. It was his manner that told the story. Without speaking a word, or making a sign, or even seeing me at all, he told me in a very few minutes all these things:

"I have no friends; I have no home; I have nowhere to go, and nothing to do."

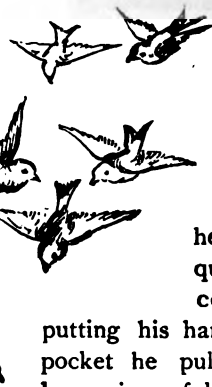
He stopped directly opposite my window, and went and sat down on one of the wet iron benches on the mall. He leaned his elbows on his knees and looked at the ground, while the rain pattered fast upon his rounded back, and ran in a little stream from the brim of his slouched hat. He made a desolate looking picture, such as artists often like to paint; but

when he sat up his face did not seem unhappy. On the contrary he looked quite unconcerned, and

putting his hand in his pocket he pulled out a large piece of bread.

Scarcely had he begun to eat it when a little cock-sparrow came fluttering down from the tree overhead, lit on the ground, perked up his bright eye and sharp beak, and kept a keen lookout for a falling crumb. The Tramp broke off a generous piece and threw him. The hungry little sparrow chattered out his thanks, and immediately flew away to give the invitations to the dinner-party, which I presume the Tramp told him to do, although I couldn't hear it. There were no regrets sent, and everybody came on time—in fact, came with incredible quickness at such a short notice.

A half score of plump, social, gossiping little sparrows ranged themselves around the munificent Tramp, and before the feast actually began the company was increased by two stately pigeons, who came in full toilet, purple and white silk, pink stockings and shoes.



THE TRAMP'S DINNER PARTY.



THE TRAMP'S DINNER PARTY.

None of the guests were at all stiff or ceremonious, but fell to with the keenest relish as fast as the viands were served. The repast was simple but bountiful; the pocket seemed to hold an exhaustless store of bread, and the delighted host served it up as fast as possible.

There were a great many speeches made, some songs sung, and I have no doubt a great many jokes cracked, but I was too far off to distinguish clearly the character of this part of the entertainment. A more social, free-and-easy party could not be imagined, nor, I am sure, a merrier circle found in all Boston.

The rain and the wet seat were forgotten; the needless luxuries of table, drapery, fine plate and service ignored.

And thus the friendless, forlorn, homeless tramp was able to call about him a gay, cheerful company who were above all the cold, empty prejudices of society, above the idle forms of etiquette; who recognized as their best friend and brother him who had a crust and welcome and sat gladly down to share it with his guests.

For a second course the tramp produced from another pocket a piece of rather dry-looking cake, but the rain moistened it in a minute and it is a sufficient tribute to its quality to say that not a crumb was left.

No wine was served with this dinner, but, what was far better and more wholesome, there was a large bowl of cold, sweet, spring rain formed by the twisting roots of a neighboring tree, and here the satisfied guests slaked their thirst.

Then, as their hospitable host rose to go, the merry company flew after him down the mall, chirping out their farewell compliments, and bidding him God-speed in his wanderings.

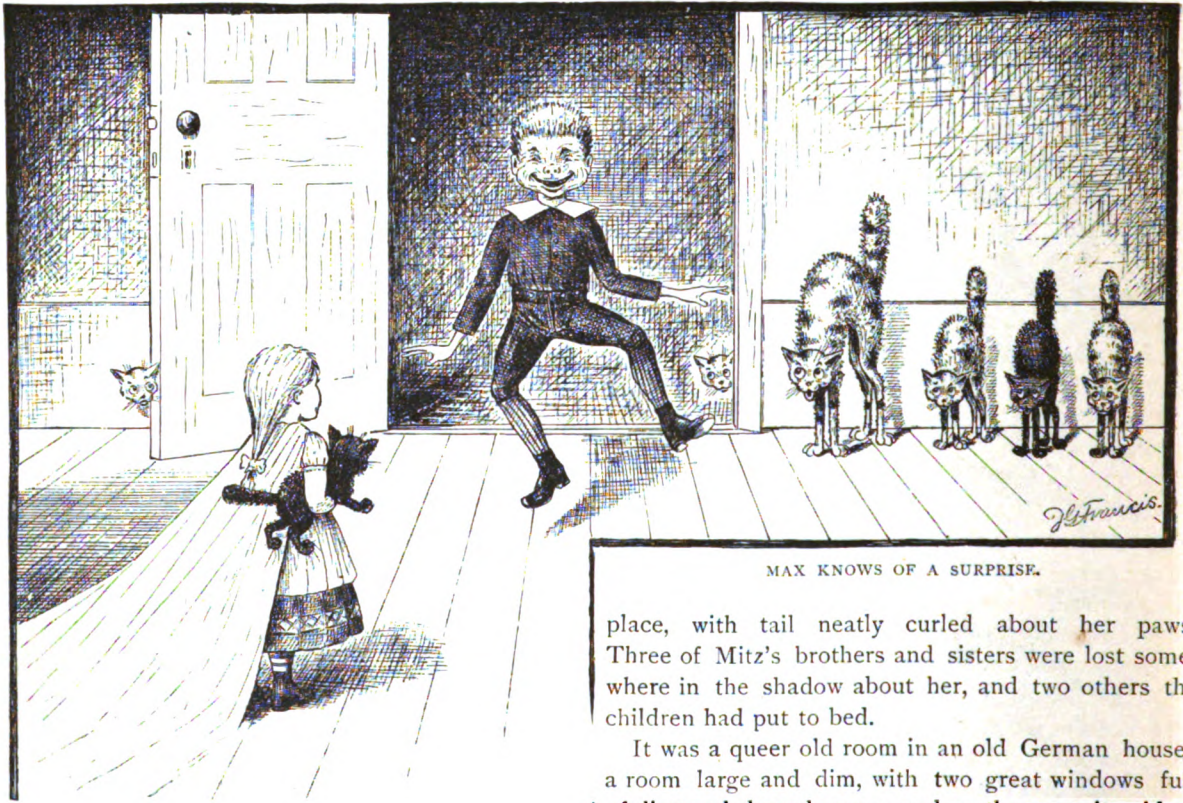


SWEET SPRING RAIN.

SURPRISED.

(A True Story.)

BY ANNA EICHBERG.



MAX KNOWS OF A SURPRISE.

I.

"MITZ" began to cry piteously. "Mieu—mieu—mi-e-e," he cried, and all little Hannah's trotting only made him worse. At that moment "Mitz" was wrapped in a pillow-case, while his head was buried in Hannah's little shawl. His ears were pulled down, and his promising tail was all in a heap, and his resplendent moustache was crushed. Therefore was it a wonder that Mitz howled most dolefully? It is not necessary to say that Mitz was a kitten.

Mitz's mother was sitting in a corner of the fire-

place, with tail neatly curled about her paws. Three of Mitz's brothers and sisters were lost somewhere in the shadow about her, and two others the children had put to bed.

It was a queer old room in an old German house; a room large and dim, with two great windows full of diamond-shaped panes, and on the opposite side a huge chimney with a tall, narrow mantel-shelf and a tiled hearth, on which stood two brass griffins, shiny and ferocious. In the depths in the fire-place, behind the griffins, there Mitz was sobbing. I say sobbing, because the children were playing "house" and Mitz was supposed to be the baby. What a fine play-house this big fire-place was in summer! It had in turn figured as Aladdin's cave and a school-house; a brigand ambush, and a dwelling with modern improvements. But now it was growing dark in the big, bare room, and you had to look closely into the back of the hearth to see the two little figures—one trotting the baby, and the other rocking the

doll's cradle, in which two of Mitz's sisters were tied with a cord, for their good, of course. But Mitz's piteous cries raised echoes.

"Mieu, mieu!" cried Mitz, trying to claw something under the pillow-case. "Mieu, mieu!" chimed in Mitz's sisters, while little Hannah trotted desperately and the doll's cradle was rocked as if by a small tempest.

"It's no use," said little Hannah in great perplexity; "all people's children ar'n't always bad! Mitz — you wicked Mitz!" And she shook that badly-behaved child. "He's been crying ever since we began to play. He wouldn't eat his bread and milk, though I tied on his best new bib. Oh, dear me, Mrs. Liseke, how noisy your children are! Suppose," said little Hannah, vainly endeavoring to pacify the indignant Mitz, "suppose, Mrs. Liseke, we take the children out for a walk?"

Out of the hearth crept Hannah, with Mitz hugged tight to her heart, and her short, round figure all the rounder for an ancient shawl and a venerable cap perched on the top of her plump, rosy face. Hannah had just passed the brass griffins when some one burst into the room. There was a vision of two long stockings with a hole in one knee, a faded velveteen suit, a pair of brass-tipped boots, a bright patch in the seat of the short breeches, and a look of triumph on a round face with a turn-up nose, while a grin, extending from ear to ear, discovered a loss of several front teeth in the big mouth.

"Max, how you frightened me!" cried Hannah. Then, "Oh, Maxy, what's the matter?" Mitz was forgotten. He gave a leap, shawl and pillow-case, and before Hannah could prevent had crept out of his bandages and was standing a free cat, with arched back and a defiant tail. By this time Mrs. Liseke had come out of the fire-place with her two youngest in her arms. She was elegantly dressed in a bed-sheet, which trailed behind her and was gracefully tied under her chin. Mitz's mother followed, stretching all fours luxuriously.

No, Max wouldn't tell. He plunged two black hands in his breeches' pockets, and made up faces, and danced a wild war-dance while Mitz and family fled into various corners.

"Why don't you slap him?" pouted Liseke.

"No," little Hannah said wisely. "He likes cookies." Coaxingly: "Maxy, dear, won't you tell?"

"No, you bet I won't! You're nothing but girls."

"Is it a surprise, Max?" Hannah suggested, anxiously.

"Won't tell yer," contemplating his brass-tipped toes.

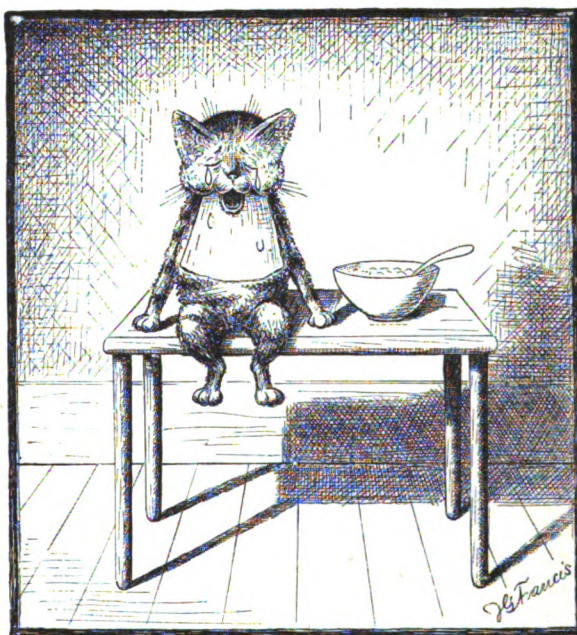
"Maxy, I'll give you a big cookie if you'll tell."

"You nasty thing, I don't want a cookie."

"Maxy: two? three — four — five — six — there! now you'll tell?"

"Give 'em first," said this practical boy, apparently conquered.

Six noble cookies were counted into his hand.



HE WOULDN'T EAT HIS BREAD AND MILK.

"Now, I won't tell yer at all. It's a surprise. Father said I wasn't to tell," he cried scornfully, with his mouth full.

"Oh, Haneke, papa's going to surprise us! Now I know what it is!" Liseke whispered excitedly. "It is a piano, and perhaps — perhaps a stool. Try and find out from Max."

"Maxy, dear," Hannah said, imploringly, "is it covered with plush?"

"Why, how do you know?" Max cried, unguardedly, as he was finishing his sixth cookie.

"I knew it, I knew it!" Liseke gasped, wildly.

"Does it make a noise — well, say, if you bang on

it?" Hannah cried with a beating heart.

"Why — why — yes," Max acknowledged, wrathfully, with a futile kick at Mitz's mother who was purring about his legs. "There, you mean thing, you're always trying to find out something! Just you wait till I tell yer anything more!" he cried, and slam-banged himself out of the room, with his bosom full of suppressed injuries.

"He was mad because we guessed," Liseke cried, joyfully.

"A piano!" Hannah gasped, as the door went to with a crash.

"A stool!" Liseke added; then, "Let's tell mamma!"

That dear, gentle mother, sitting by the dim window trying to mend by the last flicker of daylight! She looked up lovingly as the door flew open.

"Mamma," gasped Hannah, "papa's got a surprise for us."

"Max said so," chimed in the other. "We've guessed, mother dear."

"It's a piano."

"And — a stool."

"He said it made a noise, and was covered with plush."

"O, dear children, surely papa wouldn't buy you a piano. He can not afford it," and two kind hands were stretched out to the children.

"Oh, yes it is!" the two cried, hopefully.

"You know, mamma, papa's always promised us a surprise, and he's never done it yet!" Hannah cried, and laid her round cheek against the delicate, pale face.

There was no use arguing — the children were convinced. They were sure of the piano.

"There, mamma, didn't we tell you so?" they cried, as Max came in, mysterious and exasperating.

"Father says the surprise will be ready to-morrow afternoon at three o'clock in the sitting-room," he cried, and was gone, leaving a momentary vision of a bright patch in the seat of his breeches.

"Poor child," thought the little mother, regretfully, "he is all in rags — I wish I had some money!" with a patient sigh.

"There, mamma, we told you so! It'll stand by the window in the corner of the sitting-room," two excited voices cried, and the next moment the sitting-room was invaded by two small figures who

looked at the empty corner by the window with delicious expectancy; and so the day went slowly by.

In another room the little mother looked at her husband wistfully. "Karl," she began, timidly, "have you really prepared a surprise for the children? You won't disappoint them?"

"Betty, don't say a word! Wait! Did I ever disappoint you?"

Betty turned away with a half-suppressed sigh, while papa Karl strode up and down the room grandly, virtuously, with a good deal of injured innocence in his face.

II.

The great day had come. Hannah and Liseke hadn't slept a wink all night.

Mitz and family had come purring into the room in the early morning, as usual, but had been shamefully neglected. All six sat in a row by the bedside, watching indignantly the two heads peeping out from the feathers.

"To-day!" Hannah sighed, rapturously.

How they got into their clothes they never knew.

As for eating! why, they couldn't touch the delicious rolls, the glasses of milk, even that delicious preserve, "apfel-kraut."

Max alone was himself, and, in his injured way, managed to eat enough for three. Yet, he was not satisfied; at the age of eight life had few attractions left for him.

Who could believe that a September day would be so long? Or that the old clock in the hall would go so ridiculously slow? There was a quiet jocularly in the motion of its long pendulum, as if it were laughing bitterly that anyone could be in a hurry. "Ha! ha! ha!" ticked the clock.

"Oh, dear!" Hannah said with a sigh, "will it never be three?"

How they kept their ears open to hear a crowd of men come stumbling up the stone steps with the weight of the piano!

"Perhaps it is already here," Liseke said, faintly.

"Perhaps it's coming," Hannah suggested, hopefully.

"One — two — three —" the clock struck.

"Come, mamma!" the children cried; and so they opened the sitting-room door with trembling hands.

Nobody there ; nothing there. Mamma sat down in a corner and began knitting, while the children looked out of the window into the narrow street to see a wagon drive up to the house.

"Perhaps they've forgotten all about it," Liseke was saying tremulously when the sitting-room door burst open and there stood Max, and behind him papa Karl.

"Oh, Max, Max, where's the surprise?" the children implored.

"Why, don't you see?" Max cried, mightily injured, and turning himself about disclosed his small person arrayed in a new velveteen suit brilliant with brass buttons.

"Oh — dear — dear," sobbed little Hannah, with

the tears rolling down, "We thought it was a piano!"

"Did I say it was a piano?" Max howled.

"You said it — it — was — was — covered with pl — plush," Liseke sobbed.

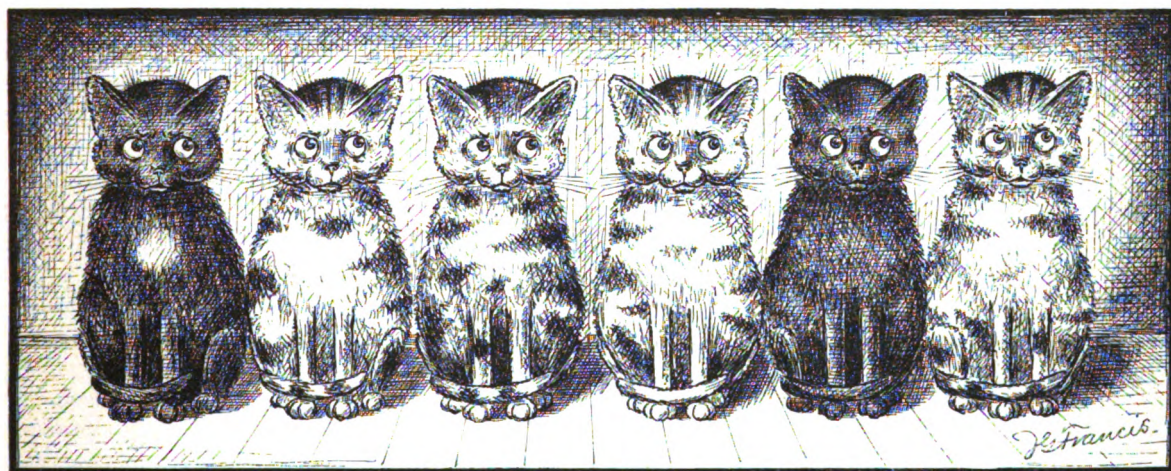
"Well, isn't it?"

"And — and you said it 'ud make a noise if one b — banged on it," Hannah cried, piteously.

"Well, see if it don't!" Max shrieked, when papa Karl's hand came down upon him with such superb effect there was no doubting the truth of the assertion.

"Ungrateful children, you are never satisfied," papa Karl cried majestically. "No matter what I do for you, you're always ungrateful —"

"But Karl," mamma Betty interrupted with quiet decision, in the midst of a storm of sobs, "you can't



THE SHAMEFULLY NEGLECTED SIX.

expect the children to be very much delighted because Max gets a new suit — something necessary."

"And it's so tight I can't breathe," Max cried, goaded to frenzy by the general grief.

"Ingrates!" gasped papa Karl, and strode up and down the room, while Liseke sobbed her grief out on mamma's shoulder, and Max hid his face in her lap, and Hannah was bravely trying to dry her brown eyes.

"Karl, they are children," mamma Betty said, softly patting Max's head; then lifting it up gently: "Max go to the confectioners." Max sprang to his feet as a war-horse at the sound of the trumpet.

"Here are ten groschens;" mamma Betty took

them out of her scanty purse with something of a sigh; "buy as much cake and whatever you like. Liseke, tell Marie to make a pitcher of chocolate instantly. My little Hannah, you may set the table."

"Oh, mamma, may I put on the pretty china cups and saucers?" Hannah pleaded, as Max and Liseke bounded out of the room.

"Yes, but be careful, my dear."

"Chocolate!" said papa Karl, with some scorn; "bribing them for the sake of peace."

They were children, she said. Had papa Karl forgotten that he, too, had once been a child?

Papa Karl had forgotten this trifling circumstance but he magnanimously declared he forgave them all.

SURPRISED.

There was a pattering of feet down the entry, and three tear-stained faces looked timidly in.

"The chocolate is on the table," Hannah said, bravely, with only one tiny sob. Then the door closed and the little feet patted down the corridor.

"Come Karl, and drink a cup of chocolate. You need it as much as the children. for you were disappointed also. You thought to give them a pleasure, you mistaken man," mamma Betty said, with a little smile.

"I really meant to," said Karl, quite softened.

Mamma Betty was just opening the door, when she suddenly paused. "Karl," she said, quite seriously, "will you promise me one thing?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Never surprise us again; surprises always end in disappointments."

"Well, Betty, I promise," papa Karl said hurriedly, and he kept his word. So years after, when papa Karl's purse was a good deal fuller, and a piano did make its appearance, it was welcomed solemnly, as something long and rapturously expected.

A LEAF FROM ANNETTA'S DIARY.

BY MRS. A. M. DIAZ.

MY mother told me that it would be a good way for me to make believe that I am telling *Miss Annetta Fourteen* what happened. I asked my mother, "Will she be I? Will *Miss Annetta Fourteen* be the same I then, that I am now when I am seven?"

She said, "She will be the same I, and she will not be the same I."

Then I asked her to tell me how I could be the same I and not be the same I.

She said, "Just as you are the same you that you were when you were a baby, and are not the same you."

She said that if I were the very same you — no, the very same I — that I was when I was a baby, I should want a rattle to shake, and a ring to bite, and to be trotted, and I should pat a cake.

That made me laugh.

Then my mother asked me if I should not like now to read a little cunning-diary where *Annetta Baby* put down when she patted a cake the first time, and jumped first time in a baby-jumper, and fell out of bed; and I said that I should.

And she said so would *Annetta Fourteen* like to know about *Annetta Seven*.

I shall tell something in my Diary about Banty White.

She died this morning, of the pip. She was a little beauty. Oh, she was just as white as snow all over! She would come when we called her, and she knew her name, and every one of the family loved her very much. She had four chickens once, and once she had seven. They are sold. Oh, I cried very much when she died! My mother does not think it is foolish to cry for anything like that. She thinks it is foolish to cry when you can't have things, and when you cannot go to places that you want to go to.

My mother counted the good things of Banty White, and there were five, and she said it would be a good plan to put them in my Diary.

Kind. That was one of the good things. Now I will prove it.

The Plaguer — he is my grown-up cousin — says I must prove every one of her good things that I write down. Proving means to prove that anything you say is true.

My cat had three kittens, and two died. My cat had fits. They were the running fits. She ran round and round, and then she ran away. She did not come back, and her dear little kitten was left without any mother. It had not begun to open its eyes yet. The Plaguer told me to put it under Banty White's wings, and she took care of it. She did not push it out, and when she called her own chickens to come and eat something she wanted that kitten to come too, and she wanted the kitten to run under her when the other chickens came under there, and when the kitten did not mind when she clucked to her, she kept saying again, "*Cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck!*" till somebody put her under there, and pretty soon the kitten went herself when Banty White clucked.

Not quarrelsome. This makes two good things. When any other Banty ran to get the same crumble that she was going to get, she did not fly at that other one and peck it.

Not pick out the best. This makes three. When anybody threw down corn, or crumbles, or bugs — my father picks off squash bugs to give to the hens — she did not try to pick out the biggest one, and she did not try to keep the best place for herself. The best hen-place is nearest the back door where they shake the table cloth. My mother says that nobody can say that Banty White always tried to keep that place for herself alone. She was willing for the other ones to have that good place too.

Not proud. This makes four. The Plaguer told me of this. We call him the Plaguer because he sometimes jumps out and says "Boo!" and scares us. He said some hens are so proud when they lay eggs that they want to go round and tell everybody, so they go round cackle, cackle, cackling, and kut, kut, kut-darkuting, just as if to say, "See what *I've* done! *I've* done! What great *I've* done!" but

Banty White never made a very big noise. My mother said she heard my brother *cackle* one day when he had brought in some heavy sticks of wood. That made us laugh. Then she said she heard a little girl cackle one day when she had picked more huckleberries than another little girl. I know what one she meant. Me. My mother does not think hens feel proud. She thinks they feel glad.

Obliging. That makes five. The Plaguer told me of this one, but I don't know if he meant earnest, because sometimes he says things for fun. Obliging means to do things to please other people, and not always to do things to please yourself.

My mother laughed when the Plaguer told me about this one. He said that when Banty White wanted to stop laying eggs and set on eggs, she gave up very cheerfully, if you covered her up with a barrel, and began to lay again. One day when my father and I went to see my cousins, he put her under a barrel to make her not want to set, and my brother forgot to give her any corn, and she almost starved. Once when the Shanghai-hen wanted to set in the hen-house, my brother went away into the corner of the hen-house, and tried to get hold of her legs to pull her off the nest, and she pecked his

hands so hard that he had to let go. He held out a stick for her to bite while he pulled her with the other hand, and she did bite it a little while, but when he began to pull with the other hand she stopped biting that stick, and began to peck at that other hand. Then he threw sand in her eyes so she could not see his hand, but she could, and she kept pecking that hand he was taking hold of her legs with. Then he put his straw hat on her head, so that she could only peck at the inside of that, and he took hold of her legs then, and got her off. This is a very funny story. My brother could not get out of the hen-house. The button on the door of that hen-house turned round itself and he got fastened in there and he had to stay there more than two hours without anybody knowing he was in there. It grew dark and he hollered as loud as he could, and then he pounded, and then he cried, and then he kicked the door, and then he did all the same things over again, and more things. When my father went in the barn to get something, he heard him kicking. He let the hen go and she went back into the corner and set down on the nest again.

I cannot think of anything more to tell about Banty White.



BEOWULF HELD FAST HIS DEADLY GUEST. Page 41.

GRIM GRENDEL.

BY ARTHUR GILMAN.

"'Tis merry in hall,
Where beards wag all." — TUSSER.

THE girls drew their chairs closer about the table, and announced that they were ready for me to begin.

"How long ago it was, I cannot tell," said I, "but perhaps that makes very little difference. It was *about* twelve hundred years ago, and I should have liked to be there."

"Where?" asked Gerty.

"Where?" asked Lily.

"Where?" said I. "It was over the salt sea, in the land the Pilgrims left, and away up in the northern part. It was in the early days of English hospitality and love of conquest that a mighty Thane made up his mind to build a mead-house greater than

any of the halls of Albion. He had power and wealth that God had given him, and he said, "I will deal out bountifully to old and young of my gold, and my ale, and my smoking beef."

"And so he built a hall?" Gerty said.

"Yes. It was made," said I, "a huge hall, long and wide, with curved gables and a high roof, and with pillars dividing the aisles from the nave. Down the middle ran broad stone hearths, on which were blazing, and cracking, and smoking great timber fires. On each side of the long hearth-stone there was a line of tables, at which the Thane's hearth-sharers sat on stools and benches, and at the upper end was his own raised table, at which sat the guests whom he wished

to distinguish, and his wife, who filled the guests' cups. At the lower end there was a table for the drinking cups."

"Now I, too, wish I had been there!" Gerty exclaimed.

"Let me tell you more about this great folk-stead," I continued. "The warrior-guests needed a place for sleep, and pretty near by too. It was made by parting off spaces with paneling and tapestry, between the pillars and the thick outer walls. In others of these spaces were the gilded vats of liquor into which the cup-bearers dipped their pails. The women slept in recesses kept sacred for them, behind the Thane's own table. In the great hall the harp was thrummed, and the gleeman's song was loud. He said he could tell, from far back, the beginning of men, and how the Almighty wrought."

"Could he?" Gerty interposed. I replied, that I supposed he could, and went on.

"In such a folk-stead, about six hundred years after our Saviour's birth, the Thane was happily feasting his guests, when one night a grim giant of the fens and the fastnesses, named Grendel, came when all was quiet, and killed thirty of the board-sharers. Dawn showed Grim Grendel's track to the sad circle, but they did not follow him, knowing full well the war would be long and loathsome. A second night he came, and a third; until for twelve winters' tide he had sought and snared the young and the high. The Thane alone was safe, for Grendel might not lay his misshapen hands on the gift-stool. Many a time the rich man sat in thought, broken in mind, worshiped at the holy places, and prayed in words for help from the ghostly slayer."

"Papa," asked Gerty, "what is a *gift-stool*?"

"It was the seat upon which the Thane sat in the great hall," said I. "But, my dears, I am telling you a romantic and mythical story, and I wish you to exercise your imagination, and not ask me to explain my terms too exactly. I use many words just to give you an idea of the literature of early times. They are peculiar; do you like them?"

"We like your story ever so much! Do go on!" Gerty replied for both herself and sister.

"While the Thane was praying in the holy places of Durham," I continued, "there was a man, the mightiest among the Goths, away down in Suffolk, who heard of Grendel's deeds. He built a wrought-stem, foamy-necked vessel, and with fifteen chosen

champions, sought the shore-cliffs, steep hills, and wide headlands of the north. There they tied their ship, shook their war-shirts, stretched their sea-weary limbs, and thanked God, who had made the wave-paths easy for them.

"When the warder who watched the Thane's sea-shore saw the bright shields coming over the ship's bulwarks, he wondered who the men might be. Riding to the beach, with a great spear quaking in his hand, he said to the good leader, —

"'What weapon-bearers are ye, bearing war-shirts, who come over the water street with a foamy keel? O, ye far-dwellers, tell me quickly, whence come ye?'

"Then the leader, unlocking his word-hoard, replied, 'We are of the Weder-Goths, Hygelac's hearth-sharers. We come to help thy Thane. We have heard that a wretch does him hurt in the dark night. I may teach him how to overcome the Grim Grendel.'

"'Good words, well spoken!' said the fearless warder. 'Bear your weapons and yourselves to my sharp shield-lord. His warriors will hold your new-tarred ship, until it bear back to the Weder marshes those who come whole from this rush of war.'

"Together the fierce men marched until they saw the foremost of earth's houses wherein the rich Thane lived. It was all timbered, gaudy, and worked with gold, and toward it, over the handsome stone street the Goths walked, while, hand-locked, the bright ringed-iron war-shirts shone and sang as they entered the high hall. Sea-weary, they set their broad, round shields against the wall—their war-shirts in a ring—and their darts, with the gray ash-wood shafts, together. Then a proud warrior asked the new-comers, 'Whence bear ye your stout shields, gray shirts, fierce helms, and heap of war-shafts?'

"From beneath his helmet the proud lord of the Weder-Goths answered, 'We are Hygelac's board-sharers. *Beowulf* is my name.'

"There sat the Thane, old and hairless, among his earls, and he said, 'I knew Beowulf when a boy. The seamen who came from the land of the Weder-Goths say he has in his hand-gripe the might of thirty men. Him, holy God hath in his kindness sent to us Ring-Danes; therefore I have hope against Grendel.'

"What did the Thane mean by Ring-Danes?" asked Gerty, unable to imagine.

"He merely meant Danes," I replied, "but he called them thus because they wore shirts for armor

GRIM GRENDEL.

made of iron rings, woven together by hand, which clanked as they moved.

"Then spake Beowulf to the aged Thane: 'Hail! Sea-farers have told me, on my own southern turf, of the deeds done by Grendel. I have myself done deeds of valor, and will now grasp this fiend to grapple for life, for I ween that Grim Grendel recks not of weapons. Care not for me. It is the Lord's doom whom death shall take. What is to be goes ever as it must!'

"Then the Thane accepted Beowulf's offer; a bench

was cleared in the beer-hall for the sons of the Weder-Goths, and they unsealed their breasts among the warriors with mead. The earl who bore the ale-cup poured out the bright, sweet ale; the glee-man sang, and there was gladness among the revelers. Words were winsome, and the frolic-wife, the Thane's queen, gold-decked, greeted the men, and bade them be blithe at the beer-drinking. She greeted Beowulf, and after drinking of her cup, he fitted for the strife. The warriors went to their evening rest, and the Thane, bidding Beowulf hail, gave him the mastery of the wine-



SHE RUSHED INTO THE HALL. Page 42.

hall, saying, 'Never have I trusted this hall to any, save now to thee. Have now, and hold the best of houses! Watch against foes!'

"The warriors who were to guard the curved-roof house, all slept in the murky night, save one. He watched for the war-meeting. Then came the shadow-walker Grendel, stalking from the moor under the misty hills to the lofty hall. He rushed at the door, made fast with fire-hardened bands, and, striking with his hands, dragged open the hall's mouth. A loathsome light, like flame, shot from his eyes, and he laughed wickedly as he looked on the war-men sleeping all together. One sleeping warrior he seized and

slit, and reached forth to Beowulf. The doughty warrior hung upon Grendel's arm. The fiend felt that there was not in mid-earth a stronger hand-gripe, and became faint in heart. Then awaked all the Weder-Goths. The hall was full of din, and it was great wonder the earth-home fell not; but its cunningly-forged iron bands held it, and still it stood above the warlike beasts. But many a gilded mead-bench burst from its sill where the grim ones fought. Beowulf held fast his deadly guest, and his warriors hewed and hacked, not knowing that no war-blade could cut his wicked hide. As Beowulf held the wretch with war-strength, a grim wound gaped on

Grendel's shoulder, his sinews sprang asunder, his bone-locker burst, his life's end was come. He left his track in blood as he fled, death-doomed and weary, to the fens and mere. There he laid down his life, and the surge boiled with blood; the waves welled hot with clotted gore!

"In the morning many a warrior came about the gift-hall from far and near to see the wonder. Beowulf's praise was sung, and the war-men ran their fallow steeds in trial of the race over the smooth roadways. The king's glee man found another tale that had truth in it, and, mindful of song, began to tell of

Beowulf's undertaking. The Thane stepped forth, and seeing Grendel's hand, said, 'For this sight give thanks forthwith to the Almighty! Beowulf, best of warriors, I love thee as a son in my heart! Hold thy new kinship well! May the All-wielder pay thee with good, even yet more greatly than I do!'

"Then the hall was bidden to be made fresh. Many men and women worked at the wine-house until its broken bands, rent hinges, and strong walls were sound again, and then the golden webs of wonderful tapestry shone about all the bright dwelling. It was full of feasting friends. The glee-wood was fired; the glee-men, gladdeners of the hall, sang; games were

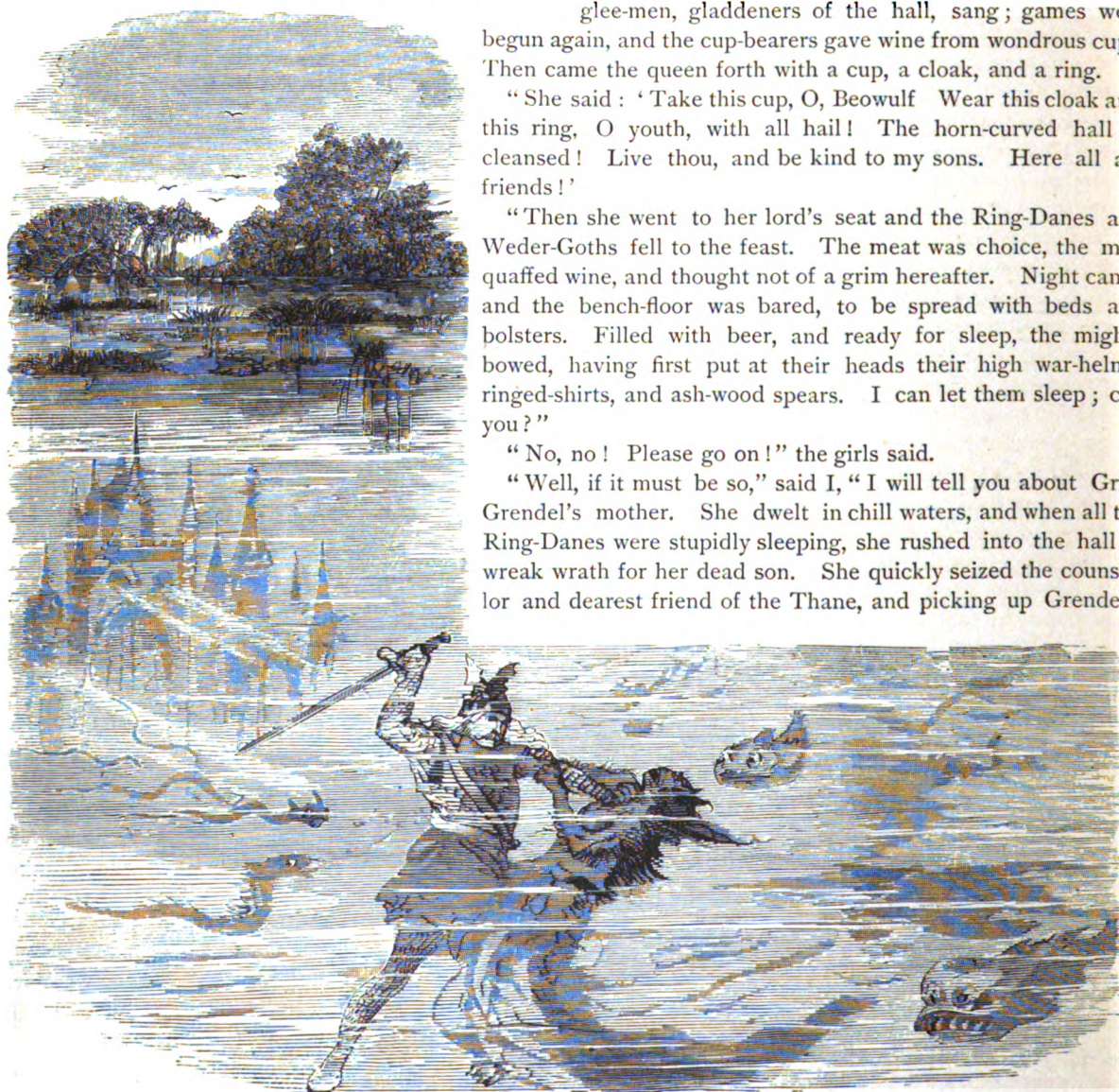
begun again, and the cup-bearers gave wine from wondrous cups. Then came the queen forth with a cup, a cloak, and a ring.

"She said: 'Take this cup, O, Beowulf! Wear this cloak and this ring, O youth, with all hail! The horn-curved hall is cleansed! Live thou, and be kind to my sons. Here all are friends!'

"Then she went to her lord's seat and the Ring-Danes and Weder-Goths fell to the feast. The meat was choice, the men quaffed wine, and thought not of a grim hereafter. Night came, and the bench-floor was bared, to be spread with beds and bolsters. Filled with beer, and ready for sleep, the mighty bowed, having first put at their heads their high war-helms, ringed-shirts, and ash-wood spears. I can let them sleep; can you?"

"No, no! Please go on!" the girls said.

"Well, if it must be so," said I, "I will tell you about Grim Grendel's mother. She dwelt in chill waters, and when all the Ring-Danes were stupidly sleeping, she rushed into the hall to wreak wrath for her dead son. She quickly seized the counselor and dearest friend of the Thane, and picking up Grendel's



gory hand, which he had lost in his fight, she hasted to the fen."

"Was Beowulf asleep too?" asked Gerty.

"Another abode had been given him," said I, "and it was well for the hag that he was not in the horn-curved hall. In the morning the Thane was in trouble when he found his dearest was gone. Calling Beowulf, he spake, weeping: 'A mighty man-scather has come to avenge the marsh-stalker's death. My counsellor, who knows my runes, is dead! The hag dwells in the dark land where the wolf hides — by the windy nesses where the hill-stream goes under the shades of the cliff, the flood under the earth. A mile thence stands the mere, over which hang barky groves. There liveth none so wise who knows its bottom. Seek the spot if thou dare! I will pay thee for the strife with money, with old treasure, with twisted gold!'"

"Bravely the lords of the Weder-Goths rode now to the mere. Before all was Beowulf. Suddenly they reached an unwinsome wood, under which stood water ghastly with gore, and there floated the counsellor's head. On the shores were big, frightful worms, and strange sea-dragons, which, startled, ran away at the sound of the war-horn. Well-armed, with his white helm, and girt with his lordly ring-shirt, in his hand his hafted sword, hardened in warriors' blood, he plunged beneath the frightful wave. He sank a day's space and reached the before unknown bottom.

"The hundred-year old hag grim and greedy, saw him dropping into the land of wonders. She clutched him, but his ring-mail was strong, and she could not break it. She dragged him to her roofed palace, where there was no water. A pale firelight showed the mere-wife, and Beowulf struck her with his war-sword, but its edge failed. As one who thinks to gain lasting praise, and careth not for life, he cast the twisted brand away, and trusted to his strength. The hag seized him. He dragged her till she bowed, then, seeing an old sword, greater than any other man might bear to the game of war, he seized its knotted haft. Fast and fierce he struck with the brand upon her neck. Her bone-rings brake. The bill went through her flesh; she sank to the ground — dead! By the fire-light Beowulf saw Grendel's body. He cut off its head, but the hot blood melted the sword. The Danes saw new blood rise in the water.

"'Beowulf is slain,' they sorrowing said, and thought never more to see their dear lord. But, lo! forthwith

he dived up through the water, and came swimming to the land, with the head, which four men could hardly bear upon the deadly stake.

"The Goths marched with their lord over the meadows to the great hall again. Anon there was drinking and feasting, and then — having done his great deeds, Beowulf, and his hardy war-men sailed back to the land of the Weder-Goths.

"After this, the whole broad land came under Beowulf's sway, and for fifty winters he held it well, until in the dark nights, a great dragon who held watch over a sin-heaped hoard, wasted the land with ore. In awful strife the lord fought the dragon, and conquered; but the poison-worm struck one wound in him, and he was death-sick.

"The dragon's gold was brought before him as he laid in pain, and he said, 'I thank the Lord for all! My life is gone. Let others care now for the people's need. Let the warriors raise a mound on the sea's head-land, that I be not forgotten, and that the seafarers, driving foamy barks over the mists of floods, may call it in the days that are to follow, "Beowulf's Mound."'

"Then he gave to a young warrior his war-clothes and his weapons, saying, 'All my kinsmen are gone to the God-head, earls in their valor. I shall follow them.'

"When he died, they made a heap hung with helms, shields, and bright war-shirts, in the midst of which, with sighs and sorrow, they laid their lord. On the mound they kindled a fire of Swedish pine, and while the heaven swelled with smoke they sang a lay of languish. The Weder-Goths wrought a high, broad mound on the hill as a beacon for seamen. Around this rode Beowulf's hearth-sharers, and they sang that 'he was of kings and of men the mildest and the kindest.'

"I don't believe it!" both the girls said together, as I stopped.

"I will excuse you, if you do not," said I; "but I think the story is partly founded on facts. There are three places in England which correspond quite well with the account I have given. In Durham there is a place called Hart, where the great mead-house may have been, and near by is Grendel's-mere, overshadowed with bushy groves, and it is deep — very deep. In Suffolk, too, there are several places, the names of which begin with Wether; and I think that Beowulf's Weder-Goths may have named them."

THE WHITE CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON,

AUTHOR OF "BED-TIME STORIES," AND "MORE BED-TIME STORIES."



MARIAN GREY'S heart was full of bitterness. Two years ago she had gathered these very white chrysanthemums of the first week in November to lay on her mother's coffin. There had been plenty of the usual funeral flowers—japonicas, and tube-roses, and white heath, and the rest; but Marian had stolen out and gathered the chrysanthemums because her mother loved them, and because they grew in the old garden at home.

"She will not care for the others," she had said to herself; "she always loved our own flowers best, and she shall take them with her." Marian was fourteen then—old enough to mourn for her mother passionately—old enough, too, to understand and feel deeply what her mother said to her just at the last.

"You must care for papa and the boys, Marian. You will be mistress now, I think, young as you are. At least you can be, if you are so careful of papa's comfort that he doesn't feel the need of getting any one to keep house; and I trust the boys to you. You must be elder sister and mother, too, and never let them miss me more than you can help." And then Marian remembered how her mother's sad eyes had searched her face, and how she had kissed her at the end, and said, "It's a hard lesson for you to learn, when you are so young; but you must always think of yourself last, and by and by you will see that that brings its own exceeding great reward."

Mrs. Grey had lived several hours after that, and had kissed Marian again, and kissed the boys also, and blessed them, and then gone to sleep, like a child, on her husband's shoulder, with a child's smile on her lips, and a beauty as of long-passed youth, at which the children wondered, on her face. But Marian always felt that her true parting with her

mother was in those few moments when they were all alone, and mamma had charged her to be her father's comfort, and the boys' mother.

And she had tried, faithfully. She looked back now over the two years that had passed, and she said, with the tears streaming down her cheeks, "Yes, mother, I have been faithful!" She had left school, and devoted herself to making her mother's place good. She had kept the same servant her mother had; and the woman, touched by the unconscious pathos of the young girl's efforts to make good that vacant place, had helped her silently in a thousand ways. And Marian thought she had succeeded. She could not see that any comfort had been lacking in her father's home; and as for the boys—Hal and Geordie—they almost worshipped her. "But of what use had it all been?" she thought, bitterly; for now her father was going to bring home another wife in her mother's stead. He had told her very tenderly, to be sure. He said that he had felt she was too young for so much care. She ought to be in school; and in bringing home to her for mother the only woman he knew who seemed worthy to fill her own mother's place, he felt that he was securing as great a blessing to her as to himself; and then he had said, as he kissed her good-bye,—

"Make the house look as pretty as you can—won't you, Marian? Elizabeth loves beauty. I don't think there are many flowers left, except those white chrysanthemums; but I wish you'd put some of those in her room."

Marian thought she could have borne it all, if it hadn't been for that last request. The white flowers that she had gathered, just two years ago, for her mother's funeral, to do duty now as bridal flowers for the usurper! It seemed to her this was the one drop too much. She did not consider that her father could not have thought of this; that, indeed, he probably never knew that she had made the wreath

of them for her mother's coffin at all. Her passionate girl's heart swelled almost to bursting with the bitterness of the thought that she was to use the flowers she had always held sacred to her mother for this new bride's pleasure.

"O, she shall have them all," she cried, passionately; "and much good may they do her! They are funeral flowers. It is a bad omen."

Then she went out and gathered them, every one. She made bouquets of them for the mantel; she put knots of them in the looping of the window curtains, and a glass full upon the bureau. Everywhere in the new mother's room gleamed their whiteness,—fit alike for bridal or for burial. In the parlor below she would have none of them. That was garnished with the fire-tinted leaves she had gathered in the late September, and with the pale, bleached ferns she had brought home in October—ferns that seem always like the ghosts of the dead summer, holding none of its warmth or brightness, but only a hint of its vanished grace. Then she went into the kitchen with the pretty little mistress-of-the-family air which became her so well.

"Bridget," she said, "Mrs. Grey will be coming to-night. Let us give her a good supper; she will need it after her journey; and then," she added, her native honesty coming to the front, "I don't want her to think no one knew how to keep house here until she came."

Bridget understood, and smiled. There was no danger but the coffee would be clear that night, and the waffles light, and the broiled chicken done to a turn.

Then Marian went into the parlor, and sat down in her mother's chair. Should she have to give that up, too? Her eyes filled with tears, as they had so many times that day. She closed them, and her thoughts went back to the hour when her mother had bidden her good-bye. She thought the whole scene over, as she had so often, and seemed to hear every one of the words afresh, in her mother's low, tender voice. And, somehow, a new sense of her mother's meaning came to her. "You must always think of yourself last," her mother had said. *Was* she doing that now? Was she not thinking of herself first—of her own pain—of the wound to her self-love in being set aside where she thought she had done so well—of having some one else nearer to her father than she was—of being no longer at the head?

"No," she cried, hotly, "it's *not* that; it's having some one else in my own mother's place. He has no right—no right."

But a tender, unseen presence seemed near her, all the while, breathing gentler thoughts. Something told her that her mother up in heaven would not be jealous for herself; and something else asked her if she were sure she could so devote all her future to her father, as to keep him from needing that companionship which is the very life and soul of living. She would not yet confess it, but she knew, in the soul of her soul, that she had been wrong; and as she got up to call the boys, she said to herself, "Think of myself last; yes, I can try to do that for your sake, dear mother; and for your sake I will keep the boys as happy as I can. If they are too young and unreasoning to feel it all, so much the better; you would not want their hearts to ache as mine does."

She went to the door, and called the little fellows playing outside, and they hurried in.

"Come, boys," she said, "you must go and dress. I want you to look nice when your new mother sees you for the first time."

The boys looked at her curiously. Not at all in this tone had she spoken of the new-comer before. Was *she* going over to the enemy?

"She ain't my mother—is she?" said sturdy Geordie.

"She's not your own mamma," Marian said, resolutely—trying to do what her mother would have wished; "she's not the dear, sweet mamma whom God gave you first, and then took home to heaven, because, I do believe, she was too good for this world; but she's your new mother, whom papa thinks it best for you to have. We ought to know that papa's judgment is better than ours; and he's been too good a father to us all our lives for us to have any right to suppose he is not doing now what he truly thinks will be best for us."

The words had cost Marian a great effort, but she had uttered them quietly and resolutely. The boys felt that she was in earnest, and went away to dress, with a new sense of trust in their father.

"But, mother, it is *so* hard!" Marian cried out, when she was left alone. "How can I? O, how *can* I?" And she thought—no doubt it was her own excited fancy—but she thought she heard a voice say,—a dear voice, whose tones she would know out of all the world,— "But the end is peace."

Night brought the new mother. The boys had been growing reconciled to the idea of her since Marian's words of an hour before, and they ran to meet her with smiling faces. Marian tried to go forward, too; but it seemed to her that her feet were fastened to the floor, and it was all she could do to stand still, and keep the tears back.

"Here are the boys," she heard her father say, cheerfully. No doubt he and his bride kissed them; but she could not see, she was for a moment so very, very dizzy.

"And here is Marian," in the same cheerful voice; "my one daughter, and my faithful little housekeeper."

Marian looked up, struggling with herself, and saw her new mother. Her own mamma had been, perhaps not beautiful, but lovely—a woman whose sweet charm every beholder must feel. If this one should be younger and handsomer, a flighty girl-bride, Marian felt that all the grace in the world would not keep her from hating her. But she looked, and saw that she might well have trusted her father. The new wife was a large, fair woman, not beautiful, but with a noble and serene face, where large and generous thoughts had their home. She was certainly not younger than Marian's own mother had been; and in the sober richness of her dress there was none of that girlish flightiness which Marian had dreaded. The girl's judgment was forced to approve; but her heart was alien still. She went forward a step, and put out her hand. No doubt Mrs. Grey understood her feeling, for she made no ardent demonstration. She only bent a little,—she was a tall woman,—and touched her lips to her new daughter's brow; and then she said something about the pleasantness of the house, and Marian took her up stairs to her own room.

She looked around as she entered it, and saw the white chrysanthemums gleaming everywhere. Marian, who was furtively watching her, thought she grew a little pale; but she only said, very quietly,—

"My father brought me home a new mother, Marian, when I was just your age. I understand it all."

Marian's heart warmed towards her a little then; but it grew hard and cold again when she went down stairs, for she found her father in the parlor, looking unmistakably happy and radiant. Had he no heart—no thought for the dead, who had lived there with him so long? In that moment she felt as if she hated the new-comer. Her father drew her towards him.

"Well, girlie, surely you like her?" he asked, eagerly.

She withdrew herself from his arm.

"I am not a man. I think I was not made for forgetting," she answered, coldly.

Her father's face darkened. He spoke with a tone different from any she was accustomed to in his voice.

"Marian, you knew your mother well. Do you think she loved me so selfishly that, since I could not have her, she would prefer that I should live out my life alone? If that were so, she must have changed, indeed; for she always thought of herself last."

Marian could not answer, for just then the new mother came down the stairs, and took what was to be henceforth her household place. It was not in the chair that had been the dead wife's. Had she avoided that by some delicate tact? or was it only that she was another mould of woman from the first wife, and her taste was different? Marian never knew.

Time went on. Marian went back to school; and she really enjoyed her freedom from care, her opportunity to return to the books she loved. Only there was a cold, hard spot in her heart, and she *would* not own to herself that there could be any gain in the coming of a new mother into her own mother's place. All the winter passed, and the spring, and the summer. Marian was perfectly respectful, perfectly obedient, always kind; and yet her father, who knew her so well, knew that she was no more like the real Marian than a stone statue is like the living woman after whose graces it is modelled. It was the one bitter drop in the sweet cup of his new domestic happiness.

With October he was taken very ill. A typhoid fever, which had been prevalent that fall, seized him; and for a long time there was great doubt whether he would ever recover. Then, for the first time, Marian realized what their household had gained when the new mother came into it. She herself would have done all she could; but she lacked the wisdom and the experience which made Mrs. Grey the most perfect of nurses.

"Will he get better? Is there any hope?" she asked the old doctor, whom she had known all her life, one day when he was going away.

"If he does," was the answer, "his wife will have saved him. Such care I never saw."

Marian went out into the old garden. It was the first week in November, and the white chrysanthemums were all in flower. Would she be gathering them next to put upon her father's coffin? O, what would the world be worth then? 'Had she made him happy this last year'? asked her conscience. If he had been happy, surely he did not owe it to her. She had been thinking of herself all the time; of her own pain, and loss, and heartache. If he got well, would he ever forgive her? If he died, could she ever forgive herself?

She stood there, leaning sadly over the white flowers, which meant death to her. She did not hear any approaching footfall, and she started in surprise when her step-mother's hand touched her.

"He is asleep, Marian. O, so calmly and sweetly! I had to come and tell you; for there is hope now."

"And *you* will have saved him!" Marian cried, her eyes shining through their sudden tears with such a light as Mrs. Grey had never seen in them before. "The doctor said it would be you, if he lived. You have saved him for me, and I have never loved you."

"Was that not because you thought I expected to be your mother?" Mrs. Grey asked, with a quiet tenderness in her voice and manner. "We can have but one mother; and if you call me so, it is only a matter of form. I cannot be to you in place of the dead. But I *might* be your friend, dear, just as if I were not your father's wife."

Marian drew closer, and clung to her, silently. She could not speak just then.

"Don't you know I told you that first night that I knew it all? When I saw those white chrysanthemums they almost broke my heart; for they brought an old pain back so keenly. I had gathered them once myself, and put them in the chamber of my father's new wife, as you had done in mine; and I had suffered just

as you did. But long afterwards I knew that a blessing had come to me with her; and I meant to be a blessing to you if I could."



THE WHITE CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

Still Marian did not speak; but she bent and gathered a little knot of white chrysanthemums — the purest and brightest she could find. She touched the little posy to her own lips when she had made it, and then fastened it in her step-mother's bosom. The white chrysanthemums had been flowers for the burial and for the bridal; and now they were the blossoms of reconciliation!

TWICE IN MY LIFE.

BY REV. WILLIAM M. BAKER.

THE FIRST TIME.

I WAS about twelve years old.

One beautiful summer morning, as I entered the school-yard, Joe Simpson, who could not live unless he was in some mischief, stooped down, took a clod of mud from the side of a pond that should not have been there, and threw it at me. Now, the clod was not larger than a pill, but it struck me on the sleeve, and stuck there.

I intended, when I began to write, to say how utterly wrong I was in what followed ; but, as I think of it, I am back once more in the remarkable clothes I had on that day, and I do not blame myself as much as I thought I did.

You see, I had, after months of expectation, put on for the first time that morning a suit of Nankeen linen, as yellow and as fresh and sweet as new butter. Moreover, I had a turn-down collar, of the whitest, glossiest, stiffest sort, around my neck, and some six inches over my shoulders.

To be in keeping with my clothes, I had scrubbed myself all over, before putting them on, with all the soap I could lay hands on, besides brushing and perfuming my hair at my sister's toilet table. In fact, it was because I was so amazingly ahead of Joe Simpson in personal appearance that he threw the mud at me. Of course.

How much better it would have been had I taken time to do nothing but wash out the small spot, even if I had used my tears for the purpose ! Instead of that, in the flash of a second I let Joe have it full in the face with a handful of mud. Unfortunately there was an abundant supply of mud left by the pond, as it was drying up under the summer sun. It was a good hour before school time, too, for I had arrived long in advance to show off my new clothes, having dreamed of the glory thereof all night. The boys also gathered around with jeers and cheers as we

hesitated or continued, a hundred of them at last around us shouting and yelling with laughter, but every scamp of them urging us on.

After the first double-handful of mud smack in the centre of my beautiful new waistcoat with its mother-of-pearl buttons, I ceased to be a boy, and became a madman, for whom a strait waistcoat would have been much more suitable. Joe was as mad, and at it we went fast and furious. Every now and then we would have to stop to scoop the mud out of our eyes, to see how to throw the next handful, as well as smear it off our nose and mouth enough to breathe.

Nor did we stop until the teacher arrived. But when he did, we were safe enough from him ; he could not touch, much less whip, either of us ; for, except a little hole at the eyes and nose and mouth, from head to foot each of us was sheathed in mud, clothed in a complete coat of mail from one to three inches deep. That was not all. The green and slimy mire smelled awfully, and, as it dried on us, it became as hard as a brick, almost.

By command of the teacher, a big boy marched me home, blind and exhausted, and tumbling down at every curb-stone, with, it seemed to me, the entire city at my heels, running and hurrahing. Our house was half a mile from the school, and no circus, with its train of animals, and rope-dancers, and clowns, ever made a greater sensation.

I refuse sternly to tell what befell me after my mother *did* get at me ! The fact that Joe was undergoing the same at *his* house was some consolation ; but, then, Joe did not lose the splendid suit of clothes I did, and I have never had one since I liked half as well.

The lesson I learned I will tell in my next. Be sure and read that.

TWICE IN MY LIFE.

BY REV. WILLIAM M. BAKER.

THE SECOND TIME.

THIS next time took place years after. I had gone through school, and college, and theological seminary. In fact, I had become a minister of the gospel, although still not much more than a grown-up boy. I had organized a church for myself, far out in the south-west. One splendid summer day, I happened to be riding on horseback, with five other gentlemen, on our way to Presbytery, when we suddenly came to a stop. You see, it was in a flat kind of wild region, known out there as "the Post Oak country." There had been, for days before, a very heavy rain, which had flooded all the state. We did not care, however, for we were told that we could find bridges everywhere. To our astonishment, we had to draw rein and halt in the wildest and most desolate part of our journey, at what had been a little creek, covered with a bridge, but was now a lake, hiding the road, as far as we could see before us, in its windings among the Post Oaks. If there was any bridge left, it was a dozen feet or so out of sight, under water.

"And now, what?" Mr. Thompson said; for he had been regarded as our leader, in virtue of being a wise old man. "O, is it not a pity? Such important business at Presbytery, too! In fact there can be no Presbytery at all unless we get there. There will not be enough members to form a *quorum*. What a pity, pity, pity! What shall we do?"

"It is all a providence, brethren," Mr. Jones said. "The only thing to do is to turn around and go back. You observe, it is a providence;" and he said it very solemnly, as if it was wicked for us to do anything but see the hand of Heaven in it, and go back, as Balaam did when the angel stood in his way with a drawn sword.

"Yes, you are right," said old Mr. Thompson. "Come;" and he turned his gray mare around, and all started to return. All except myself. I did not like the way in which he said, "*Come*." Under the circumstances, it struck me almost exactly as Joe

Simpson's first clod of mud had done that day in the school-yard. Minister as I had become, I threw back, as I had done then, hot mud.

"I won't go back," I said.

"You *will* go back," he replied.

"I won't," I answered. "Yonder is an old canoe, washed up on the bushes by the road-side. All of you can get over some way or other in that, two at a time, with the saddles and saddle-bags. I'll swim the horses over;" and, while they were laughing at, and remonstrating with me, I was unsaddling my horse, taking off all my clothing, except shirt and drawers, and hauling out the old canoe. It was not very respectful in me, but they had to do as I said. As soon as all their horses were unsaddled, I rode mine into the water, 'bare-backed.' Very soon 'Mike,' my horse, had to swim for it. I did not sit on him at all, merely held tight to the bridle to keep his head up stream—for the current was very swift—while I swam over him; all the other horses swimming in a string behind me. It was very rash in me. Mike and I had to swim what seemed to me a quarter of a mile, at least. Keeping to the windings of the road, as I was getting very tired indeed, the horse next behind me began plunging, and came very near striking me in the back with his hoofs. If he had done so, I should have been disabled, and should certainly have drowned. At the same instant, I saw, as I swam, the coat of some man hanging to the bushes on one side, showing that some person had been drowned in trying to do the same thing.

Do you know, I thought as I struggled along, that it was precisely as when I had my mud fight with Joe Simpson? "It is the same thing," I said to myself, "in this, at least, that I have pitched into a matter without duly reflecting, and, having pitched in, here I am, persisting in it;" and this is the lesson from both of these instances I want my readers to learn. Go ahead, by all means; but be sure first whether you are right. I was wrong from first to last

TWICE IN MY LIFE.

in the case of the mud battle. I suppose I must have been right in swimming the freshet ; at least, Presbytery passed a vote of thanks to me for what I did, because very important business would have failed if we had not persisted in coming. Yet I cannot close without adding this : Wrong as my conduct was that day in the school-yard, I do not believe I should have persisted in the going to Presbytery if I had not done so in the other matter. Persistence is a good thing to have about you. Have as much of it as you can ; but, like gunpowder, or money, or steam, or fire, — any powerful thing, — it all depends upon the direction you give to it, and the way in which you handle it. “*Be sure you are right ; then go ahead !*”

THE TWIN COUSINS.

BY SOPHIE MAY.

"DOCTOR Papa knows a great deal, and I shall do just as he says," said Flaxie Frizzle, holding her cup of rhubarb tightly in one hand, and a glass of cold water in the other.

It was a comfort to see her take her medicine for once without crying. She had been sick that spring, and was a long while getting well. It was a queer sort of illness, too. First it made her look yellow, then pea-green. She was pea-green still, and O, so cross! For supper she had had three slices of bread and butter, and cried because she couldn't have the fourth.

"If the poor little thing wasn't so cross we'd send her to Aunt Charlotte's for a change," said Dr. Papa, in a low voice to his wife; but Flaxie heard it.

"Oh, mamma, do let me go to Aunt Charlotte's and go to school with Milly; she's got such a dear teacher! And Milly's my twin cousin, born just the same month. And I won't be cross if they *don't* give me enough to eat. And I'll take a whole bushel o' pills!"

"Let her go," said her father, laughing; "the bushel o' pills settles it."

Flaxie was seven years old, and could have gone alone—almost; but as Captain Jones happened to be travelling that way Dr. Papa pretended to put her in his charge.

"You see Uncle Ben will be there to meet me when we get to Hilltop," said Flaxie, fluttering her darling umbrella against the captain's spectacles; "and won't he laugh when he sees me coming all alone with my little valise?"

"Good by, curly-head; take care of that umbrella," said her father, kissing her pea-green cheek, and hurrying out of the car as the bell rang.

"Let's see, where is Hilltop, and how will you know when you get there?" asked the captain, before Flaxie had time to cry.

"O, it's where Uncle Ben lives and Aunt Charlotte," replied the little traveller, who had a vague idea that the house was in the middle of a snow-drift,

with roses in the front yard and strawberries behind it. "Their name is Allen."

"Well, I'm glad you told me," said the captain. "Now I shall be easy, for we can't miss it."

It was a pleasant journey, and the captain would have been very agreeable, only he seemed to have a perfect horror of peanuts. He shook his head at all the peanut-boys and told Flaxie he "wished they would keep away with their trash!" If he had only gone into a smoking-car and left her, she might have bought some; but then he really had no idea she was travelling alone!

She had said Uncle Ben would laugh at meeting her; and so he did, for it was not every day you see a little girl of just that color; but he looked sober the next minute.

"Poor little thing, you've had a hard time."

"O, no, sir, not very," said Flaxie, thinking he meant the journey; "I like to travel alone."

Captain Jones who was putting the little umbrella into the carriage, laughed and said he wished he had known that before.

Then Flaxie drove off with her uncle, and found Aunt Charlotte and all her cousins delighted to see her, as she had known they would be. So she told the captain they were "elegant cousins;" but when Johnny exclaimed, "Hullo, Miss Frizzle, you look like a pickled lime!" she blushed a sort of pinkish-green blush, and thought he had grown very disagreeable.

"Well, I didn't mean anything. I've seen folks look worse'n you do—a good deal," added the little fellow, and thought it a handsome apology.

"I'll tell you who looks worse," he broke in again, as they were all seated at supper: "it's our teacher, Miss Pike; she's awful homely."

"Is she? Well, I guess I sha'n't go to school."

"Johnny ought not to speak in that way of his dear teacher," said Aunt Charlotte, gravely; "it is not her fault that she is not pretty; and everybody loves her, for she has a beautiful soul."

"O, yes, everybody loves her," said Master Freddy ; " but didn't Jemmy Glover send her a mean valentine last spring ?

' Old Miss Pike, she's ninety-nine,
Her hair's the color of a ball of twine.'"

" If she looks so bad, why don't she let the doctor take care of her ? " asked Flaxie, thoughtfully. " Dr. Papa gives me medicine three times a day, and I'm going to be real white."

" O, Miss Pike isn't sick ; she was born so," laughed Johnny ; " I'll take you to see her to-morrow."

Flaxie set her teeth firmly into a cookie, resolving



THE BRAVE DAUGHTER OF DOCTOR PAPA.

that she would not see such a monster of ugliness, or go to school to her — no, not if Johnny should drag her there by a rope.

After tea she sat on the front door-steps a while in Milly's lap. The little friends had a way of sitting in each other's lap, and it was a queer sight, as they were just of a size.

" O, how glad I am I came ! Who's that going by ? " asked Flaxie.

" That's my teacher and her sister."

" Which is the sister ? "

" The big one."

" Well, she's got the dropsies."

" O, no, she hasn't ; she teaches the singing in our school."

" Well, she has got the dropsies, Milly Allen, for a fat woman has got 'em where I live, and my papa takes care of her ; so don't I know ? "

Milly said no more. She did not pretend to much knowledge of diseases, as *her* father was not a doctor.

The two ladies nodded and smiled in passing.

" O, how homely ! " whispered Flaxie. " I mean the other one, not the sister."

There was no doubt about it. Miss Pike was certainly one of the ugliest women in the whole State. Her eyes were small and half shut, her mouth was large and half open, her nose was enormous, and turned up at the end, and, to crown the whole, it was red.

Milly, who had always known her, did not mind her looks. Indeed, so little can children judge of beauty, that I dare say she would have thought her beloved teacher quite handsome if she had not been called " that homely Miss Pike."

" We don't have such looking folks keep school where I live," said Flaxie, in scorn.

" I can't help it if you don't," returned Milly, slipping her cousin off her lap. " God made her so, and my mamma says you mustn't notice how anybody looks when they have a beautiful soul."

" Well, you won't get *me* to go to school, not if you give me five million thousand dollars, Milly Allen ! "

Flaxie kept her word for a whole week, and Aunt Charlotte was glad, for by the end of that time she was no longer green, but pink and white, and quite well.

" I guess I *will* go to school with you, Milly," said she at last one morning, after her cousins had all stopped teasing her. " I just despise Miss Pike, but I like the one that's got the dropsies, and I want to hear her sing."

The schoolhouse was white, with green blinds, and stood on the bank of the river. Inside it was nice and cool, and there were flowers on the desk and table. The teacher moved about softly, and spoke in low, sweet tones, smiling and showing even, white teeth. Somehow there was a happy feeling all over the room because she was in it, and Flaxie's thoughts grew pleasant, she could not have told why. But one thing she did know ; she wanted to be a good girl — not pretty good, but the very best in the world, so that Miss Pike would love her.



THE TWIN COUSINS.

"Well, darling," said Aunt Charlotte, at noon, "you said you went to hear the singing, and you look as if you had enjoyed it."

"Oh, the singing isn't so good as Miss Pike. She's just the best woman. Only," added Flaxie, regretfully, "I *wish* I could see her soul, auntie!"

Mrs. Allen smiled.

"Wait till you know her better, and then you'll see it shine through her face. There's a good look about her that is better than beauty."

After she had once begun Flaxie would not have missed a day at school for anything. She had never learned so fast before, for she had never had a teacher she loved so well.

"O, auntie," said she one day, "I've seen her soul shine! It shines when she smiles!"

Milly and Flaxie were the best scholars, so Miss Pike told Aunt Charlotte. But they did not study all the time. O, no. You never saw a school that had so many recesses, and you never saw a set of children that played so many games.

But one day Flaxie thought of something new.

"See there, Milly," said she, pointing to a high pile of boards behind the school-house, under one of the windows. "A man has gone and put those down there, and now let's make a house, and live in it!"

Milly hugged Flaxie, it was such a bright idea. Make a house? Of course they would! It wasn't what you might call easy work, for the boards were heavy, but then there was Johnny to help, and maybe Freddy, only you couldn't coax Freddy quite as well as you could Johnny. It never once occurred to the children that they had no right to the boards.

"'Twill be our ownty, doanty house, and nobody must come in but us," said Flaxie.

"And the boys," suggested Milly.

"O, yes, the boys, and our company that we invite. But 'twill be *our* house."

Johnny drove four stakes into the ground, and then he nailed boards on them all around, making a pen three feet high. Everybody looked on deeply interested. After that he and Freddy went fishing.

"O, dear," said Milly, "you'd think 'twas for pigs to live in."

Next day it rained, but the day after, as Johnny could get no peace of his life, he nailed on more boards till the pen was so high you couldn't see over it unless you stood on tip-toe.

That was high enough, but where was the roof?

"O, bother, what do you want of a roof? Hold up an umbrella."

"Next house I make, I'll make it myself!" said Flaxie, stamping her foot.

That amused good-natured Johnny, and he called some of the boys to help him put on a sloping roof. Then he sawed a door in the side next the river; and when all was done the building looked so much like a house that the girls screamed for joy, and Johnny was rather proud.

"Tell you what, this is the house that Jack built," said he. "Now let's saw a hole in the roof, and put in a stove-pipe."

Ah! Johnny, did you think what you were doing? The girls hadn't thought of it before, but now they wanted a fire-place. That wasn't much to make, and they made it themselves with the loose pieces of brick they picked out of the old hearth in the recitation-room.

Miss Pike knew nothing of this. The "cottage" stood on the bank behind the school-house, and as the windows that way let in the sun, the blinds were kept closed, and she did not look out. If she had looked out! But then, who would think of little girls bringing matches to school? It might be very funny to light a fire on one's own little hearth to bake one's own little biscuits; but then it was wrong. If it hadn't been wrong, why didn't they tell of it at home? Why did Flaxie seize a bunch of matches from the shelf and hide them in her pocket? Why did Milly snatch a piece of dough when Ellen's back was turned, and run away so fast? Children are never sly, you know, when they are doing right.

It seemed as if the recess was very short that afternoon. Ada Blake was company, and the owners of the cottage were giving a "house-warming." The fire had been kindled long ago, and the three children sat around the hearth waiting for the thimble biscuits to bake. Seven dolls sat there, too, and there was a dictionary in the middle of the room spread with a pocket-handkerchief, and covered with wee, wee dishes. It was a great occasion.

"I guess our oven is slow; they don't bake much," said Milly, peeping at the biscuits which were set in a row on a cabbage-leaf at a respectful distance from the fire.

"Let's wish something while we are waiting," said

hungry Flaxie ; " I wish this world was one big doughnut, with only us to eat it."

" Poh ! " sniffed Milly, " why didn't you wish 'twas sponge cake, sponge cake with jelly between."

" Wish yourself, Milly Allen, if you can do it so much better'n I can."

" Well, le'me see ; I wish you and I were sisters, Flaxie Frizzle, and Ada was our aunt."

" Well, there, Milly Allen, that isn't half as nice as my doughnut ! What's the use to wish we were sisters when we are twins now, and that's almost as good ? "

" O, I never ! " laughed Ada. " Such a *nidea* as

you being twins ! You weren't born the same day, either of you ! Twins have to be born the same day, now truly, or they can't be twins."

There was wisdom in Ada's voice, and wisdom in her superior smile. Flaxie raised her eyes, but that smile was too much for her and she dropped them again. If there was one thing Flaxie could not bear, it was to have a girl of her own age know more than she did.

At that moment the school bell rang, and O, dear, the biscuit were not half done. So very queer, too, for the stove-pipe was red-hot, and roaring away beautifully !



The three little cooks were the last to enter the school-house, and Miss Pike wondered what they were whispering about in the entry.

" Dear little creatures," thought she, patting their heads, " I'm glad they've had a good time."

She called a class, and everything went on as usual till suddenly she thought she smelt smoke and went to the window to look out.

Miss Pike was a sensible young lady, and knew better than to scream, but I assure you she never felt more like screaming in all her life. The cottage was all ablaze, and had already set fire to the school-house !

What should she do ? There were sixty children to be got out, and no time to lose. If they should know the house was on fire they would be crazed with fright ; they must not know it.

Miss Sarah was at the farther end of the room setting copies.

There was no time to speak to her. Miss Pike left the window, walked quietly up to the desk and tapped the bell. That meant " Put up your books." A strange order while a class was reciting ; but it was obeyed instantly.

" Star Spangled Banner," said Miss Pike, calmly.

That meant that Miss Sarah was to strike up the

tune. She did it, looking rather surprised, and all the sixty joined in it, as they had often done before, and marched in orderly file out of the house.

"*Now run!*" cried Miss Pike, the moment the last child was in the entry. "Run and tell everybody that the school-house is on fire!"

She had a pail of water in her hand. The children rushed through the streets screaming, the bells began to ring, the engines came out, and all the people and horses and dogs in the village. But Miss Pike was the first to pour water on the flames, and everybody said it was she who saved the school-house.

There was a black hole in the wall, and another in the roof; the books were soaked and ruined; the floor an inch deep with water; and it would take a whole week to set things to rights.

"Why, how did it take fire?" asked Uncle Ben, who had been out of town and did not come back till all was over.

The boys looked another way, the twin cousins hung their heads. Aunt Charlotte did not answer. She was wondering which child would speak first.

It was Flaxie Frizzle. Her face was very pale, and her eyes were fixed on the carpet.

"We've got something awful to tell you," said she, her voice trembling. "We baked our biscuits, and Johnny built a house with a stove-pipe in, and we oughtn't to have taken any matches. You better believe we cried!"

"Hurrah the dickens!" That was Uncle Ben's word at strange news. "So *you* set the school-house a-fire! And who saved it?"

"Miss Pike!" broke forth all the children in chorus.

"Yes," said Johnny, "after she had marched us all out, so the little ones wouldn't get burnt. She knows how to do things.

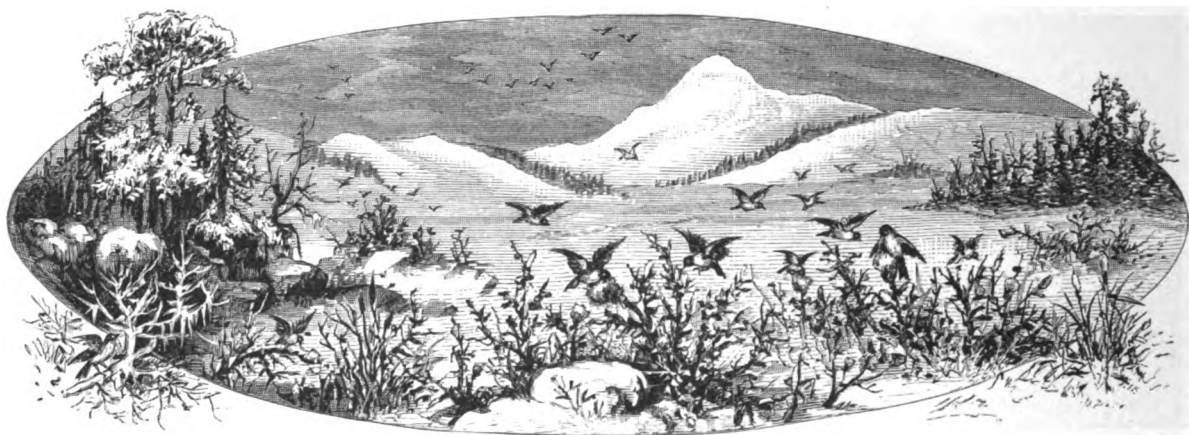
"She's one of God's girls," cried Freddy.

"Yes," said Flaxie, strongly excited; "I don't care if I can't see her soul—I've seen it shine! O, it's beautiful to be homely!"

Nobody smiled—they all thought Flaxie was right.

"Yes, it is beautiful to be homely in Miss Pike's way," said Aunt Charlotte.

And then they went out to supper, and nothing more was said about "the house that Jack built," for the twin cousins had suffered enough.



SAMMY SEALSKIN'S ENEMY.

BY REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

"WHERE going, Sammy Sealskin?"

"Down to my kayah, Tommy Fishscales."

"Is there any fish to-day?"

"A few, they say, but there is lots of seals — plenty of 'em on the rocks in the bay."

"All right; bring home something to your friend, Tommy."

Sammy pushed off his kayah from shore. It was a funny sort of boat, according to our notions. It was only nine inches deep, and about a foot and a half wide in the middle, tapering to a point at either end and curving upward. It was about sixteen feet long. Its frame was of very light wood, and this was covered with tanned sealskin. Sammy's mother was a Greenlander, and she could sew on sealskin very handily, using sinews for thread; and she had covered her little boy's boat with sealskin, leaving a hole in the centre just large enough to receive Sammy.

When he had dropped into his place, he then laced the lower border of his jacket to the rim of the hole, and there he was all snug — not a drop of water could get in. Grasping his single oar, about six feet long,

with a paddle at either end, and flourishing it in the water right and left, away swept the young fisherman.

"I should think his craft would be top-heavy, and over he would go," says some reader.

One naturally would think his craft would be top-heavy and over he would go, as the kayah has no keel and carries no ballast; and if we should try a kayah, it would certainly be on land. But those Greenlanders learn to handle themselves so well that their kayahs will go dancing over the big billows and then fly through a ragged, dangerous surf. From their kayahs, too, they will fight the fierce white bear.

Ah! Sammy, what is the matter?

"Ugh-h-h-h!"

Sammy gives a melancholy groan. He begins to suspect that his boat is leaking.

Could any one have slit the seal-skin bottom?

The kayah is really settling.

Sammy feels troubled. "I *must* go home," he says.

He turns his back upon the bright, beautiful sea, tufted with cakes of ice that seem in the distance like the white, pure lilies on a glassy pond, and

paddles off home with good-by to the fishing, good-by to the black-headed seals, good-by to the low islands with their gulls and mollimucks and burgomeisters and tern and kittiwakes and eider-ducks — good-by to the long day's fun !

"It makes me feel like a mad whale," said Sammy, "to be cheated out of my fishing. I wonder who cut my kayak !"

Just then he looked off to the shore, and there stood Billy Blubber, an ancient enemy.

"There's the fellow," said Sammy. "He slit my kayak, I know. If I had him, I'd eat him quicker than a tern's egg. Just see how he looks !"

Billy did look exasperating. He saw everything and he enjoyed everything. Plainly he was the miscreant. He was waddling round on his stout little legs, flourishing a huge jack-knife, and grinning as if he were going to have a big dish of whale-fat for dinner. He looked comical enough. He was dressed in seal-skin, and was bobbing up and down in his mother's seal-skin boots. The women's boots are of tanned seal-skin, bleached white and then colored. The boots of Billy's mother were very gay. They were bright red ones. When Billy from his tent-door saw Sammy coming, he crawled into the huge big boots, and bare-headed rushed — no, waddled out, to greet the discomfited fisherman.

"Billy, I'll give it to you ?"

"Will you, Sammy ? Try it, old boy."

Thereupon, he put his thumb to his nose and wriggled his finger as exasperatingly as any Yankee boy here in this enlightened land. His flat face, his black little eyes, his stubby little nose, his hair black as coal and long behind, but fashionably "banged" in front, the seal-skin suit, mother's big red boots, and the nasal gesture made a very interesting picture, and a most provoking one also.

"Billy, you *will* catch it !"

"I should rather think you had caught it already. Did you bring any seal-fat, Sammy ?"

Sammy felt mad enough and hot enough to set the water to boiling between his kayak and the shore.

"You had better run, Billy."

"Plenty of time, Sammy."

Sammy's kayak was now ashore. Sammy unlaced his jacket and let himself out of jail. Pulling his kayak high up the shore, he turned it over and let the water escape. There were two ugly gashes in

the seal-skin bottom — just as he expected.

"Now where's that Billy ?" asked Sammy at last. But mother's red boots had prudently withdrawn.

"I *will* give it to him," said Sammy ; "but I will mend this first."

He took up his beloved kayak and walked to the little village. It was not very large. There were half a dozen seal-skin tents, a few houses of stone and turf, and one or two wooden buildings, besides the government-house that proudly supported the flag of Denmark.

"What do you want, Sammy ?" said his mother, as he appeared at the door of one of the seal-skin tents. She was sitting on a bed of reindeer skins.

"I want needle and thread, mother. That Billy Blubber cut some holes in my kayak."

"Billy Blubber did ?"

"Yes," said Sammy, "and I would like to sew him up in a seal-skin and drop him from the top of an iceberg into the sea."

"Tut, tut, Sammy. It's a boy's trick. Let it go."

"There," thought Sammy, shouldering his kayak and moving off, "that is what mother always says when Billy harms me."

"Where are you going, Sammy ?"

"Off to mend my kayak, mother."

"Nonsense ! Only women can mend kayaks. I will fix it. You go off and take a walk, and then come to dinner. We are going to have a young seal."

A seal ! Wasn't that nice ? Who wouldn't be a young Greenlander, own a kayak, and have seal for dinner ? The prospect before Sammy made him feel better. The world, too, looked different.

"What a nice place we live in !" thought Sammy. "I wouldn't live in Denmark for anything, old Denmark, where our rulers come from."

The scenery about the Greenland village was indeed interesting. There was the blue sea before it, dotted with "pond-lilies." Off the mouth of the harbor, the icebergs went sailing by, so white, so stately, so slow, like a fleet almost becalmed. Back of the village swelled the rocky cliffs bare of snow now, and many rivulets went flashing down their sides from ponds and pools nestling in granite recesses. Away off, towered the mountains, their still snowy tops suggesting the powdered heads of grand old Titans sitting there in state.

"Who wouldn't live in Greenland ?" thought Sam-

my, entirely forgetting the long, cold, dark winter.

However, it was summer then. He went back of his mother's seal-skin tent. There he could see a beautiful valley in the shadow of the cliffs. Moss and grasses thickly carpeted it. Little brooks went sparkling through it. There were flowers in bloom, poppies of gold, dandelions and buttercups, saxifrages of purple, white and yellow. "And trees were there?" asks a reader. Do you see that shrub just before Sammy? That is the nearest thing to a tree. It is pine. If the fat for cooking the dinner should give out, young Miss Seal may be warmed up by the help of this giant pine. As a rule, we are inclined to think that Sammy takes his seal same as folks who like "oysters on the shell" — raw.

"Ky-ey! Ky-ey!"

"My!" exclaimed Sammy. "What is that noise? It must be a dog somewhere — hurt!"

Sammy started to the rescue.

"Ky-ey! Ky-ey!"

"It must be a dog," declared Sammy, and he expected to see one of those large Greenland dogs, wolf-like, with sharp, pointed nose, and ears held up stiff as if to catch every sound of danger in their dangerous travels.

Sammy rushed up a little hill before him, and rushed in such a hurry that he did not think how steep the other side was. He lost his balance, and over he went, head down, seal-skin boots up, turning over like a cart-wheel.

"Ky-ey! Ky-ey! Ah, Sammy! Ky-ey! Ky-ey! Catch him!"

It was that old enemy, Billy Blubber, ky-eying in part, and laughing also as if he would split. He only expected to get Sammy to the top of the hill and there tell him he was fooled.

"This though is better than a sea-lion hunt," thought Billy, and he roared again and shook till he threatened to come in pieces like a barrel when the hoops are off.

"I will catch you and pay you," said Sammy.

"Try it," defiantly shouted Billy, wearing now his own boots, having dropped his mother's red casings.

Off went Billy. Right ahead, was a great gray ledge. There was a crack in the ledge big enough for a boy's foot. Billy was the boy to have his foot caught in it! He tried to pull it out, but the sudden wrench was not good for his foot, and there he stood

yelling — he was ky-eying now in good earnest.

"I have a great mind," thought Sammy, "to let you stay there. I wonder how you would like to stay and have a duck come along and nip off your nose."

It would have been a nice little nip, for Billy's nose was quite plump. It looked like a fat plum stuck on to the side of a pumpkin.

Well, how long should Sammy have kept him there?

"Till the sun went down," says some one.

The idea! Why, the sun in summer goes round and round and round, never setting through June and July. Then the sun begins to dip below the horizon, going lower and lower, till at last it disappears. For one hundred and twenty-six days Sammy and Billy did not see the sun. Through that long, dark night, the stars would shine, so white and solemn, down upon the ice and snow everywhere stretching. Until the last of July would have been a long time for plum-nosed Billy to stand with his foot in that crack. Suddenly, Sammy heard a noise. "What is that?" he asked.

It was a walrus bellowing in the bay. Sammy turned toward the blue water. As he turned, he saw the minister standing near his chapel. Sammy thought of the text he preached from, the Sunday before, and he began to repeat it to himself:

"Love your enemies —"

"I guess I will let Billy stay here about an hour," said Sammy, meditating.

"Bless them that curse you —"

"I guess I will let Billy stay here half an hour."

"Do good to them that hate you —"

"I guess I will let Billy stay here ten minutes."

"And pray for them which despitefully use you."

"I guess I will take Billy out now!" And Sammy ran towards the prisoner.

"Billy, are you hurt?"

Billy turned his head away, ashamed to speak.

"Let me take your foot out."

Billy's foot was about as fat as a bear's in July, and it came hard. He shook his head. His tongue stuck to his mouth like a clam to his shell, and moved not. Neither could he step.

"I will take you on my back, Billy!" said Sammy.

And that's the way they went home. Billy in his dress generally looked like a seal standing on his hind flippers, and Sammy resembled one also — nevertheless it was a pleasant sight.



SAMMY PULLS FOR HOME.

THE RAGAMUFFINS AND GENERAL WASHINGTON.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

IN the month of October, 1789, General George Washington, who was then President of the United States, and residing in New York City, made a tour, attended by his secretaries, Messrs. Lear and Jackson, to the States of Connecticut, Massachusetts and New Hampshire.

History tells us how in every part of the country through which he passed, the citizens embraced the opportunity then offered to testify their respect and even veneration for this man, in whose character whatever was great and good, whatever dignified and adorned human nature, was so happily blended.

Whenever he approached a town or village the roads were lined with the inhabitants who had turned out to bid him welcome ; and, in many instances, he was escorted by local companies of militia from point to point.

The whole community was now wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement in regard to the presence of the distinguished visitor, and hardly anything else was talked of in the towns and villages through which he was to pass.

Esquire Samuel Dunton came home from a trip to Norwich to Willington, a little township nestled among and almost hidden by the hills of eastern Connecticut, and set all the men, women and children into a blaze of enthusiasm with the news that the Presidential party were to pass over the Hartford and Providence "turnpike," and would arrive at a point in the south part of Willington, near Mansfield, at about eleven o'clock the next forenoon.

The Willington folks immediately set about organizing a company to go down and join the Mansfield people in giving General Washington a suitable reception.

Of course there was a plenty of wide awake girls and boys who wanted to go with the older people and get a glimpse of the great man ; but in those days children were taught that they were "to be seen and

not heard," and on all important occasions were kept rather in the background.

The October morning opened bright and beautiful, and the Preston family at the tannery were early astir, and with their neighbors, the Holts, the Westons, the Allens, the Pearls and the Duntons, started in the early rosy morn, in holiday array, down the woody Mansfield road.

A group of eager, active, bright-faced boys were gathered on the bridge to see them off. They watched the cavalcade, men and women all on horseback, each horse carrying a man with a woman behind him on a "pillion," until it disappeared in the gray mist rising over Fenton river.

There were a few moments of silence, and the lugubrious faces of the boys were growing longer and longer over their disappointment, when Timothy Pearl, the oldest and most daring of the group, said :

"I'll tell you what it is, boys, if General Washington is to pass so near us to-day, I intend to get a sight of him. Esquire Dunton said he'd likely be along down on the cross-roads about eleven o'clock. I'm going to run away down to the turnpike. How many of you will go with me? If we go 'cross lots, and run down all the hills, and step pretty spry the rest of the way, there's no doubt that we can get there in time to see him."

Half a dozen of the boys caught off their hats and, swinging them high in air, gave three rousing cheers for General and President Washington. Little eight-years-old Amos Preston jumped up and down, swinging his tasselled hat and shouting as enthusiastically as his older comrades. When, with a "*one, two, three !*" start, they were off with a leap-frog jump, they found him bringing up the rear.

"Amos, *you* can't go !" Zebadiah Marcy shouted back at the little fellow ; "your legs are too short !"

"Try me and see," said Amos, stoutly. "I think it's too bad if General Washington is to come so

near and I not see him as well as the rest of you. I want to see him just as much as if my legs were longer!"

"Let him go," said David Glazier, who was only a little older than Amos, but very much taller. "He's a pleasant little fellow, and never complains nor whimpers when he is tired. We big boys can give him a lift if he tuckers." And reaching out he took Amos by the hand, and the boys started once more.

Away they went, striking out across the fields and

woods gay with the variegated leaves, not stopping to disturb the squirrels laying in their store of nuts, nor taking time to pause in the shadowy orchards to fill their wide pockets with the fragrant fruit that lay thickly strewn on the turf. First one and then another of the boys took Amos by the hand for a run, or to help him jump over the huge fallen trees or the brooks that intercepted their way.

Just before the boys came upon the turnpike, they paused under a group of maples to take breath.

"How like ragamuffins we do look with our old



"HONORS" TO GENERAL WASHINGTON.

clothes on, and they all so torn and muddy!" said Zebulon Crocker. "What will the General think of us if he should happen to spy us?"

"Let's trim ourselves up," said little Amos. "Here's lots of bright leaves; and there's a thorn bush with plenty of thorns to fasten them on with."

"Sure enough, and well thought of," said Elijah Elbridge. "Amos knows a thing or two if his legs are so short."

When the boys again resumed their running march, decked out from head to foot with the golden and

scarlet leaves, they presented a fantastic sight, indeed.

"O see, see! hurrah, *hurrah*, HURRAH!" shouted Jeduthun Rice, as the tired company of boys reached the crest of a hill that overlooked a wide expanse of the section that embraced portions of the towns of Ashford, Willington and Mansfield. And away in the distance, coming down the Ashford hills, the excited group saw a long line of vehicles, among them two large coaches-and-fours, preceded by a company of militia, their muskets glistening in the sun, occasion-

ally a strain of martial music reaching the erect ears of the Willington boys.

Soon they emerged into the highway. And when they came to the turnpike which intersected it and made what was known as the "Crossroads," they found the Presidential party had alighted, and were resting under the shadow of an immense oak tree near by.

There was quite a crowd of people gathered about General Washington and his party, and at first our rather venturesome boys thought it would be impossible for them to get a sight of the great man. But they perseveringly edged their way along, and at last, reaching the large coach in which the General rode, and upon the box of which sat the liveried and pompous negro driver, boy-like they edged in under it, and found themselves in the immediate vicinity of General Washington.

The slight movement that the coach horses made as the boys ensconced themselves beneath the vehicle, caused the General to look around for the cause of the disturbance, and presently he was looking into the sweaty, dusty faces of these fantastically garlanded boys.

A quiet smile lighted up the President's countenance as he pleasantly said:

"Come out, boys, and let us see what you are."

The boys scrambled out and with admirable presence of mind arranged themselves in line along the side of the coach and removed their hats, while the General stood in front of them, evidently amused at the very queer appearance they made, at the same time pleased with their respectful attitude.

"Well, well, my boys, you must have been running quite hard in order to see me, and have, I suppose, bedecked yourselves with these beautiful autumn leaves in my honor. I bid you a very good morning."

"O dear me!" cried little Amos, impulsively, "you are nothing but a man, after all, sir!"

"You are quite right my fine little fellow," said the General, laughing, and doubtless touched by the entire boyish tribute; and, stepping forward and patting little Amos' head, he continued: "You are right and, if I mistake not your character, I am no more of a man than you will be some day. That is something for you all to remember. You who are boys now are soon to be the men upon whom our country must depend."

The boys bowed and, dodging again under the great coach, made place for a party of country magistrates who were approaching.

The Willington folks were horrified when they beheld the fantastic array of runaway boys; and the oldest grandfather of them all, who had not known of the little passage between them and General Washington, shook his long cane at them and, in a trembling voice, said:

"We will settle with you, you young rascals, when you get home."

"If you horsewhip us to death, sir," said Timothy Pearl in reply, "you can't help it that we've seen General Washington. Besides, sir, our parents didn't say we *shouldn't* come. They only thought we wouldn't dare think of coming down here, we are so young."

The boys went back into the woods and across lots as happy as any little party of boys could be; and twisting a triumphal litter of slender saplings, they gaily bore little Amos on their shoulders back to the quiet Willington valley, proud of him as being the only boy they knew of who had been patted on the head by General Washington.

This little Amos, who was my husband's grandfather, took great pride in this incident to the day of his death, and often related it to his grandchildren. Many of them, as well as some of his own children now living, will vouch for the truth of this story; and that old oak tree is yet standing in the locality described.

HOME LIBRARIES.

No home should be without a library. The house may be finely furnished, the carpets and curtains may be rich, the piano may be of the sweetest tone and the pictures valuable, but if there is a lack of books, an essential element of home is wanting. The mind and imagination crave food as well as the body, and there should be the same care taken for their judicious gratification.

It by no means follows that a large or comprehensive library of high-priced books must be purchased outright. A few well chosen books would form a nucleus, which could be added to from time to time as means and opportunity might allow, and the fact that they were to form a part of a permanent collection would cause greater care in their selection. Nor would such a beginning entail particular expense. In these days of cheap book-making a little money will go a great way, and it is by the method of gradual adding, according to the needs of readers, that the best libraries are formed.

Too great care cannot be exercised in the choice of books for the family library. Nothing exerts so strong an influence in the formation of the character of the young as what they read. Good books elevate and refine; bad books destroy. Children's literature should not only be pure in tone, but it should be attractive, bright and sunny, and the jollier the better. Boys and girls hate stupid books as heartily as their elders. Give them something to waken new ideas, satisfy their cravings for proper knowledge, and make that which it is desirable to teach them pleasant. The household which contains literature of this kind will be full of sunshine, and its cost in money will be a million times repaid by the good it will accomplish and the pleasure it will produce. Another advantage in giving children good books is the fact that they lead to other good ones, and a mind which has learned to assimilate them instinctively rejects those which are bad.

In making up a library for the little ones what is there better to commence with than a selection from the numberless "Series" issued by the publishers of *Wide Awake*, or from the large variety of books upon their regular list of publications prepared expressly for very little readers. They include charming stories, choice sketches and poems and are crammed with illustrations. Miss Farman's *Sugar Plums*, Clara Doty Bates's *Classics of Babyland*, Pansy's delightful stories, *Songs for Our Darlings*, the bound volumes of *Babyland*, and a multitude of other books upon the catalogue afford endless choice, and any of them would prove a perpetual delight.

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These would form a library in themselves. Then there is that king of boy's books, *Good-for-nothing-Polly*, by Miss Farman, *The Dogberry Bunch*, the *Royal Lowrie* books, *Child Toilers*, Mrs. Lillie's *Story of English Literature*, the capital books in the two Prize Series, and others the mere mention of which would occupy more space than we have at our command.

For those who have outgrown regular juvenile reading the list of the same publishers is even more inviting. Miss Yonge's histories, five in number, should find prominent place in the growing collection, and to them should be added, as fast as published, the six volumes included in the Library of Entertaining History, the first of which, *India*, by Fanny Roper Feudge, is now ready. In the same line of reading is the Famous American Series, containing the biographies of Franklin, Sumner, Webster and Lawrence. For those who love poetry there are the two series of "Poets' Homes," containing portraits and sketches of twenty of the most famous writers of poetry in America, with extracts from their works, and views of their homes and favorite writing places. The list includes Holmes, Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, Emerson, Walt Whitman, Joaquin Miller, R. H. Stoddard, and others, something of whose lives and poems every young reader ought to know. For poetical collections there are Allingham's *Ballad Book*, Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*, Coventry Patmore's *Garland from the Poets* and *He Leadeth Me*, four elegant volumes, containing the cream of English poetry and issued in cheap as well as in holiday editions; Mrs. Piatt's *In Company with Children*, Miss Lathbury's *Out of Darkness into Light* and *Christmas Snowflakes* — all worthy choice places on the library shelves. *Our American Artists* should by no means be forgotten in making up the list, a beautiful volume containing interesting sketches of notable American painters, with views of their studios and portraits, including such names as George L. Brown, J. J. Enneking, W. H. Beard, Walter Shirlaw, Samuel Coleman, Swain Gifford, A. F. Bellows and others. *Waifs* is a supplementary volume to *Poets' Homes*, and should find a place on the same shelf. In the way of bright, well-written, sterling stories each teaching its appropriate lesson, are Ella Farman's *A White Hand*, *The Cooking Club*, and *Mrs. Hurd's Niece*; Pansy's long list of stories, Julia A. Eastman's *Striking for the Right*, and *The Romneys of Ridgmont*; Mrs. Hallowell's *Nan*, and others of equal interest and value.

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